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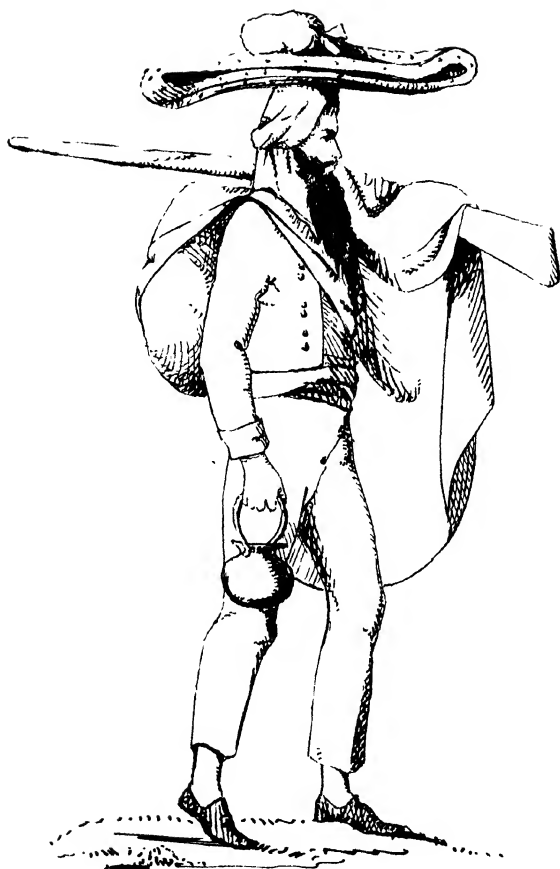
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from a sketch by Mr. H. P. Lawrence

A NEW METHOD OF PROTECTING ANIMALS FROM
AND PREVENTING THE DESTRUCTION OF THEM

CONCERNING THE DESTRUCTION OF THEM

L I F E
IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP,
AND THE ZENÁNÁ;
OR,
SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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L I F E

I N T H E M I S S I O N , T H E C A M P , A N D T H E Z E N Á N Á .

CHAPTER I.

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OCTOBER 20th.—Captain C. has just had to bury the child of an artilleryman. He afterwards delivered a short address to those present. For fifteen years he has laboured for the salvation of his men, without seeing

any fruit. But it is no wonder that the men do not profit by what he teaches them, when the officers set the example of ridiculing him. Nothing can be worse than the example set by most of the officers here. A Madras newspaper sometime ago traced the numerous crimes and the evil lives of almost all the European soldiers in India, to the prevalence of similar low habits and morality amongst the officers. This paragraph was copied and approved by the "Dehli Gazette."

"Yesterday was a great holiday of the Hindus, those of our regiment sent a request to their Commandant through the Havildar Major, that he would come and see the festival. He told the Havildar Major that he was a Christian, because he believed it to be the only way of salvation, and if he went to the show, people would think he either did not believe in his own religion, or that he considered all religions alike; and bade him explain to the men, that it was out of no disrespect to them personally, and that he would never interfere with any man's worship; but that he considered idolatry as sinful, and would, therefore, be acting against his conscience if he countenanced it. The Havildar Major understood perfectly, and said it was quite right, and I am sure the Hindus will only respect him the more."

I gave a Persian testament the other day to Atta Muhammad, who put it to his forehead, and said he would read it, and take the greatest care of it. I thought his sympathy with me was a good opportunity of asking him to accept it. He was quite pleased, and told us a few days afterwards that he had had some of it read to him; he also showed a very fair knowledge of some parts of the Old Testament history.

C. has been reading the Gospel of St. Matthew in

Persian with the Múnshi, who is evidently shaken in some of his prejudices, and cannot answer C.'s arguments on the necessity and perfection of the atonement. But you can hardly imagine the gross and carnal manner in which they understand Scripture. For instance, Hásan Khán was greatly shocked at the beatitude, “Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God.” He said it was very bad, and nothing could make him understand that the words “children of God” were not meant literally but spiritually.

Taylor, in his “Lectures on Spiritual Christianity,” speaks of the filial sentiment towards the Most High as one quite peculiar to Christianity, and says, “Genuine piety commences at the moment when the love of our Heavenly Father towards ourselves individually, as His children, is distinctly recognized.” So true is this, that even the theory of the paternal relation between God and man is peculiar to Christianity; neither the Musalmán, the Hindú, nor the Parsí, have the most remote conception of it, and the Romanist has so lost sight of it, as to take refuge with “the Mother of Mercy,” from the wrath of Him “who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

The Múnshi confesses that the more a Muhammadan prays and tells his beads, the greater rogue he is sure to be. All spies and adepts at intrigue make a point of carrying their beads.

My husband and the Múnshi have had a great argument about Wális. These are supposed prophets, who have the power of working miracles, but who keep themselves very quiet and much abstracted from the

world, and are only discoverable by the understanding few. The Munshi told these stories.

When C. asked him in 1840 to accompany him to Peshawar, he was much inclined to do so till he consulted a Wáli, who said, "Don't go—great dangers await you"—a very safe prophecy for any man who knew the state of Afghánistan. This C. endeavoured to show him, whereupon he brought forward another proof of the supernatural powers of Wali. He has a child who seems to be a kind of "natural," and two or three years ago, while thinking of this child, he heard of the arrival of a Wali who appears to have been insane, with sufficient cunning to take advantage of the respect paid him. The Munshí went to him and sat down. The unsavory Saint was very condescending to him, and even gave him a pipe to smoke, saying to his attendant, "Daughter give Daughter pipe," each of the so-called daughters being black-bearded Mussalmáns. The Munshí then told his grief and received for answer, "Oh, daughter, be not discomfited, thy child will recover." "And," continued the simple man, "two years afterwards she began to say a word or two." C. then told him of the Wáli of whom the Amír Dost Múhammad inquired when he should return to Afghánistan, the Wali said he must consider for a day or two, and in the meantime went to Captain Peter Nicholson, who had charge of the Dost, and asked him what he should say. Captain Nicholson gave him five rupees, and thinking it would keep his prisoner quiet, and prevent his trying to escape, told the Wali to answer he would return in four years. The impostor did so, and received rich presents from the credulous Dost, who really did return about the time specified; and the said Wáli is in consequence looked upon as the greatest

prophet in those parts. Captain Nicholson told my husband this himself. The Munshí could only answer, that *that* Wali was a great Dagha-báz or rogue, literally a “player with knavery.”

Hasan Khán is really the greatest baby I ever saw, as impatient as a child for anything he wants—he never reflects whether there has been time for it to reach him or not, and when disappointed or cross, he pouts and sulks and shrugs his shoulders, and looks as if he were ready to cry, exactly like a naughty spoilt boy. He has not the least self-control. Sirfráz Khán, who is at the head of Prince Shahpur's household, came to consult my husband how an increase of pension could be obtained for the Shahzadeh, who at present subsists on the pitiful allowance of 400 rupees a month, and this after being acknowledged King by General Pollock, and having relations and retainers innumerable to provide for. Sirfraz Khán, although he must know that every one of his countrymen is full of enmity and jealousy towards all the rest, unwarily opened the subject in the presence of Hasan Khán, who, being already very cross, immediately burst out into a tirade against Shahpur, calling him a coward, and I know not what besides. C. immediately took up his cause, described the gallant boy's behaviour during the expedition to Istalif, when he and his body of Kazilbash Horsemen were placed under my husband's charge—how eager he always was for action, and the contempt he expressed for some of the Kazilbash Chiefs when he thought them inclined to hang back, and as Hasan Khán had nothing to reply, he leant back in his chair and sulked. Sirfraz Khán brought a Kassid (a messenger) with him, who was the bearer of a letter from Múhammad Shah Khán and Dost Múhammad Khán to my husband.

The Kassid was one of these wily men who are made the medium of all intrigues. His beard was partly grey, and his turban being pushed a little back showed that he wore his hair beneath it—he had a beautiful nose, and such brilliant, intelligent, crafty eyes. I saw one glance at Sirfraz Khán which convinced me the old gentleman had said something imprudent. It was a quick reproving look, such as a disguised Jesuit superior might give to a blundering novice. He was poorly dressed, with a ragged cloth for a Chogah, and his beads in his hand. He drew forth a small book and took the letter from between the boards and the lining, and then sat down on the floor counting his beads and quietly surveying everything in the room, and marking all that was said or done. The letter was from Múhammad Shah Khán and his brother. The former acknowledged the receipt of C.'s auspicious letter, and what he had sent, *i. e.* the Testaments, and professed that both brothers were ready to obey the slightest nod of the British Government, who, however, do not wish to have anything to say to them.

Abdulralmán Khán was present when a poor Afghán came to say his little girl Assoa was very ill with high fever and delirium, and C. told Abdulralmán that the poor child often came here, and added, “and perhaps she may die!” “God forbid that she should die;” cried he, “you are going to have prayers—pray for the child.” And then turning towards him he continued, “I wish you knew what was in my heart for you. It is great friendship. I see here purity of life;” and then he expressed a hope that even though not a Múhammadan he might be saved, saying, in a kind of soliloquy—“I have a strong hope that there may be a place for you in Paradise.” C. took the opportunity of

explaining to him the grounds on which he hoped for salvation, namely, through the blood of Christ alone. He and my husband always read the Scriptures together when he comes, and though he constantly caps a Scripture passage with some absurd legend or quotation from the Kúran, yet we may surely hope that the Word of God will not be wholly plucked out of his heart, but that it may yet bear fruit. The Munshí says it is *very* good that we should inquire into the right way, and when C. offered up a prayer in Persian that they might both be led into all truth, he added a fervent *Amín! Amen.*

The Babu or English writer, who was so wrath at a tract Jacob gave him, now confesses that he is a sinner, and received the same tract thankfully. C. takes much pains with him and the Quartermaster-sergeant, and often reads and speaks at length to them. So he does with the Regiment Munshí and Native Doctor, though they are less often in his way, but the two former are daily. He also took pains with the Sergeant-Major, who has lately been appointed to another regiment. On his going away C. spoke a few words to him, not, as he said, as his commanding officer, but as a fellow criminal who must soon appear with him at the bar of God. The rough blunt soldier had tears in his eyes, and as the Quartermaster-sergeant said that he was very anxious to be allowed to keep "The Church in the Army," which we had lent him, and which was the first religious book he had ever read, it was, of course, given to him; C. also gave him a Bible, and I "The Holy War," for his wife. Imagine the simple Havildar Major explaining to us why Múhammadans will take water from the hands of a Hindú, but not from those of a Sikh—that the Sikhs eat pork and fowls, and even EGGS!

The two latter are an abomination to Hindús, but the Mussalmans themselves eat them just as we do. I could give you many other instances how ignorant one sect is of all that concerns the others.

We have just seen the Journal of the Catechists of the Free Kirk at Calcutta, which shows a most wonderful diminution of Hindu prejudices among the people they visited. Even Brahmans received them kindly, and gave them food.

October 21st.—I am not at all pleased with Hindustani. It appears to me to have a most wearisome sameness of construction, and to express things awkwardly; but I want to know if the imperative and indefinite future are not alike in Hebrew. They are so in Hindustani, so that this would account for many passages in the Psalms, which almost look as if David were imprecating vengeance on his enemies; whereas if the Hebrew be like Hindustani, there is no difference between the imperative “Let them be” or “may they be,” and the future “They *will* or shall be.” There are many Arabic words in Hindustani which are like Hebrew; for instance, “kúrbán,” a sacrifice, I suppose is the same word as “corban.” Pray tell me if it be so.

Yesterday we had a dust-storm, which lasted nearly twenty-four hours. We could hardly see a house eighty yards off; the dust lay in heaps in the verandahs, and in shoals on the carpets, tables, and our unlucky heads. Then came rain, but the wind is still exceedingly high.

Saturday, October 23rd.—Breakfasted at Hasan Khán's with Colonel Speirs and Major Macdonald. I sat a little while in the Zenáná, and then Hasan Khán came for me. He had got table and chairs, and

borrowed our plate and one of our servants, so that we might eat in our own fashion, but the meal itself was quite an Afghán one. There were kids and lambs roasted whole, pillaus, kuftas, which are like rissoles, and a variety of smaller dishes, besides fowls, so that the table was insufficient to contain such a feast. In vain Hasan Khán tried to make room by piling the large flat loaves upon each other, snatching a kid off its dish and putting it on the top of the bread; at last C. and Major Macdonald established themselves on the floor, and Colonel Speirs and I amused ourselves with criticising their Afghán habits. Hasan Khan thrust a fowl into the hands of one of his men to take to us, and another to them, and kept loading our plates with choice morsels, dexterously tearing off a joint or gathering up a handful of sausages with his fingers. C. and Major Macdonald displayed their skill in eating with their fingers,—a very difficult art when rice is to be eaten, as it runs up one's sleeve. Everything was very good; the meat excellent; and a pillau, flavoured with lemon, is worthy of being introduced into Europe. They poured water on our hands, before and after eating. Being in Hindustan, Hasan Khán could not well eat publicly with us, but he sat down by C. and Major M., and helped them to the best bits, until he was overcome by the savory odour and could no longer refrain.

In Afghánistan, and everywhere except in India, Mussalmáns eat freely with Christians, but here they have learned Hindu customs. Little Padimah (properly Fatimah) is quite fond of me, and sits on my side as she would on her mother's. It is much the easiest way of carrying a child: just try it. When we took leave, a horse was brought out as a present for Colonel Speirs,

which, of course, he did not accept. Hasan Khán is just gone to Peshawar to meet his other wives.

The Afgháns generally think nothing of the death of a wife. When my husband was in Afghánistan he was several times asked, "Are you married?" "No; my wife is dead." "We hear you are very sorry when your wives die: did you weep?" "Yes, I did." Whereupon they were struck dumb with astonishment, that any one could feel the death of a wife so strongly. "Why should we grieve," say they, "there are plenty of others;" and yet these are men of warm feelings, capable of strong attachments and sympathy: but this only makes the fact more evident, that any violation of the law written in the hearts of all, or of the arrangements of the Creator (to say nothing of His revealed laws), brings with it its own punishment. Polygamy has destroyed everything like domestic and family ties. Sometimes nature reasserts her right, and produces strong attachment between husband and wife, brother and brother; but this is the exception, and that this state of things is produced by polygamy, and not merely by ignorance of true religion, is proved by the example of the ancient Romans during the period when divorce was unknown, and when the wife, being the sole and life-long partner of her husband, gave him not only a help-meet but a *home* and a domestic hearth, ideas unknown to Muhammadans. There must be a *mater familias* before true family ties can exist.

In looking back to the Hindu Rajahs and others, whom we saw at Benáres, I cannot tell you how strongly the contrast strikes me between them and the Afgháns. The former seem so weak, so childish, such mere babies by the side of these manly, energetic *men*. By-the-by, C. has been reading my Journal, and says

that if I do not explain, you will certainly think the Munshí is a fool, when you read of his devotion to Walís. He is quite the contrary, being a clever and, as far as a Mussalman can be, a candid man. He brought his Molevi, *i. e.* a kind of combination of Muhammadan Scribe and Pharisee, whom he called "My Master," and assured me he was a "very learned and godly man."

When the Molevi came over, the Munshí immediately gave up his chair, which he took as a matter of course, while an intelligent looking man, a scholar of his, stood beside him. The Molevi was very plainly dressed, with a quiet manner, but his behaviour was that of a man who feels himself superior to all around, and *therefore* had no pretension, while the respectful deference of the other two was quite that of disciples to their teacher and master. It was a relation of which I had never seen any other example, and interested me much. Both the Molevi and his scholar were suffering from over study and want of exercise. I told them the body was like a slave to serve the mind, but if it was too hardly treated, it would fall sick, and could do no more. The sage was graciously pleased with my little parable.

Thursday.—Molevi came again to see my husband, and brought a book against Christianity by a famous Muhammadan doctor at Laknao. He mentioned some of the objections advanced in it, which were all of the most trivial description; such as one translation of "Behold my servant whom I uphold," having "Bandi," slave, and another, "Noukar," servant. He also objected to the passage in the Psalms, "Gird thou thy sword upon thy thigh, thou most mighty," and said that it could not apply to Christ, as he never wore a

sword. C. told him that the Jews were as much opposed to Christianity as the Muhammadans, yet the Old Testament in the hand of the Jews all over the world is exactly the same as that which Christians acknowledge; now it cannot be supposed that the Jews would unite with Christians in altering or interpolating their own sacred book. To this he had nothing to reply. The different sects among Christians form a similar proof of the genuineness of the New Testament. The genuineness of neither was ever doubted until Muhammad's time; and they who bring the accusation of falsification should prove their assertion. I think the testimony to the truth of the Gospel writing from the unanimous consent of so many opposing sects, may have been one of the reasons why those divisions were permitted.

Took tea with the Drummonds, who are just about to leave Loodiana. Everybody flits in the cold season. Mrs. D. told us of a poor little boy, who was born with such fragile bones, that they broke thirteen times before he was five years old. He got a little stronger, but was still nearly as fragile as glass, when at length he was brought to be baptized. The clergyman stooped to lift the little creature, when it looked up at him and said, "Please zur, don't ec brack my bones." Poor little man-ny, can't you fancy it?

When Sirfráz Khán was leaving Afghánistan, the Amir, Dost Muhammad, met him, swore upon the Kurán that he was the best friend he had in the world, and tried every art to induce him to return. He afterwards married the daughter of Amínullah Khán (Sirfráz's brother), and then murdered the old man with his own hands, smothering him with a pillow. Sirfráz Khán says Shah Shujah's pride amounted to insanity.

To such an extent did he carry it, that he never suffered any of his numerous daughters to marry; and when the King of Dehli, who as the representative of Akbar the Great, is certainly the first Muhammadan prince in the East, sent to ask for one of them as a wife for one of his own sons, Shah Shujah was perfectly frantic at the insult! Just as if Louis Philippe were to despise the alliance of the Emperor of Austria.

From this foolish old Shah's pride it is a fit transition to speak of the flower of the grass. I must send you some. The road-sides are everywhere adorned with huge clumps of flowering grass, from eight to twelve feet high. I have one blade in a large bouquet before me, and the flower alone is very nearly three feet high. It is just like our flowering grasses, only of this Brod-dignag size.

October 30th.—I have lately heard from Miss Laing about the little orphans we are to have at her school. They will cost only six shillings a month each. Miss Laing says she writes by the bedside of a poor little sufferer. "Burning fever and distracting pain leave her short intervals of ease, yet Jesus makes himself precious to the soul of this outcast." Miss Laing has lately began a school for heathen girls, in addition to that for the orphans of which she has the entire charge. About thirty or forty already attend the day school. How she shames us by her zeal in the Lord's work! She seems a kindred spirit of Mrs. Wilson's of Bombay, whose most interesting Memoir, if you have not read, you ought to read as soon as possible. Such are the Missionaries whom we ought to pray that the Lord would send into his vineyard.

November, 9th, 1847.—This is the time of the Missionary Annual Meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Newton and

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, the other members of the Mission, have arrived from their respective stations, and on Sabbath evening there was the communion. I remarked one very fine looking elderly man, who they told me had been a Roman Catholic; he is now a Catechist. Mr. Newton's Pandit, a venerable looking old man, was present throughout the service.

There was an examination of the boys at the High School the other day, and in the evening, of the Orphan Girls. I am happy to say, they showed much more knowledge than could have been anticipated from their answers about Adam. Only five have been there above a year; of these, three of the elder ones can read fluently; the others have made different degrees of progress; nine of them have each made a shirt very neatly, and they gave very fair answers on the early part of Old Testament history. I think the great want is an Assistant who could be thoroughly depended upon, and who could watch them, and be with them at all times, for many of them, especially those from Kabul, are very depraved. Mrs. Rudolph teaches them, and takes the most conscientious pains with them; but there is no constant superintendence, and this appears absolutely necessary.

I think it a great pity that the Missionaries should have baptized any of these children, for the youngest of those from Kábul must be at least six years old, and Mrs. R. pointed out an elder one of ten or twelve years of age, and said, "I had her baptized with the little ones, for she appears a good child;" while at this very time none of them had any acquaintance with the Gospel.

I believe they do it as standing in the place of parents towards these children; but the position of a Missionary

and his wife in charge of a school of eighteen or twenty girls is very different from a parent, whether towards a real or adopted child, and, moreover, I do not think a Christian parent has a right to present his child for baptism if it should have arrived at an age of personal responsibility, without any knowledge of the way of salvation.

On Tuesday, November 2nd.—I began, with Louisa's help, to give an hour's instruction to the children of the Catechist and of my Ayah. My Ayah, who was for some years in Mr. Porter's family, acknowledges the truth of Christianity, but says that when she tries to pray Satan comes and hinders her. Mr. R. told me that when she (the Ayah) was lately attending one of the young Christian women in her confinement, she spoke very plainly to her, and admonished her to put her trust in Jesus, and call upon him now in her hour of need. She is present while I give the lesson, and often repeats and explains what I say to the children. Her little girl who is seven and her boy of four are both very quick and intelligent.

Mr. Porter, who has been absent on a Missionary tour for the last month, told us that on the hill side, near Kangra, there is a most curious phenomenon, called the Jewála Makki, or Fire-mouth. A subterranean stream of gas having found vent from many crevices of the mountain, and having been by some means set on fire, perpetual flames are seen, which the Hindus look on with great veneration. They have enclosed the principle ones in a temple, which they will allow no one to enter without taking off his shoes. The Governor-General, however, lately visited it, and of course did not take off his. Mr. Porter refused to do

so, and told the priests that if he did they would represent it as an act of homage to the idol, for so these jets of fire may be termed.

It happens that Lieutenant Lake, who has charge of these districts, rendered great service to the Brahmans of the temple by restoring to them some revenues that had been seized by another set of priests; when, therefore, Mr. Porter threatened to tell Lieutenant Lake that they refused to admit him and his children with their shoes, they at length consented to do so. He asked them what right they had to shut up this work of God that was free to all men on the mountain side, and offered to put out their God: upon which they earnestly begged him not to think of such a thing.

Perhaps you do not know that the Vedantic doctrine is, that there is but one God, and that He should be worshipped without images and anywhere, and that people may eat anything, no matter by whom it is prepared. They teach further, that everything is a manifestation of God, and is God. This Pantheism is exactly that of Pope's "Essay on Man," see—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, &c.;" and they say further, that it is better to worship Him through the medium of visible beings than not at all. Thus they sink into the grossest idolatry, and worship anything in everything.

Brahm, the supreme God, is said to sleep and wake alternately; from him all the other Gods proceed; but after all, they, as well as the whole of creation, are but "Mya," or delusion.

That temple we saw at Benáres is, perhaps, the most famous one in India of Siva, or the Destroyer, under the name of Mahadeo.

The Hindu Sepahis commonly worship the colours of their regiment, a thing which even many Christian commanding officers take no steps to prevent ; but which C. is determined shall never be done while the regiment is under his command. You will find a very good account of Hindu mythology in “Chambers’s Useful and Entertaining Tracts,” under the head of “Hindu Superstitions.”

My husband was writing to Ceylon the other day, and said to his Havildar Major, a high caste Rájput : “The Brahmans tell you that Ceylon is inhabited wholly by demons (or déos), and that every one who goes there is immediately devoured by them.” The Havildar Major acknowledged this. “But there are many English there, many troops, a British General, and a British Governor, and I am thinking of buying some land there. I am now writing to a great man in that island, and if you have any particular friend among the Déos, I will send your salam to him. I often eat grief on your account and that of your countrymen, whom I see worshipping idols ; for there is but one God, who alone should be worshipped.”

The Havildar answered : “True, there is but one God.”

“Is it not lamentable then, that men should bow down to images which they make themselves of wood and stone ?”

“——And mud,” interjected the Havildar Major.

“Your worthless Brahmans tell you these fables for their own profit, and not for your good.”

“True,” said he, “they do for their own profit ; for the other day when we gave a little feast to our brethren of the 11th, they came among us and extracted fifteen rupces from us, and then told us all the gods

were much pleased." And the Havildar Major finished with a little scornful laugh that spoke volumes.

The Musalmans are very fond of speaking of Sikander Padsháh, *i.e.* Alexander the Great, and his two Vazirs, Aristún and Aflatún (Aristotle and Plato), all of whom they devoutly believe to have been good Muhamnadans. My husband was telling Abdulrahmán Khán of Lord Rosse's gigantic telescope, when he gravely replied, that it was nothing to one which Aristotle made for Alexander the Great, by which he could see all that passed in the heavenly bodies so clearly that he was enabled to draw omens from them, and fix the proper days for marching, &c. Imagine assigning to the stars the office of Quartermaster-General of Alexander's army.

The result of this Muhammadan jumble of ideas was a most diverting dream of my husband's. He thought Plato offered to enlist with him, assuring him he was *only* 100 years old. C. considered this *rather* passé, but thinking he would still get some work out of him, decided on taking him, because he was "*so thoroughly respectable.*"

November 11th.—C. has just received his arms which he indented for *six months ago*. However, in consequence of his vigorous remonstrances, he has obtained a better description of muskets than either of the other regiments except the Hill Corps.

Golak told me about the convert in Jalander. He said he had no reason to consider his (Azim's) wife as a child of God, but she is willing to hear and to be taught. We were very much pleased with Golak Nàth.

I find Louisa most useful in the little school, indeed I could not teach it without her. There are three children of the Catechist's, the eldest of whom can read ;

the youngest, a little boy of four years old, after ten days' teaching only knows A, and will not learn. He is not half so intelligent as my Ayah's little boy of the same age, who is really a sweet child, and knows all about Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, already. We are teaching them the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments, and the Bible history by word of mouth. They come every morning at ten: Louisa hears them repeat, and then I give them something new, and afterwards Louisa has her own lessons.

Sunday, 14th.—While C. was at church, I heard a hideous growling, yelling, squeaking, barking, and screaming; I looked up and found that the dogs had hunted a wild cat into the room. The bearer was standing over them with a drawn sword, unable to hit the cat for fear of killing the dogs, who presently pulled down a large arm chair and a pile of books, and quickly slew poor grimalkin. They are very useful in killing rats and mice, of which we have a great many. The same evening my husband saw a Ghuns (or bandicote rat) come into the house; a frightful creature, more like a small black pig without hair, with teeth half an inch long; but it disappeared. It is very savage, with coarse bristles on the back. It runs about grunting; and a strong Scotch terrier has been known to die from its bite.

The weather is now so cold, that as there are no kennels, I have been obliged to have coats made for the two dogs as well as for the cow, and they look more ludicrous in these than you can well imagine. We find warm clothing quite necessary, and many of the trees are looking quite bare and wintry.

Mrs. George Lawrence has just passed through on her way to join her husband, and is going with him to

Peshawur, which the Afgháns here seem to think rather a hazardous step, on account of the unsettled state of the country. C. vehemently remonstrated against her going, but she laughs at his warnings.

Loodiana, November, 20th, 1847.—Mr. Porter overheard a conversation between two of his servants about the Jiwálá Mukkí, or burning mountain. The Chowkedar, like many Muhammadans, was inclined to the Hindú superstition, and represented to the Khidmatgar that Akbar the Great had conveyed a stream of water over it, yet he could not put it out; then he fixed iron-plates over it, still he could not put it out; adding, “Don’t you think there is somethink in it?” But the Khidmatgar was obstinate, feeling convinced the whole thing savored of idolatry. I asked Mr. Porter if the late war had done much in the way of opening the Panjáb to the Gospel. He said “Everything;” previously no British subject could cross the Satlej without the permission of both Governments. Now, they may go and preach where they please. An old Subádár, who had served in Broadfoot’s Sappers and Miners, recognized C. the other morning as his corps was marching into Loodiana, and came to see him after breakfast—a fine old man with many medals, he has been in forty battles—and while speaking, pulled up his trousers to show a wound on his brawny brown knee.

November 17th.—Drove to see a new Bazár which the rich Máhájans (bankers) here have been building. It consists of two short streets, leading into a square, with a gateway at the end of each. All the houses and shops are adorned with paintings, and even a small Mosque, in the centre of the square, has submitted to these marks of idolatry. The effect is very pretty, like coloured mosaics on a white ground. A great

crowd of hairy Panjabís soon collected round the Buggy, and a sleek Máhájan, with a little canary coloured turban, introduced himself as having known C. at Kabul. Bankers are the same race everywhere; one would think they had had a peculiar father and mother, distinct from the universal progenitors of the human race, for Mr. O. at Dresden, the C.'s at Rome, the fat young Rothschild we met, a Mahajan at Loodiana or Delhi, and I doubt not many a smooth merchant or banker at home, have such a strong family likeness that you would take them for brothers in different costumes. They are all rather short, stout, smooth, shiny, sleek and comfortable looking, very clean and neat, very polite and courteous, with not much to say.

There is a very simple and excellent contrivance used here by carpenters for boring holes. It is a kind of iron stiletto, and a bow with a loose string, which is twisted twice round the handle of the former, and being moved rapidly up and down the borer turns and goes through the wood without any exertion.

A gentleman related the other day, that having killed a man by pure accident when out shooting a short time ago in the Jalander Doáb, he requested a Pancháyat (or council of five arbitrators) to settle the amount of compensation he ought to pay. They decided that "as he was a Sahib," he ought to give *ten* rupees; and a Lambadar, or ruler of the village, told him privately, that if he thought that exorbitant, he would try to get it lessened.

Early on the 19th, we went out on an elephant which the I.'s brought with them. It is a very nice creature. I have fed her several times, and she now knows my voice and comes after me when I call her. It is very curious to see what steep places

an elephant will go up or down. C. desired the Mahout to make the Elephant knock down a wall for my edification. At first she did not understand what was required of her, and made a frightful growl or roar when the Mahout struck her, but when she knew, she pushed down a piece of wall about nine feet height, and four broad, of *unbaked* bricks, with the upper part of her trunk, as quietly and gently as possible. Finding her so capable of the work, C. led us to his own lines, where they made her demolish some of the old huts to make room for the new ones, thus saving the men a good deal of labour. We passed through the lines, and I was much amused at the peep I got of them. Many of the Hindu Sepáhis were preparing their food, each man sitting in a little circle with a small rampart of earth two or three inches high around it, within which himself and his bright brazen vessels remain untouched and unpolluted.

It is curious to see a Hindu Sepahi with the front of his head shaved, twisting up his long black hair into a knot. I want to see a Sikh's hair, but that is very difficult, as I hear horrid reports of its never being taken down; I hope "*in public*" is *sous-entendu*. Most of the men seem to have Charpaís and good rezais or quilts. I played chess with Abdulrahman Khán a little time ago, and he would inevitably have been defeated, when he suddenly found out it was very late, and feared the game would last all night; so as it would doubtless have horrified him to have been beaten by a lady, it was best to agree with him and leave off the game. The only difference in their manner of playing is, that the pawns are not allowed to move two squares at first, and the King of one party is placed opposite the Queen or Vazir of the

other, instead of the Queen being always on her own colour.

We had another ride on the elephant on Monday, and crossed the ford on the road to Filór. The very barrenness of the scene gave a kind of interest to it, for the boundless expanse of sand—the glowing tints left by the setting sun—the immense full moon shining into the water on one hand, and far away on the other, the fires of some travellers, the line of the horizon all around being almost unbroken save by a few stunted trees, made quite a picture of the desert. In some parts great mounds are raised by the drifting of the sand.

I have never told you of a most gentlemanly Afghán, of the name of Agha Muhammad, whom we often see. When Akbar besieged Fattih Jang, Shah Shujah's son and successor, in the Bálá Hissár, the latter sent to General Pollock for relief, which he promised to furnish, but owing to Lord Ellenborough's orders *not* to advance, failed to do so. Fattih Jang held out a week or two beyond the time, and at last surrendered. Agha Muhammad was confined with him in the city. Akbar demanded his jewels, and threatened him with death if they were not given up. Fattih Jang promised to have them ready by the next day, but in the meantime Agha Muhammad made a hole in the roof, scrambled up himself, and drew the Shahzadeh up after him by his turban. They then hid themselves in the house of a friend, from whence Fattih Jang made his escape, Agha Muhammad lending him 5,000 rupees. The latter returned to Kabul afterwards with his father, to settle their affairs; they were waylaid by Akbar's emissaries, the old man murdered,

and the son severely wounded. When he came back to Loodiana, he found the Shahzadah had spent all he had, like a prodigal, and could not possibly pay him, so that he is as you may imagine, in a lamentable position.

Wednesday.—C. went to see the Shahzadah Jammur, who is on his way to Peshawur. He offered to come here, but C. prefers going to the Shahzadah's, as otherwise their visits would take up too much time. Prince Jammur is very intelligent; he has been living at Peshawur, and gave exactly the same account of the state and prospects of things in that quarter as Atta Muhammad (the Friar Tuck of Fisher's Horse) did some time ago; and yet the Shahzadah and Rasal-dar have never seen each other. They both consider Peshawur and its environs as in a very unsettled state. Súltan Muhammad, a brother of Dost Muhammad, and a former *protégé* of Ranjit Sing's, is living there, and is undoubtedly carrying on intrigues with his kinsfolk the Barakzyes, though he pretends to be at feud with them. As Prince Jammur said, "*Why* does he give presents in money, shawls, &c., &c., to all the Afgháns round about—if not for some private end of his own?" C. thinks it is most imprudent to allow such a man to reside at Peshawur. The more I have seen of the Afgháns, and the more I have heard what they say on the whole of our affairs in 1841—42, the more I see how accurate all C.'s views were. I am astonished at the amount of influence he possesses with all ranks and classes, and the universal esteem and deference they show him. They all consult him, and strange to say, *follow* his advice, speak freely and confidentially to him, and show him honour in every

way in their power. The very Government seem to consider him as a kind of Chief of the Afgháns, for not knowing what to do with about 120 men who have been lately disbanded from Major Ferris's Police Battalion, and many of whom had been with C. at Kabúl, the magistrates of Banda sent them here begging my husband to take steps for distributing them among the regiments of the Frontier Brigade. His own ranks being quite full, he was obliged to send most of them on to Lahore, where Colonel Lawrence will provide for them, and the rest back to Amballa to enter one of the regiments there. But this influence costs a good deal; for instance, so many of these men being old comrades, C. had to give a feast to the whole, which cost twenty rupees. Then one of those who was going on to Lahore was so deeply in debt to another who was returning to Amballa, that we had to release his Jellalabad medal for him with ten rupees more.

One of these men, Eyun-u-Din, volunteered to carry a letter to Jellalabad from Sir William MacNaghten, at a time when no Kassid could be bribed to make the attempt. He succeeded in spite of great danger and difficulty. He was a fine looking man, with a lilac and silver turban, and red shawl wrapped about him. Another of this gallant band, who has lost both feet, is at Peshawur, and one who has lost both hands and feet is in his native mountains. C. has applied for pensions for both of them. Almost all the men who came to-day had shaven heads, and one of the officers speaking, as they all did, of the injustice of disbanding them (when Lord Ellenborough had promised that as a reward for their distinguished fidelity and services in Afghánistan, they should be for ever retained in the

service of the Company), suddenly plucked off his cap with the utmost vehemence, and thrusting his bald head under C.'s very moustache, showed a scar that would have split any other skull but an Afghán's, an Irishman's, or a Highlander's fore and aft; crying, "Do you think I took *that* on my head for nothing?" C. sent them all away pleased at what he had done and was trying to do for them. He has a wonderful way of managing them. That Afghán I told you of, whom he cut down for mutiny, and who came to see him on his way to join one of the other regiments returned the other day, having asked for his discharge in consequence of not being promoted instanter. C. has more than his complement and can do nothing for him, so he slapped his cheek, told him he was an ass, and then took him by the shoulders, and shook him until his head nearly fell off, all of which this sturdy mutinous creature with battle-axe in hand took most placidly, while the other Sepahis laughed.

A Kashmirí Musalmán, a gentleman by birth, came a few days since to ask for assistance. He had been nearly slain, and then driven out of the Panjáb during the Sikh dominion for eating beef. C. told him that too many came. He answered, "When a fountain is known to send out sweet water, all men flock to it." "But if the fountain is exhausted, what is to be done?" To this he had no reply, but as he was really in need, the fountain was obliged to give him a few drops.

To the Kashmiris generally I have an aversion. The women certainly have very delicate, beautiful features; but they are the most inveterate scolds I ever heard. I have no comparison at all adequate to give any idea of the clack-clack of a Kashmiri's tongue. C. says that the foulness and volubility of their abuse

would horrify a Billingsgate fishwoman ; and as to the sound (which we hear *every* evening when we pass their quarter), perhaps a never-ceasing alarum would give the best idea of it. They are beyond measure dirty in their habits, and are full of low cunning and cleverness, without anything manly or hearty in them.

CHAPTER II.

Persian Bible. — Bazár at Night. — Neglected Children. — Irregular Cavalry. — Marchings. — Colonel Lawrence. — Disregard of Caste. — Araton. — Wedding. — Hydrophobia. — Pressing Carts. — Bridge Filor. — Persian Wheel. — Vicious Elephant. — Christian Children ' — Missionary Family. — A Fallen Prince. — Grenadiers Strike Work. — Repentance and Industry. — Fear of Death. — Insolence of a European Officer. — Brutality of a Soldier. — Screening. — An Indian Lady. — Want of Esprit de Corps. — Abdulrahman Khán. — Imprisoned Havildar. — Native Drawings. — Persian Poems. — Hardihood of Afgháns. — Our Maimed Camp Followers. — Baptism of a Jew. — Of Calcutta Girls. — Mission at Allahabad. — Superstition. — Arab Horses. — A Gipsy Shah. — P-lummery. — Christian Officer. — A Hindu's View of Death. — "Heaven not a Stable." — Kindly Feeling. — Servant with Battle Axe.

C. LATELY sent Prince Shahpur a Persian Bible. The New Testament was beautifully bound in morocco; the Tourah, or Old Testament, was a very fine edition, but in plain, strong half-binding. I therefore made green velvet covers for the two volumes of it, and embroidered the title in gold beads, with a little flower on the other side, lining it inside with crimson silk. It was thought very pretty, and my Munshí took the greatest interest in superintending the shape of the letters. I wrapped up the whole in a piece of crimson China crape, which made a lovely cover.

I am never weary of driving through the Bazár, it is so picturesque. About sunset all the cook-shops are in full activity. Here you see one ladling out soup, and

for some reason of his own he invariably strikes a loud bell as we pass, probably to invite us to partake of his "savoury messes." Then, on the ground are innumerable Kabáb sellers, each one with rows of skewers on which the bits of meat are filed, laid over a little charcoal fire, which sends up a ruddy hue on the countenances of the hungry group around, probably wild-looking Afgháns, waiting till the meat is ready. A little further on is a whole family sitting over a fire which they have kindled in their solitary room or rather alcove, —for it is open to the street—or a poorer group are trying to warm themselves with some blazing straw ;— again in a larger and carpeted apartment are some wealthy shopkeepers casting up and settling their accounts ; the Kotwal or Native Mayor sits in his little chamber over the gate poring over papers ; a seller of dainties made of sugar and ghí, is squatted by the roadside, with a light fixed to a stick stuck in the ground, or else carries them on his head with a candle fastened to his basket. Sometimes you see a little dog trained to light its master home by carrying a blazing torch in its mouth. Then the Sáís snatches up a child toddling across the horse's path, and whisks careless passengers, bullocks, and donkeys out of the way with a horse-towel,

At this season no one who can help it sleeps in the open air, so that the streets are more passable than they were. Then there is an elephant or two, a long string of baggage camels, a Shahzadeh and his suite, or a Missionary driving home in his Buggy after his daily preaching. At one place there is the Cloth Mart, each seller carrying a few pieces on his shoulder or head. Near them are the money changers seeming fast asleep, but sure to open their eyes if any one come within reach of their

piles of copper; then there are the bullocks lying in the midst of the road, an irregular horseman careering about: all this is entertainment for the eye; and for the ear there is a group of men on one side singing softly in chorus; across the street an imperturbable Hindú shopkeeper, abused and assailed by some furious client or rival; the red-and-yellow clothed, or perhaps half naked, Sikhs talking Parjabi, every other word ending in "Sing;" the deep, guttural, harsh tones of Afgháns shouting Pushtú, or the incessant clack-clack of a Kashmirí woman's tongue pouring out unimaginable maledictions on the luckless wight who has incurred her displeasure; by all of which the strangeness and interest of the scene are of course much heightened.

Driving home the other evening we espied a poor man and boy turning a little spit with a very scanty portion of kabal on it for their supper. It was dark, but the firelight enabled us to see him. We drove on a little way, and then C. sent back the Sais with half a rupee (about a shilling) telling him to desire the man to make a good supper, but not to say who the money was from. He accordingly ran back, thrust the piece of money into his hand, and cried "Make a good supper." "Achha" (good), cried the poor man with his eyes and mouth wide open, but before he could say another word the Sais had vanished into the dark night, leaving him in doubt whether it was a Djinn or no. The D.'s have just passed through on their way to Mattra, near Agra. We took tea with them on Thursday, and I was much amused at a story Mrs. D. told me of a little boy of three years old who was very fond of her, but who, on seeing Major D. for the first time, and being told that she was about to marry him, was by no

means equally charmed with him ; so going up to her, he said very gravely—" Have you a father and mother?" " Yes," answered she. " Well, then, take my advice don't marry that man, but go home and dwell among your own people." This is so preternaturally wise as to be quite "uncanny."

I am astonished at the way even rational and Christian people neglect the instruction of their young children. You hardly ever meet a child under five or six years old who knows anything of the Gospel, or who can even speak English, and yet children far below that age are clearly responsible before God. How then can their mothers leave them in ignorance as great as that of heathen children? It is also marvellous to see the manner in which too many good managers deal with their servants, always suspecting them and stopping their pay for every offence ; moreover, sometimes taking them forcibly to places at a great distance from their homes because it is inconvenient to the master or mistress to get other domestics.

My little school gets on pretty well. I began to think that William's youngest little boy Jacob, of four years old, was inaccessible to instruction until I read " Wilderspin on Infant Schools." I then determined to try a more lively method of teaching, and speaking of labour being the punishment of Adam's sin, I asked him to describe different kinds of labour. First, what a Sáis did ; asked him about horses, what they were like, how they walked, and made him walk on all fours, and rub down the Ayah's little boy as if he were a horse. He laughed and began to look much brighter. We then made both the children show how grain was sown and reaped and ground. They agreed that it was right that no one should eat who did not work, but for a long

time little Jacob insisted that tailors should not eat, and he was only convinced of the propriety of their doing so by our showing him that if tailors did not eat, they would die, and if they died, who would make warm clothes for him?—for I must tell you that the native Christian women do absolutely nothing, and even when they are in debt, as too many of them are, they send everything to be made up by tailors, whereas, if they chose, everything might be made at home, as all their garments are made of cotton, and very simply. I am teaching my Ayah's little girl to work, and she succeeds admirably.

December 1st, 1847.—This was a quiet, home-like morning,—cloudy sky, watery sun, and bare trees; the thermometer at 38° at sunrise: we saw the hills north and east of this covered with snow. Captain Skinner's regiment of Irregular Cavalry was here last week, and C. having mentioned that he had not seen them, Captain S. very obligingly offered to have a field-day for our benefit, which he accordingly did. It was most picturesque to see from 500 to 600 Irregular Horse, clothed in yellow, with scarlet turbans, long lances, red and white pennons, matchlocks at their backs, and their horses with scarlet and yellow saddle-cloths, performing their manœuvres with the most admirable precision on a barren sandy plain, the ground marked out by flags and kept by mounted orderlies and camel sawárs belonging to the regiment. The latter are most picturesque, though ungainly creatures—the *camels* I mean. Behind the whole was a dark, stormy sky and the setting sun. The Irregular Cavalry are so much superior to the Regulars in the use of their weapons and the management of their horses, that many officers, my husband among the number, are strongly in favour

of having nothing but Irregulars. The men are of a superior class with higher pay, find their own horses and accoutrements, and only three officers (commandant, second in command, and adjutant) instead of twenty-one or twenty-two to each regiment. Their dress is adapted to the climate, their saddles to keeping *on*, and their spears to use, being light bamboo instead of heavy ashen weapons. Picked men were chosen from Her Majesty's 16th Lancers, and a man taken at random out of Skinner's Horse, and the result was that he slew them over and over again (with blunt lances) without their being able to touch him.

Captain Skinner, son of the well-known Colonel Skinner, seems to have inherited his father's talent for raising and disciplining cavalry. As I wished to see his regiment on the march, he very courteously postponed their departure till sunrise. Accordingly we drove to their camp on Saturday morning (27th). We were too early, so that we had time to look about. It was a very cold morning, and many fires were lit by the men to warm themselves. Some were loading camels or *tattús* (the hardy little ponies of the country), poor women were collecting the manure in baskets to burn; here sat a little child so enveloped in sackcloth or horsecloth, that nothing but its large black eyes were visible; there was a refractory *tattú* making desperate efforts to kick off its load; or a trooper just booting himself; camp followers of all kinds making haste to be off; no tents standing but those of the European officers; an elephant for the Commandant, laden with guns for sporting, a dog cart, some fine horses, hackeries, &c., &c. The native Doctor, who had been a fellow-prisoner of my husband's, soon made his appearance comfortably encased in a large flowered and wadded

cotton robe, with his sword by his side ; while his Assistant, as was due, had a much sorrier nag of half the size, and by no means so gay a garb. The men soon began moving to the front, where they formed into six divisions. We then drove on ahead to get a good view of them as they passed the ford, the only pretty bit in Loodiana ; and truly we were rewarded for our trouble when they came up, the top of their spears appearing first as they mounted the little rise, and then the whole body marching on to the sound of their kettle-drums, winding round and descending again towards the ford, where the morning sun gleamed on their ranks as they crossed the bright blue water. As many as choose wear shields slung at their backs. The irregular cavalry equip themselves, and of course are obliged to borrow money to do so in the first instance. This regiment cost 50,000 rupees, for which Captain Skinner is responsible, and the men pay interest to the Native Banker at the rate of twenty-five per cent. Captain S. wrote to represent this, and to ask Government to lend them the money, promising to repay it in two years with interest at twelve per cent. The paternal answer was that he might have 5000 rupees.

Colonel Lawrence has just called on his way to Calcutta. I am much pleased with him. He is lively and gentlemanly. C. accompanied him for some distance on his journey, and he casually mentioned that he had only been able to obtain one appointment in the Panjáb, and that with immense difficulty. This shows how unjust an impression appearances often make, for most people have been remarking how well Colonel Lawrence had provided for his brothers, whereas it has merely happened that Lord Hardinge thought fit to place them all in the same country.

I must not forget to tell you of an instance of disregard of caste in a Brahman Sepáhi which astonished us all. He was attacked late one night with violent colic, from eating bad flour. C. gave him some medicine which he took without the smallest difficulty out of our spoon, though it was mixed by us in water from our bottles, drawn by a Musalmán Bhisti, in a goat's skin; so that the whole genealogy of it was unclean in his eyes. Whether his liberality arose from the cogent argument of pain, or from serving in our ranks, I know not, but I am happy to say he was cured.

December 1847.—Mr. Aratoon, the Armenian merchant, called the other day. The Armenians in India, that I have seen, dress like Europeans, which is most unbecoming to them. They generally have very Jewish physiognomies. Aratoon is a very enterprising man, and is exerting himself to get steam communication established between Lahore, Firozepúr and Karrachi and Bombay,—a thing much needed.

Went to Brigadier E.'s daughter's wedding. There was not an unmarried lady present (there is only one at the station), and the bridesmaids were three little girls under six years old. The number and brilliancy of the uniforms (for every one appears in full dress at a wedding) compensates in some measure for the absence of young ladies, especially as most of the ladies you meet in India are young. The bride looked very pretty. Mrs. ——— was there; she is generally received and reviled. I think people should content themselves with doing either one or the other. To omit both would be best. Captain Quin, in speaking of hydrophobia, told me of an instance where the bearer of a lady of his acquaintance was bitten. Some days after, she was sitting working, when she heard

a slight noise, and beheld the poor bearer with his hands joined like an old Knight on a monument (their usual attitude in speaking to a superior). He said he felt he was going mad and had come to make salam. About an hour or two afterwards he was discovered in an outhouse, with his head thrust into a heap of lime, quite dead. Major F. told us a frightful history of a mad jackall, which came to the tent of his sister, and dragged the Ayah up and down the tent by the hair of her head. It then ran away, but returned again and again during the night, biting every one it came near. Major F. himself, finding there was no other chance of sleep, got into a Palkí and shut the doors. It bit one poor man on the nose who afterwards died, but the Ayah suffered no injury except fright.

Tuesday, December 14.—Started about eight o'clock for Filór on the Satlej, to spend the day with Captain and Mrs. Phillips. It is about nine miles off. It was a beautiful bright cold morning, and the road was thronged with passengers, native officers riding, some Sahib's baggage guarded by Sepahis, with goats and kids tied to the carts, and cages of quacking ducks and guinea-fowls surmounting them; for people march with all their worldly goods, animate and inanimate. We came upon an immense train of bullock carts, the owners of which all shouted out their grief at having been pressed and obliged to bring the baggage of one of the regiments from Mirath. They get a fair price for the work, but this is the busy season in the fields; and moreover, no man, not even a patient Hindu, likes to be torn away from his own proper work and applied to some other purpose, as if he were a thing and not a person. We met our second buggy horse (such a gallant little Arab mare) at a place by the roadside,

where some Faqírs had made themselves a hut, and offered the comfort of a clean mat, a pipe, and a fire made in a hole, with manure for fuel, to any passing traveller, who gladly requited them with a few pice. At this season the Satlej is low ; we forded a great part of it, and crossed the rest by the most absurd looking bridge of boats I ever beheld. The boats are like very large punts with most curious sterns, about eight feet out of the water. In each boat is a hut, in each hut are some men, so that it is a populous bridge ; the whole thickly overlaid with straw. Captain Phillips's house is close to the river, which forms a kind of promontory at the spot, and behind it is the picturesque Fort of Filór. We found them awaiting us. Their house is a pretty native one with very thick walls, and the rooms full of niches, that are both pretty and convenient. They led us to the garden, an excellent one, with a very fine well, from which the water is drawn by a Persian wheel. Do you know what that is ? At a little distance from the well is a horizontal wheel, perhaps ten feet from the ground, this has cogs, and being turned by a yoke of oxen, catches the cogs of a perpendicular wheel placed on one side of it and turns that. This wheel has another parallel to it and turned at the same time, just above the deep well. Over this third wheel is a circular band of ropes fashioned like a ladder, to every step of which a small water-pot is fastened. The lower end of this band is below the water ; so that all the pots get filled, and as they reach the top are emptied into a trough which conveys the water into the fountains, and from thence into the garden. After breakfast and prayers we returned to the garden to see the fountains play.

The former owner of the place built a pretty little

summer-house or kiosk, open on all sides, where we sat. We saw also the Taikhana or underground apartment for the hot weather, and after some time spent in the house we mounted an elephant and took a ride before dinner. It was the first time I had ridden on a pad, which is much like a mattress strapped on the elephant's back, with a little board on each side for the feet. We were obliged to hold on by the ropes, at the risk of getting our fingers pinched if the elephant chose to puff himself out, but it was very sociable and pleasant. Sometimes an elephant takes it into his head to get rid of his load, which he does by swelling himself out until he bursts the ropes and girths, for he cannot reach any one on his back with his trunk. This happened to the E.'s not long ago. They were riding a vicious animal who suddenly began to roar, puff, and shake himself furiously. Colonel and Mrs. E. were landed somehow or other, when their daughter, finding that the elephant would not kneel, and that the howdah was already half off, very nimbly jumped from his back and alighted safe and sound. I think some one caught her. Filór is prospering under our rule. The roads are certainly much better, and the soil firmer than at Loodiana. Had a most agreeable day; I was much pleased with my first visit to the Panjab, and first sight of the Satlej. It was a lovely moonlight night though bitterly cold. I saw a most curious equipage the other day at the wedding, a double-bodied phaeton drawn by two camels, with a rider on each, and gay red and green saddle-cloths. They are very swift, and much more suited to this sandy soil than horses are.

December 23rd, 1847.—A friend having left his boys in my charge for a month, I have taught them in

my little school. It sometimes makes my heart ache to hear the answers given by them and by the Catechist children. They really know *less* than those of the Ayahs. For instance they, all maintained that Jesus was not the Son of God, only the Son of Man, except a little boy of the Sweeper caste, who has only been here three or four days, and who, therefore, must have learnt the Divinity of our Lord elsewhere. The same day all these so-called Christian children said that the only punishment of sin was the death of the body, the little Mehter, as before, answering that it was hell. We have had the greatest difficulty to persuade them that they are sinners, all of them denying it stoutly; and yet two of them are past ten years old, and one has learned part of the shorter Catechism, though, of course, just like a parrot would. The boys knew no Grace before or after Meat, nor the Ten Commandments; the little one knew no prayer whatever, and both are entirely ignorant of Scripture History, knew nothing even of Noah, Abraham, or Isaac. The eldest said that the soul became "mud" when we died. They have been allowed to run wild, and have been almost entirely with a very bigotted Múhammadan Bearer, and who has put many false ideas into their minds.

To-day they all spoke with great contempt of idols, and said they were nothing but bits of paper and bamboo that could do nothing, so we endeavoured to show them that it is a great sin to give the honour due to Almighty God to such things. Our friend's and the Catechist's children all declared that angels were mortal, and the eldest boy added that the devil would die some day. My Ayah's little girl Dhannú answered rightly, and afterwards related the whole history of the Temptation and Fall perfectly with every minute particular, while

the others knew scarcely anything about it. While I am speaking of children, I must tell you of a little Sunday School child in America who was asked what she thought the stars were. She said they were holes to let the glory through. We have been, and still are, very anxious about the Newtons' eldest boy of ten years old. He is suffering from fever, a kind of typhus, and all the medicines given him by the Doctor do him no good. I sat with Mrs. Newton in his room on Sunday evening, and read to him a little. Mrs. Newton has charge of a poor little sick child of three years old, a "mitherless bairn," who I fear is dying. I cannot describe the tenderness with which both she and Mr. Newton watch over it, while its father, a young officer in the Jallander, has never been in to see it, and hardly inquires after it. C. found Mr. Newton busy at his desk, and carefully holding the poor sick little thing on one arm. I read to Johnnie, and he was much pleased. Mrs. Newton is indeed a wise Christian mother. I was stroking Johnnie's hot forehead with my cold hands, and said to him, "Is it not a great comfort, dear, that even a little illness is sent for some good reason?" She quickly answered, "Johnnie has not only a *little* illness, but a dangerous fever, and he knows it: I always think it right that he should know the truth." She told me afterwards that she had asked him if he had ever thought it possible he might not recover? "He said he had." She asked him how he felt in the prospect of death? He said, "Sometimes I feel quite ready to die, and sometimes I feel afraid." Every one is interested about him.

The old Shahzadeh Nazzar, son of Shah Zeman, came to call the other day, having, as he said, heard so many praises of my husband that he wished to make

his acquaintance. He is extremely gentlemanly and much respected, especially on account of the resignation and quiet dignity with which he bears his adverse fortune. He was once Governor of Herât, in the days when his father was a mighty monarch who made India tremble; and here he, who was then served with a jewelled Kalián with princely state and pomp, smoked a common bazár Chillam with great satisfaction, and conversed amiably with my Munshí when C. was out of the room.

The other day my husband was not on parade, and the Adjutant came to inform him that the men of the Grenadier Company, who are building their lines, had struck work. The Adjutant had found them sitting on the ground, and on demanding the reason, they replied that they had got no pay for many months, and therefore could not work. Mr. Gilbert threatened to beat them if they did not, and on their proving refractory he assailed some of them vigorously, and most of them returned to their duty. On hearing this C. drove there and told them to leave off; that as they were too fine gentlemen to work he should transfer the bricklayers, whom he had hired to teach them how to make bricks and to build, to the first company, which has distinguished itself by its zeal in pulling down the old huts. In vain they offered to work—in vain the Subadar Ram Sing represented that this would be punishing the whole company for the fault of a few—in vain a day or two afterwards they begged the Sergeant Major to intercede for them, and Ram Sing came here himself to get their pardon—C. was inexorable, and said that when all the companies had finished he would hire Kulís at the expense of the Grenadier Company to build their huts. The companies take it in

rotation to build their Lines, so that the Grenadiers ought to have been finished before the first company began; but the latter, who had greatly distinguished themselves by their zeal in brickmaking, which they, to the astonishment of all the Bengal officers, who say they cannot get the men to make their own bricks, had volunteered to do, and made much better and harder ones than those which are made by labourers, thereby saving their own pay—this said company, fired with emulation, began to build up their walls in the most astonishing manner, the Afgháns especially worked with fury. One Afghán brings so many bricks on his head that he stands as it were stupified, with his eyes starting for a minute afterwards. I do like the Afgháns, they are so full of energy. I never saw an Afghán sit still when there was anything to do, even though it might be no business of his. Well, the Grenadiers fretted and fumed, and vented their rage by privily bestowing a sound beating on the ringleader, who had led them into this scrape. The walls of the first company grew and grew, until a good number of the Mussalmans of the Grenadier Company got leave to attend their great feast, the Muharram, but instead of going to the feast they hired bricklayers of their own and worked the whole time of their leave with might and main. Upon this C. forgave them, and the two companies are trying which can build fastest.

December 23rd.—I asked Mrs. Rudolph to accompany me to visit Hasan Khán's family, that she might tell them something more of the Gospel. We found that Leila's poor sister-in-law was dead. I therefore begged Mrs. R. to ask Leila Bibí where they thought the soul went to after death? She answered in a hurried nervous manner, as if the subject were unpleasant,

“How can we tell; some go to God, some to hell, who can know?” Mrs. R. then said, “You must, therefore, fear death?” “Of course we do fear it.” Mrs. Rudolph with much gravity and earnestness replied—“I and the Mem Sahib do not fear it, because if God has given us His Holy Spirit in our hearts there is no reason to fear.” She then spoke more with them, and read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and explained it: showed them that envy, pride, and idleness were sins; that God had committed some talent to each of us, whereof we should have to give account—and that He was willing to receive all who felt their sinfulness and came to Him for pardon. They were much more attentive and intelligent than we could have expected. After we returned I could not get the poor sister-in-law out of my thoughts. I liked the little I saw of her; she seemed very gentle and sympathizing, and now she is dead in her ignorance. She was the one I mentioned as having listened so attentively to Mrs. Rudolph’s reading when Leila Bibí was ill.

December 24th.—We had Afghán visitors all day. Murtiza Shah’s son came. He is a most gentlemanly youth both in appearance and manner. Yet he related an instance of coarse insolence he had lately met with, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means rare on the part of individuals (for they are neither men nor gentlemen) towards natives. It happened only a few days ago that in riding he met an elephant, and as his horse always shies and makes a terrible fuss whenever he meets one of these huge creatures, he turned into a Compound close by until the elephant was past. The occupant of the Bungalow, I am sorry to say an officer, rushed out shouting, “Jao, jao” (Go, go), and actually threw a stone at him. The young man said, “Not

knowing whether he was drunk or only ignorant, I said nothing, and came away." He added: "I know you and several other British gentlemen, and am therefore aware that you are not all of the same *colour* (their idiom to express being all of the same class, all alike), but such acts make people without science detest the British name." He also mentioned that some time ago his father had an appointment with a gentleman, and on his way to it passed through part of the British camp. I think it was at Lahore. A European came up and asked to see a book he had in his hand. Murtiza Shah handed it to him, and in return he struck him on the leg with a heavy bar of iron until the blood gushed out.

The gentleman Murteza Shah was going to was very much annoyed, but nothing was done.

Now in these two cases both father and son were well dressed, the latter well mounted, with a servant after him, and both very gentlemanly in appearance, so that the Quartermaster Sergeant calls the son "the young Prince;" so you may imagine how such people would behave to a poor or ill dressed man. I asked C. how it was that such an assault was not severely punished. He said, I little knew the way in which officers will screen their men in such cases.

An instance has just occurred here which will give you a specimen of some Indian ladies. Major Mac Donald has a headman who has superintended everything for him for many years; a most respectable, quiet Brahman. Captain Q. has a most disreputable Adjutant, a Mr. W., who was formerly in the Navy, and, I believe, obliged to leave it, and whom Captain Q. said he could have broke over and over again; whereupon C. told him he was to blame for not having done so.

This person borrowed money of Major MacDonald's headman, and a short time since Mrs. W. sent for the latter (unknown to Major M.) and tried to get some more money from him, but finding there was no hope of repayment, he declined; whereupon Mrs. W.'s European female servant flew upon him, tore the note of hand from him, and destroyed it before his face, and then turned him out of the house. The supposition is that she and her mistress then incited her husband, a Bombadier, to assault the poor man; certain it is that he did so, and cruelly maltreated him, put out one finger and broke another, and injured him so much that he was brought home, nearly insensible, on a Charpai. The thing was so glaring that the Bombadier was brought to a Court Martial, whereat the Adjutant of Artillery, Mr. G., instead of acting as prosecutor, as he was bound to do, acted as counsel for the prisoner, browbeat the Native witnesses on behalf of the complainant, and at length, by false swearing, it was asserted to the satisfaction of the Court, that this quiet, elderly Native had *assaulted* the huge, stout European soldier, who was acquitted.

Major MacDonald, instead of reporting the behaviour of the Adjutant's wife to the Commander-in-Chief, paid the money himself, which I think a very great pity, as such shameful conduct ought to be exposed. It appears to me that *esprit de corps* would lead honourable men to clear themselves and their regiment from any participation in such deeds, by vigorously punishing instead of screening the guilty. This feeling makes me always desire that a gentleman who has disgraced himself should be doubly punished.

In the evening Abdulrahmán Khán came while we were at dinner. We handed him a box of Kabul

grapes, which he ate, jauntily flinging the skins over his shoulder against the wall, evidently thinking himself the very mirror of good manners. It was done with such simplicity that I could hardly forbear laughing.

After dinner C. read with him the last chapters of the Gospel of Luke. He had brought back the Testament my husband had given him, but had evidently not read it all, for when he came to the part where the Jews cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" he could not forbear bursting out with a most emphatic exclamation of "Kambacht!" ("You luckless wretches!") and as he went on he uttered constantly an Arabic appellation to the Most High, signifying, "Why are such crimes permitted?" When we related this to Mr. Janvier, he told us that a compositor in their printing office exclaimed when he came to the same part, "It was from gross jealousy that they put him to death!"

December 25th, 1847.—C. and I profitted by his holiday by taking a walk together. Such lovely bright cold mornings and such brilliant starlight nights we have now. Certainly at this time of year the climate is the finest in the world.

L. called. C. lent him a most admirable book, the best for popular use I have ever seen on the subject, "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity:" you ought by all means to get it for the reading-room at Sparrow's Herne. C. told him of an infidel lawyer whom we read of in one of the American papers. He had consented to read the Scriptures, and the Presbyterian Elder who had persuaded him to do so, found him one day lost in thought, and having stated what were his former prejudices against the moral law, the Elder asked him, "But what do you think of it now?" "I have been looking," said the Infidel, "into the nature of that law. I have

been trying to see if I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot: it is perfect.

“The first command directs us to make the Creator the supreme object of our love and reverence: that is right. If He be our Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat Him and none other as such. The second forbids idolatry: that is certainly right. The third forbids profaneness. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship: if there be a God He ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage significant of our inward regard. If God is to be worshipped it is proper that some time should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship Him harmoniously, and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much. The fifth commandment defines the peculiar duties arising from family relations. Injuries to our neighbour are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character; and,” said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, “I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the greatest injury to life is murder, to chastity adultery, to property theft, and to character perjury. Now the greatest offence must include the less of the same kind: murder must include every injury to life; adultery, every injury to chastity and purity, and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbours. I have been thinking,” he proceeded, “where did Moses get that law? I have read history. The Egyptians and adjacent nations were idolators; so were the Greeks and Romans, and the wisest and best of the Greeks and

Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get that law which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous; but he has given a law in which all the learning and sagacity of subsequent ages have failed to detect a flaw? WHERE DID HE GET IT? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

He continued until his death, about three years after, a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, his views expanding and growing correct.

In the evening C. took me to the Lines, that I might see his men building. I was struck by their quiet behaviour. They make mortar by the simple process of pouring water into a pit and trampling earth into it. The bricks are merely sun-dried. The 2nd company, which has a Sikh at its head, have worked with more zeal than discretion, and have in their haste built their doorways quite crooked.

There are three barracks to a company, each containing eight rooms or houses, in each of which there are about three Sepahis. The Native officers are allowed a certain sum to build houses for themselves, according to their rank, and when a regiment leaves the station, it receives compensation for its Lines, if they are in good order.

I saw no women, and only one little child, besides a baby of the Sergeant-Major's, a most beautiful, stout, blooming Irish babe of seven months old, of which its little Hindustani Ayah—for all the soldiers' wives have one—seemed very proud. European children thrive admirably here. I never saw finer babes.

A poor Bombadier and his wife came to chapel last

Sunday, and to our house afterwards to tea. They seem Christian people by what Captain C. told us of them, yet there they are in that wretched barrack night and day. He complained bitterly of the fearful temptations surrounding them; they have no place wherein to pray, and can never join in prayer together, but when they wish for uninterrupted communion with God they take a walk by themselves. Is not this another proof of the sin of herding men and women together, as they do in barracks?

Captain C. dined with us. We talked of those far awa'. Mr. Porter came in the evening. He mentioned one reason why it is very improbable that our blessed Lord was born in December, viz., that the Shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks in the fields at night, which is never done in winter; moreover, it is not likely that a Government would have appointed the taxing at a season when travelling would have caused so much suffering to the people, for on a long journey they must constantly have slept in the open air.

January 15th, 1847.—Sometime ago C. despatched a party to apprehend deserters. While so doing they were laid hold of by the civil power and put into prison, whereby five of the captured deserters escaped. C. has had a long correspondence with the different authorities on the subject, and sent word to his Havaldar and men to *stay* in prison until they were released in proper form. This, however, they were not permitted to do, the authorities finding themselves in a scrape thrust them out. So a few days ago, I was astonished to see a tall, fine looking Sikh take off his turban and place it on the chair. I seized the opportunity of looking at his long hair, which was turned up in a most complicated manner and fastened by a red comb. I

found afterwards, that he did this to express the depths of dishonour into which he had fallen. Had he been condoled with, he would have been a discontented man for the rest of his days, so C. told him impatiently to put on his turban and depart: adding, "The matter is no business of yours, the concern is *mine*;" he accordingly went away, convinced of the truth of this assertion, which, I think, it would have been next to impossible to imprint on the mind of a John Bull, who had been imprisoned for doing his duty. He never could have borne to be thus violently deprived of his grievance.

The Sikhs, they say, are less superstitious than the Hindus. I was astonished at the Granthí or priest of the regiment bringing his sacred book the *Granth** (a title I can never hear without laughing) for me to see, thinking I might like to copy some of the pictures, which I intend doing, though certainly not on account of their beauty. All the natives profess to admire my drawings very much whenever they get hold of them; but I suspect that in bringing me their own pictures, they have hopes of improving my style. Saiad Reza brought us an illuminated volume of Persian poems the other day, some of the pictures were indescribably ludicrous. One poem was on the loves of Majnun and Leila, another on those of Alexander the Great and Sherín. Alexander, whom they look upon as a devout Mussalman, is represented bare footed, offering Sherín a cup of water, while she rides astride on a punchy white horse, and looks very sweetly at him. In the last picture, the devil in the form of an old woman with a basket of cakes, tells him that Sherín is dead, whereupon he knocks a great hole in

* Pronounced "Grunt."

his head with his fist and kills himself. In another picture, Khosroes, King of Persia, is represented sitting with his love in a tent, when a tiger comes in, which he forthwith slays by thumping its head with his fist. Almost all the heroes and heroines get tipsy by drinking wine together, so you may judge of Persian refinement and Muhammadan orthodoxy. By the way Mr. E. tells me that the Sikhs are dreadfully given to drinking. Mr. E. and Major MacDonald dined with us the other night, and were speaking of the Afghán character, and saying how much these wild people prefer Europeans to Hindustánís, for whose soft character they have the greatest contempt. Major MacDonald mentioned as an instance of this, that a noted Afghán wrestler tried his skill with an officer, who gave him a severe fall. When he got up again, the officer said to him, "I am afraid I have hurt you?" "Do you take me for a Hindustaní?" was the indignant reply, and springing up in the air the wrestler allowed himself to fall violently on his knees, which were, in consequence, frightfully cut. "Do you take me for a Hindustani?" asked he again! Mr. E. told us that last summer the authorities at Simla were beset by a crowd of half-starved and maimed men, women and children, who had all but perished in the snows of Afghánistan. They cried for succour—the men in office said it was no business of theirs, and sent them to and fro, until, wearied with the sight of their misery, they ordered the police to turn them out of Simla—and these poor creatures, our own fellow subjects, who had lost everything but life itself in our service, were driven forth to perish. Mr. E. indignantly expressed his opinion of such an action to Colonel —, who answered

coolly, "Why, what could be done?"—Done! why they might, should, and *ought* to have been provided for at the expense of the Government; it was a sacred debt, both of honour and justice, and if the Government had made difficulties, why could not these men in high office have helped them out of their own pockets? I should feel it a disgrace and a sin, if a discharged soldier or a poor camp-follower went from our door unpitied and unrelieved, whether we could afford it or not. By-the-by, many of the disbanded Afgháns of whom I told you some time ago can get no employment though they have been discharged *without* bounty, on the understanding that, according to promise, they would be provided for. Some of those who went on to Lahore, finding no employment there, wrote a petition to my husband, begging to be received into his regiment, but this cannot be done as Major Mackeson opposes it, not liking, I believe, the admixture of Afgháns and Sikhs. Another set of them are waiting here. They came the other morning to see how their affairs were going on; such a fine set of men, each with his medal, and some with two. C. told them nothing had been done, that he had got no answer to his letters. "Well," said they, "our only dependence is on you—we cling to your Lordship's skirt." "But," said my husband, "if you pull too hard my Lordship's skirt will tear?" at which little joke they all laughed.

Now that we dine late, Abdulrahmán Khán often occupies himself when he pays us evening visit, by saying his prayers in the corner while we eat our soup. One of our men died the other day; he was an only child, and his poor old father, a venerable looking Sikh peasant came to receive his pay. It touched one to see

the desolate white-bearded man, but C. said kind things to him, and gave him something to help him on his journey home.

A poor Jew was baptized the last Sabbath in December. The Missionaries have known him for two or three years; he was most anxious for baptism, and professed his dependence on Christ alone, the Son of God, for salvation, and as there was nothing to object to in his life, they thought it right to baptize him, though they do not see the clear evidence that could be desired of his conversion. In the evening he sat opposite to me at the Lord's table, and you may be sure that I prayed for his union with Christ the Living Bread. I have also heard from Miss Laing that seven of her orphan charge have been lately baptized in Calcutta. Another Missionary and his wife have just passed through, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, on their way to Sabáthu. Mr. Morrison preached an excellent sermon on Sunday. Captain C. said he had been waiting fifteen years for a good sermon, and this was the first he had heard. Mr. Morrison called on us, and told me of his pleasure at finding the orphans whom he had received at Allalabad in 1838, now monitors, tutors, and catechists, and some of them better Hebrew scholars than himself. His voice grew thick as he said that this repaid him for all his trials, which have been very heavy. He mentioned having punished one of these very boys for theft. He had taken some grain from an ass. Mr. Morrison punished him in a very original manner, by pouring the grain back into the ass's trough, and compelling the boy to eat with his long-eared companion until the whole was finished. He never stole again. Mr. Morrison told me of some curious superstitious fancies the natives have. They

think if you pass between two donkeys you will lose your religion, but if you touch them both you will get it back again, or keep it. It is accounted disgraceful by most persons here to ride upon an ass. I have ridden twice lately on a pretty little Arab Major Ekins lent me; it is very gentle, but its paces, like those of most Arabs, are short, and it goes very near the ground. I prefer the high action of a good English horse. The Arabs are very small, generally from fourteen hands to fourteen hands two inches. They have another peculiarity, when not roused they are the most lazy creatures possible, they will fall half asleep whenever they stand still, and make the greatest possible fuss about the smallest possible exertion. Even with my weight, this little horse groans and sighs, puffs out his nostrils whenever he comes to a sandy place, as if he were quite overcome with fatigue, and yet he could probably carry a person twice as heavy sixty miles without stopping. He looks so meek and sleek with such a beautiful black eye, it is impossible not to pet him.

We went to see the ice-pits, where the ice is made for our summer consumption. An immense number of shallow saucers of water are placed on beds of straw and rubbish in an exposed situation, the water freezes, and is collected in the morning and lodged in great pits. The subscription is about seven or eight rupís a share, that is to say, for two sírs a day during the season; four sírs or eight pounds is a moderate allowance.

On New Year's Day, C. having ridden out met a camp of gipsies of about forty persons. They were very poor, so he told two of them to come to the house and he would give them something. He had no sooner

performed his promise, than Baedullah and Vazirá the bearer entreated him not to have anything to do with such people, for they were all necromancers, and could take any shape they pleased, and would certainly come back next day as rich Mahájans. It seems they call them *bérupíá* or shapeless, *i. e.* having no proper form of their own. They reminded him of what had happened to Sir Claude Wade; and our Khánsáman, who was ten years in Sir Claude's service, has just related the story at full length. It seems, Colonel Wade was writing when he beheld a procession entering his Compound, Chobdars running before, followed by a splendid Palkí and an elephant and His Majesty Shah Shujah ul Mulk entered. Colonel Wade paid his compliments, and was much surprised by the King asking him for a present, but the latter explained, "I am not the King, only I have taken his appearance, and I really want some money." Sir Claude was so amazed that he gave him some; whereupon, this second edition of Shah Shujah proceeded to the palace, where they were so bewildered at seeing His Majesty's double, that they also made him a present. He then went on to Lahore, where Ranjit Sing was so astonished at seeing his ill used old guest, that he, too, gave him a gift; after which he went to Dehli, and Saiad Khán does not know what became of him afterwards.

This grave old servant of ours often diverts me. The other day I asked him the name of a pudding. I could not at first catch the name; when I did, I said, "Oh! flummery;" whereupon he corrected me, saying, "Nehín (no) Mem Sahib, 'p-lummery.'" So I have been obliged to call it p-lummery ever since. In the same way I always order a *pu-lum* pudding.

Another disbanded soldier came to us the other day,

an Afghán of Ferris, Jezailchís, a very fine athletic man, who had not eaten for three days. Certainly some record ought to be made of Government promises, that one Governor-General may fulfil those given by his predecessor.

Suleíman Khán, that prince of spies, was here just when Lord William Hay and Major M'Donald were paying us a visit. The former is going with his brother, Lord Gifford, into Kashmír; and Suleíman was called upon to enlighten the party with the result of his experience. Suddenly I saw him pull off his outer garment, and trail it along the ground, like an Irishman trying to provoke a "skrimmage." He then trampled to and fro upon it, just as the said Paddy would like to see anybody dare to do on *his* great coat, and finally put it on again. I marvelled greatly what this might mean, until I discovered that he was showing the method in which they pass dangerous and slippery places in the snows in Kashmíri, by spreading their garments on the ground, and then leading their horses over them. At C.'s recommendation, Lord Gifford and his brother have engaged Suleímán Khán to accompany them.

Monday, January 17th.—Mr. Janvier brought over Capt. W., whom C. had known in Malacca, and who is now a devoted Christian, and has a suitable helpmeet in his wife, the daughter of Mr. Hill, an excellent Missionary in Calcutta. Captain W. has for the last seven or eight years studied the Scriptures in Urdú and Hindúí, for the purpose of making himself useful among the natives. He assembles his servants for reading and prayer, morning and evening, distributes tracts, and enters into conversation on religion whenever he can make an opportunity. Good Major

Wheeler at Benáres openly preaches to the Sepáhis, but although Captain W. does not do this, yet when he takes his books, and goes to visit a village, the Sepahis say, "Let us follow our Padre with his books, and hear what he says." The Molewi of his corps has been much oppressed by the other Mussalmans for the interest he evinced in Christianity: he appears at present to have gone back. The next morning, while C. was busy inspecting the clothing of the regiment, I walked out, and met Captain and Mrs. W. Some of the boys of the Mission School were lounging about, and Captain W. spoke to them. One of them said it was true that Jesus was a Saviour, but he added, "Ram is my Saviour." Captain W. asked him if he knew what sort of person Ram was, and described the wickedness of his character, asking if that were a fit kind of Saviour: the boy acknowledged it was not. Captain W. afterwards told me that the keeper of the shrine at Fattihpur Sikri, a Mussalmán of good family, assured him that he believed in Jesus as the Son of God, and always prayed in his name. One day he was present when Captain W., at family worship, was explaining the miracles of our Lord, and remarking that none but God could do such wonders. The Mullah said before them all, "That is quite true;" yet five minutes afterwards Mrs. Williams found him with his face to the west, going through the Muhammadan form of prayers. She spoke to him most seriously, and the only excuse he could make was, that "he was brought up so." Captain W. mentioned an incident which shows how useful it is to give away tracts. He was speaking to a man whom he met by chance on the subject of salvation, and was astonished at his knowledge. He asked how he came to know these things, and the

man told him that a Sáhíb had given him a book, which he not only read himself, but which his neighbours constantly came to his house to hear. Mrs. W. also told me that when she used to translate one of the tracts for children which abound at home, to her little native school at Benáres, the children would listen with the greatest interest and cry, "Oh, why don't the people in England send *us* such little books, we should like to read them just as much as the children in England."

In the afternoon Captain W. went into the city, and after one of the catechists had done speaking, addressed the people himself. The next day, before starting, he accompanied Mr. Janvier and Mr. Rudolph to visit a Dhubí, who is to be hanged to-morrow for the murder of his wife. She was unfaithful: he cut her throat, and then delivered himself up to the kotwal or native magistrate. They found him perfectly callous and unmoved. He said, "God put it into his heart to kill his wife, so that if there were anything wrong in it, it was not *his* fault: what did it signify whether he were hanged to-morrow or not, he must die some day." Mr. Rudolph plainly told him, "You will bitterly regret to-morrow at this time not having listened to us to-day;" but no impression could be made on this wretched Hindu. He said, "If I have sinned I shall atone for it to-morrow;" and thus he left the world, in the full persuasion that he would be happy in the next.

Agha Muhammad told us a most excellent answer that he had himself heard at Peshawur. One day he and his father were paying a visit to Abdul Sammad Beg, that wretched Persian of whom you can see an account in "Wolff's Book," and who was the principal adviser of the tyrant of Bokhara, on the occasion of

Stoddart and Conolly's murder: some refugees of our unfortunate Kabul force having also had their throats publicly cut before the gates of the city by his orders. This monster had a negro servant, a remarkably devout Mussalmán, who never omitted the five prayers daily, and was looked upon as a saint.

Abdul Sammad was telling his visitors what a heavenly man this was, when the negro entered bearing a pipe. His master said to him, “I was just saying what a devout man you are, that you are sure to go to heaven: tell me, what do you think of me? do you think I shall?” The negro looked him full between the eyes and answered gravely, “Heaven is not a stable,” meaning where swine and dogs and such as you may enter. Agha Muhammad said that Abdul Sammad tried to laugh, but evidently felt the rebuke.

In no other country is there such a gulf between the different classes, in regard to kindly feeling and intercourse, as in England, and especially England Proper. See the difference in Germany, for instance; the respectful familiarity between officers and men in the Prussian army. The more I see of other countries, the more forcibly English exclusiveness strikes me as a very bad national peculiarity. It is a thing wholly unknown in the East, where servants and masters, rich and poor, behave to each other much as I suppose they did in patriarchal times.

The Náig of our guard reported last night that a young Sepáhi having burnt his leg, the cold had increased the pain to such a degree, that he was unfit for duty. He was quite a lad; C. sent for him, gave him a dose of arnica, and tied up his leg with cotton with his own hands. The pain went off almost immediately: we kept him here all the next day, that he

might take more arnica, and his father and mother, who live quite near the Lines that they may look after their boy and cook for him, brought him his dinner.

January 20th.—This morning, as we were taking our usual walk, we met an officer's servant with a curious sort of weapon in his hand: it was a kind of battle-axe with a long red handle. He told us he carried it as a protection against thieves, and showed us how he folded it in his garment, so that they cannot tell, said he, what I have here. Fancy a gentleman's servant carrying such a weapon in England?

CHAPTER III.

Agha Muhammad's Wife.—An Afghán Brother.—Romanist Schools.—Want Supplied.—The Roman Catholic Bishop.—Fall of 50th Lines.—Delays in Clothing the Regiment.—“Nel.”—Attack on Agha Muhammad.—Earthquake at Peshawar.—Pensions to Jezailchis.—Superstition.—Security of Existence.—Oppression in Kashmir.—False Alarm.—Cheap Living.—Government Education.—Airs of some of the Native Women.—Regiment on the March.—Fewness of Sikhs.—Afghán's anxiety to Learn.—Azim.—Controversy.—A Proud Mullah.—False Inquirers.—Ungentlemanly Conduct.—Accident to an Officer.—Widow of Shah Zeman.—Cheeroots.—Music.—Funeral in a Zenáná.—Beauty.—Two Zenánús.—American Family.—Abbas Khán's Rescue.—French Revolution.—Fair at Hardwar.—Money God.—Morning Scene.—Poor Old Afghán.—Visit from Shahzadeh's Wife.

JANUARY 29th.—Agha Muhammad came full of joy to tell us, first, that he was likely to win his lawsuit here, and secondly, what was still better, that his wife and little brother had escaped from Afghánistan and were now at Peshawur, on their way thither. At first he used the general term “my household,” but then added, confidentially, “that is, my wife,” and his eye glistened. He said, “Many of my people take more than one wife, but I am sure that it is not only wicked but foolish; there are always jealousies and heartburnings, and those who do so are sure to eat sorrow for it at last.”

Abdul Rahmán Khán came in last night. C. men-

tioned the fact of Abdulla Khán Achakzai having buried his elder brother in the ground up to the neck, tied a rope round his throat, fastened a horse to the other end of it, and drove the animal round and round until his brother expired. Abdul Rahmán could not deny the fact, so he uttered two or three groans, and then betook himself to his prayers in the corner of the room. My naughty little dog no sooner saw this, than he must needs go curiously prying into his performances—peering into his face and distracting the pious Mussalmán with his unorthodox attentions, and it was only by constant feeding I could keep him away. The Hindustaní are rather fond of dogs, the Hindus very much so; but the Afgháns have a true Mussalmán sense of their uncleanness,

As a sign of the times, I may mention that the “Dehli Gazette” the other day contained advertisements from no less than five different Romanist schools,* for boys or girls, at Agra and Massurí. In one a pledge is given that the religion of Protestant pupils will not be interfered with, but that “they will be instructed in religion as far as possible without touching on those points on which Catholics and Protestants differ.” Louisa Sylvester told me that when she was in the Convent of Agra, most of the children, herself included, were ready to become Roman Catholics,

* The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East are about to open a school for the children of officers and others at Missouri, so as to give a thorough and Christian education in a good climate to those who cannot afford to send their daughters home. Subscriptions are received by Miss Webb, Honorary Secretary, 15, Shaftesbury Crescent, Pimlico. Another most valuable institution is the Female Normal School in Calcutta, for training teachers of all castes and complexions. Particulars can be obtained from the Venerable the Archdeacon of Calcutta.

partly to escape punishment, and partly because the nuns gave them such descriptions of the glories of heaven and of the happiness of those virgins (meaning themselves), who should follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, that they longed to become nuns too.

They were most carefully instructed in all the peculiar dogmas of Rome; Louisa has them all at her finger's end. The priests who visit the convent daily are all young, and all foreigners, except one. The Bishop is middle aged—an Italian: you may judge of his character by what Louisa related to me. One of the children happened to be alone with him in the parlour of the Convent, for the nuns are in the habit of complaining to the Bishop of any child who commits a fault, which all the pupils greatly fear, although he always intercedes for them, and gets their punishment remitted. The nuns had served wine to the Bishop, who had taken too much, and, therefore, said divers improper things to this poor child, and gave her wine to drink. Her companions soon found this out, and she told them what the Bishop had said to her, and that he had desired her by no means to tell the nuns. None of the children dared to mention anything of this circumstance, for the nuns told them that the Bishop was in the place of God, and that it was a great sin to say anything against a priest.

A Bombadier's wife has been telling me much of Captain C.'s kindness to the sick. I find she was in the barracks of the 50th at the time they fell down last year. She and some other women had been sent up to join their husbands after the Satej campaign. They arrived at Loodiana I think in June. There was no place for them to go to, and for some days they lived in their hackeries* in the midst of the hot winds; at last they

* Carts.

were housed, and some were sent to the 50th lines. The very night they got into their new quarters the barracks fell, and their end was the only portion that remained standing. They had been obliged to have a guard of Sepahis to protect them from the insolence of the British soldiers, some of whom being intoxicated, had endeavoured to force their way into the women's quarters. All their guard were killed except one, a young Havildar, who had kindly gone to fetch a light for one of the poor women whose child was just dying. He was in the act of giving them this light when all the rest of the building fell, and thus owed his life to this act of kindness.

Mrs. Janvier and I went to see Hasan Khán's wives the other day. They were full of the execution which took place lately, and thought it very wrong to hang a man for such a cause, saying that in their country a man had a right to kill an unfaithful wife, and besides, he was "so young." I could not help thinking there was much excuse for him.

February 15th, 1848.—Johnnie Newton, after being almost given over, is, we trust, recovering. We have been walking daily of late, for it has been too cold to drive in the evening. The men have got their great coats just as they were beginning to die from exposure to the cold with insufficient clothing. A hundred are still waiting for their arms, and have been so since November, for want of workmen to make and alter their belts, pouches, &c. Just imagine the consequences if the regiment had been needed for active service. The arms were indented for last May. My husband applied to Government for information as to what clothing he was to indent for, and whom he was to get it from, and did not receive an answer for months afterwards, and,

therefore, could not indent until late in the autumn, and the men are nine months in arrears of pay. I was amused at seeing a stout Sikh Havildar, with a magnificent beard, sitting working at something close to my tailor. Bow killed his fourteenth wild cat the other day, and one evening on going to bed I found a small figure in a little red coat lying in the very middle of the bed with its head on the pillow and its feet stretched out straight like a child. This was “Nel,” who had deposited himself there, and when I spoke to him, merely opened his eyes and shut them again very tight, wagging his tail most consciously. It is the queerest of doggies.

I have heard no stories for a long while except one from Agha Múhammad, who gave us an account of the attack upon his father and himself at Kabul. They went back to settle their affairs, and received promises of safety from Akbar Khán. They were attacked by armed men just as they were leaving the mountain pass of Lattáband or Rah-i-Kachanár, and entering Butkhák; the father was cut to pieces, one brother severely wounded, and the other, Agha Múhammad himself, left for dead. They had slain three of their assailants, and were now stripped and left in the snow. Their servants, who had preceded them, came the following morning to look for their bodies. They found the two brothers still breathing, snow having fallen in the night and covered them from the piercing air. They were brought secretly into Kabul, and hid in the house of Akbar Khán's own Názir, who tended them most carefully, and invariably reported to Akbar's messengers, who came to make anything but kindly inquiries after them, that they were at the point of death. When sufficiently recovered he conveyed them away into

Kohistan, from whence Agha Múhammad got to Loodiana.

February 22nd.—Major M. has been encamped here for some days. He is a tall handsome man; and has what that affected creature, Disraeli calls “a very imposing presence.” Though very shy in ladies’ society, he can talk well, and we have had very lively evenings when he has been with us. Yesterday he gave us an account of the earthquake at Peshawur at the time the walls of Jellálábad were thrown down. He and about twenty others were sitting at breakfast in a centre room when they saw the walls rock to and fro and the ground heave. They all rushed towards the door to gain the stairs. It was necessary to take two turns, and while they were fumbling about it, Major M. said “he was ashamed to confess that he, being master of the house and knowing the way, got out first, the others all tumbling after him down the steps.” They then found themselves in a court surrounded by high walls, and all crowded together in the very centre to avoid the walls, should they come down. Some one cried out, “Where’s the General?” and it was evident that General Pollock, who had been writing in an inner room, was not among them.

Sir Richmond Shakespeare gallantly made a rush at the stairs, and was about to enter the house while it was still rocking, when the General appeared by another door, having quietly come down a different flight of steps. It was afterwards found that a beam had fallen, crushing the table at which he was writing and part of his chair, so that had he been a moment later he must have perished. Major F. was out riding at that very time, and had just thrown the reins on his horse’s neck to allow him to drink at one of the aqueducts near

Peshawur, when the water suddenly dashed up in the horse's face, and the animal began to tremble all over. Major Mackeson was describing part of the country to the north of the Jélum, which, seen from a height, is so shapeless and barren, so intersected and re-intersected with deep ravines, that he said it gave one an idea of chaos. It is the same part over which the force was passing on their return from Afghánistan, when C. took up a poor Irish horse artilleryman who had been badly wounded, a fellow prisoner of the name of Keane, or Kane, as he called it himself, to help him across a stream. As they were struggling through it he said very naively, "Och, sir, this is a very conthrairy country."

The new Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, has done a deed which exalts him greatly in our opinions. C. applied some time ago for pensions for some of his maimed and wounded Jezailchis. He was desired to state what pension he thought suitable, and named ten or twelve rupees a month for Kajjír and Kabbír, the former of whom lost both hands and feet, and the latter both legs up to the knees by the frost, and seven or eight for Múhammad Khán, Gúlfraz, and Gúlnúr, all of whom have lost a portion of their toes. "The Governor-General has granted this, authorized my husband to pay the pensions at once, and commended him for bringing the case to the notice of Government." Gúlnúr is the one who came down a little while ago from Peshawur to see my husband, and Gúlfraz, who was in the Banda Police Battalion, is going with Múhammad Khán to live among their own people in the neighbourhood of Peshawur. Múhammad Khán amused me very much the other evening by coming to report formally that he had met Major Mackeson, who had inquired his name, what he was doing, &c.; he had

answered all his inquiries cautiously, stating that C. had "nourished him very considerably," and then came to reveal the matter, being evidently quite unable to fathom the motive of these questions, and determined with the characteristic caution and suspiciousness of his countrymen that his old leader should not be circumvented through any fault of his. We have just heard to our great regret, that poor Kajjir is dead. Delay of justice is immediate injustice.

I met with a curious instance of superstition the other day. Louisa Sylvester wished very much to go to see a burial-ground not far off, but nothing could induce Mrs. Rudolph's Ayah to go with her, lest the dead might arise and lay hold of her. Louisa then took Mrs. Newton's baby, little Francis, and said she would go with him, but Mrs. Newton's Ayah flew to save the child, and said it would never do to take him, for his bearer had been putting perfumes upon him, and that would attract the ghosts. In short not one of the four Ayahs in the Compound could be persuaded to venture except my little woman.

We are far from the security of European existence. A poor Sáis here stole some radishes out of a garden. He put them in a little pot, and was stooping down to wash them when, as it is supposed, the owner of the garden came behind him, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It made one's heart ache to hear of it.

Talking of superior security, however, Major Mackeson told me a Persian story last night of a party of pleasure going in a boat, whose enjoyment was quite marred by the incessant crying of a child whom they had brought with them. One of them proposed putting him into the water, which was done, and after he had

been thoroughly ducked, he was so convinced of the superior safety of the boat that he became quite quiet and contented.

This was on Carlyle's principle, an excellent one to act upon.—“Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot.”

I have been working hard at Talbot-types, and have made one of a camel's carriage—it is really very pretty.

The Government is extremely dissatisfied with Gulab Sing's oppression of his unfortunate subjects, and one of Lord Hardinge's last acts was to write a letter to the Maharajah (the contents of which, if known, would throw the whole of Kashmír into insurrection) saying that if he did not mend his behaviour, the British would leave him to shift for himself.

Sirfraz Khán came here the other day, bringing a beautiful emerald ring as a present to me from the Shahzadeh Shakpúr. It was such a fine one, about a third of an inch square, that it cost me a little pain to know it was impossible to accept it; while at the same time I should have grieved to take so valuable a thing from the poor young Prince, who can ill afford to be so generous.

March 2.—On going out I found the whole guard engaged in reporting some fight to C., who took the bayonet of one of them and taught him how to guard his head. All the servants, and even the men employed in whitewashing the verandah, listened and looked mirthful. We found that a young Sikh, who was sentry at early dawn, thought he saw a thief, and zealously rushed at him with his bayonet. He received a blow which stretched him on his back, and had a very bad bruise on the forehead to show in proof of it. He roared out that there was a thief with a bludgeon, the

guard rushed forth, but no thief nor bludgeon could be found. Muhammad Khán, the Jezailchí, related that he had seen the whole occurrence. "I used," said he, "always to be wakeful at night that I might look about me; but now from peace I have become lazy, though still I always wake at three o'clock." The young Sikh had mistaken a half-open door for a thief and knocked his head against it. He looked quite cross at the ridicule he underwent, especially as each man thought fit to feel and press this frightful bump on his forehead in no very gentle fashion. We gave him some arnica which comforted him.

March 3rd and 4th.—My husband was occupied all the morning in paying his men in the verandah. The whole house was surrounded by them, and the sweet-meat makers had the audacity to come close by, and tempt the poor young Sepáhis with great trays of Mitai. One of our Sáises assured us that a man may have half a seer, *i. e.* a pound of meat and a seer of flour every day for three rupees monthly. Sepáhi's pay is seven rupees a month. The whole expense of the regiment is about 10,000 rupees monthly. This is considered a very expensive place. Dr. Walker told us of a place near Dacca, where everything is or *was* so cheap, that Kawris (little shells, forty-eight of which go to a pie, which last is about one-third of a penny) were the most useful coins you could have. He had great difficulty in getting change for *one rupee*; and a beggar to whom they gave some copper came and begged to have it exchanged for cowries. I think they got ten or twelve fowls for the rupee, (I get five). It was somewhere in that neighbourhood that Mrs. Eckford told me good cows are to be had for three rupees. There have been divers remarks in the papers lately, on the small results of

the Government scheme of education. At present history and *belles lettres* are the two objects to which the attention of the students is chiefly directed; and history, more as a matter of memory than of philosophy. They read Bacon's "Novum Organum," but that is the only work I know of, of a deep character.* Their education strikes me as a feminine one, and receiving no religious instruction, they are deprived of the best part of English female education, of that which does more to strengthen and form the character than any other. Dr. Duff's remarks on the plan of education pursued in the Hindú College, in a recent number of the "Missionary Record," are most true. There is nothing to strengthen or expand the mind; the memory and taste are cultivated, *mais voilà tout*.

There is no excuse for not introducing Christian instruction, for the education given is entirely contrary to all the native prejudices—it deprives the pupils of their superstitions and leaves them a prey to infidelity. Thus the Government denies them bread, takes away their loaves of stone, and gives them a serpent. The objections made to Christian education always rest on the ostensible basis of danger in meddling with the religion of the natives; but I suppose even an unbeliever would hardly maintain, that there was anything wrong or dangerous in giving the knowledge of the Gospel to those who professed no religion at all. Now the Government schools entirely overthrow Hinduism and thus having done all the dangerous part of the work, they carefully abstain from that which they themselves

* Whately's "Logic," and Abercrombie's "Mental and Moral Philosophy," have been lately introduced; I believe, under Mr. Bethune's regime. Adam Smith, on the "Moral Sentiments," was previously considered as the ethical work best adapted to the young Hindus, "because it excludes religion."

must acknowledge to be beneficial. They destroy but will not build.

Query, is there any instance of a Heathen, Muhamadan, or Popish Government abstaining from all interference with the religion of a conquered people? If they are not afraid to introduce error, why should we be afraid to introduce truth.* If the Government professes Christianity, let them not support Heathen schools. Let them as Christians make grants towards all Christian schools, according to the number of their pupils. Let all offices and employments be open to Christians, Mussalmans, and Hindús, irrespective of religion; let all have the opportunity of embracing Christianity, but let none be either rewarded or punished for doing so.

Many of the girls from the Orphan School, though brought up most simply, are no sooner married than they must needs perch themselves up on chairs, and give themselves all the airs of ladies. When Mrs. Janvier's baby was baptized in our house, one girl, about two years married, came to the prayer meeting, and immediately took her seat in an arm chair at the top of the table. Golak Náth, the Brahman minister, coming in soon after, was about meekly to sit down on the floor with the rest of the Natives, when my husband

* There never was a nation, except professedly Christian and Protestant ones, which did not consider religion as the most essential part of education. English education of any sort, even mere geography and chronology, overthrows the Hindu creed. Why should we not at least *offer* something better in the place of that we destroy? That we do destroy is granted by Mr. Kerr, Principal of the Hindu College, who thus writes—"It is sometimes said that the education we give makes our students sceptical. It does make them sceptical—sceptical of all those degrading ideas with which the notion of a Deity is associated in Hindu minds. ('A Review of Public Instruction in the Bengal Presidency from 1835 to 1851,' by J. Kerr, M.A.)

made him come to the table. One was a minister, a Brahman by birth, and highly educated; the other was an ignorant, stupid, low caste woman, without a single claim to distinction. The contrast in their behaviour struck me forcibly. Another of these newly married orphans called lately on Mrs. Newton, who gave her some plates: she, who had all her life been accustomed to do *everything* for herself, now said that she could not carry them (her hut being about 100 yards distant), but would send her servant for them. Mrs. Newton asked how she had become so proud? To which she replied, that her husband said he did not wish her to do anything; but that she should have a tailor and servants. She ought to be told that such pride and sloth were the greatest disgrace to a Christian woman. The consequence is, that most of the teachers and their wives are in debt; all the women idle, and none seem to have the smallest idea of labouring with their hands, that they may have to give to him that needeth.

They require to be taught household knowledge, to be neat, to make their own clothes, to bring up their children well, and to do good among their heathen neighbours. But these things could be better taught by those of their own sex than by the Missionaries, who are already overworked; the wife of Golak Náth, the Native minister at Jaländer, seems to set a good example in these respects, and so does a nice little Kashmirí woman, the wife of a Christian woodcutter; but these are exceptions.

Last Tuesday, 7th.—We spent a very pleasant day at Filor. We went most of the way on an elephant, and, as the 28th Native Infantry had marched the same road just before us, we were much amused with many curious sights, rows of carts filled with Sepahis, or drum-

mers' wives and families ; a young Punjáb woman, in her blue trousers and veil, leading a little kid, or a Sepahi's wife riding astride on her queer little pony ; then a man with a fighting ram, very fat, and his fleece as white as snow, except where they had stained two tufts on his back in bright orange colour : then an immense row of bullock carts, who all got out of our way most peaceably without one hundredth part of the shouting, and none of the beating of cattle that Europeans would display on such an occasion. We heard one driver address an ox as Sahib Behádar, telling him he was a great warrior, and it was necessary he should exert himself ; flattering him in a manner that certainly made the creature pull with double vigour. We overtook the regiment near the bridge, and it was a pretty sight to see them ford the river, for the bridge of boats only extends across half of it.

Met Mr. Scott of the Civil Service, who told me that the Sikhs (you must remember that the Sikhs are a sect, the Panjábis a people) are so few that in the Jallandar Doab there is not one Sikh in a hundred inhabitants. They always call their sacred book "The Granth Sahib." Mr. Scott told me he had had many suits to settle regarding land which has been left for the support of the Granth Sahib. A census of the population of Lahore has just been published, and although the number of Sikhs, even in the capital, is very small, no beef is allowed there. In Jallandar, where sometime ago they made a "fassád," i.e. a fuss, commotion, or rebellion, on the establishment of one shop for killing and selling beef, they now submit patiently to the presence of *five* such.

I am happy to say a good many Thugs were captured the other day, and more are being pursued ; they abound just now in this neighbourhood.

On reading with the Munshí yesterday in the Acts, of the people at Jerusalem casting off their clothes from rage, I found that the same thing is sometimes done in this country. The garments are also rent in mourning, both by Muhammadans and Hindus, but more by the latter. When a death occurs, a woman of the caste called Dóms, who are musicians and singers, goes to the house and leads the lamentation, in which the women of the family join, beating themselves and tearing their hair.

C. is going to attend a funeral this evening; a poor young artillery officer who called on us not long ago, and who this day week was in perfect health. He seems to have had no complaint but a slight low fever. They blistered and leeches him, and sent for the Chaplain yesterday when he was delirious! and now, to-night, he is to be buried. A circular is just come announcing that an auction will be held to-morrow morning to sell off all his horses, dogs, and other property, and at this very time, perhaps, his mother and sisters are rejoicing at having "had such good news from him by the last mail!" May God comfort them by giving them the Spirit, the Comforter, to abide with them for ever!

Leila Bibí having expressed a wish to learn to read, I have had Louisa Sylvester taught the Hindustaní character, and she has been several times to teach her: she is very quick, and I hope will be persevering. Louisa has also read a chapter of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to her in Hindustaní and explained it, and she seemed to understand and to be interested. Some time ago when I went there they had been much troubled at hearing that Hasan Khán had married at Peshawur and was going to settle there; however, when I assured them

he would come back they laughed about it, but they seem very glad that he is not likely to get possession of his four wives who are in Afghánistan. Leila Bibí told me they had heard he had been poisoned by an enemy, and she had wept day and night for ten days ! I begged her to let me know whenever she heard any such reports, as we could often set her mind at rest. The day Leila Bibí and Louisa had an argument on Muhammadanism and Christianity: it was, as you may suppose, not a very learned or logical discussion, but they showed the popular idea of their religion by saying that no matter what a man did in this life, after death he had only to go to Muhammad, and, for the sake of "the Prophet," God would pardon all his sins. Louisa answered that if it were thus, a man might sin as much as he liked, kill six or eight people, commit a good many robberies, and divers other sins, and yet be sure of heaven at last. They say, "Oh, that would not do; that they would be punished for their sins, but only a little." Like all Muhammadans, they attacked the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, because they cannot understand it. An evening or two after, Louisa met several wives of one of the Shahzádeh's, who desired her to ask me to allow her to come and speak to them also. Golak Náth, the native minister, told us on Sunday that, at Jallandar, not only do many women of the poorer classes come to see them and listen willingly to what they say of the Gospel, but those of higher rank, who cannot come out themselves, often send to ask his wife to visit them for the express purpose of hearing something about this "new religion," and always listen to her patiently. There is an immense field for female Missionaries in this part of the country, but, unfortunately, there is scarcely any one to enter upon it.

Golak gave a very satisfactory account of Azim, the new convert, and said that, although he was but a babe in Christ, he had already been of great assistance to him. His wife professes to be a Christian, but shows no sign of being a converted person. As Golak said, like all the oppressed women of this country, she verifies the truth of the Persian proverb, "A cat in the hands of an oppressor will use teeth and claws," and although her husband oppresses her no longer, she has not yet left off her old habit of scolding to excess, and using language that would never enter into the imagination of a Billingsgate fishwoman. However, she understands the theory of the Gospel; and when her countrywomen come to see her and ask her why she has left her family and friends, she answers well, and says, "for the salvation of my soul," so that one may hope that she is, at least, convinced if not converted, and that the Spirit of God will, in His own good time, emancipate her from the bondage of her old nature and old evil habits. The Mission premises at Jallandar are situated halfway between the city and a large village, Golak preaches in each once a-day, and frequently in the populous and numerous surrounding villages. He is now on his way to the great mela or fair at Hardwár, whither Mr. Rudolph is also gone.

Mr. Janvier has just returned from his tour, and gives a very encouraging account of the manner in which he has been everywhere received, and the opportunities he has had of maintaining the truths of the Gospel before divers men of rank and learned Mullahs, whom he has, in every case, been enabled to silence, and although it was reported that he had been defeated, yet he said that it was a great satisfaction to him to know that whatever they might say, from 50 to 150 persons had been present

in each instance, all of whom had heard with their own ears that their most famous Molevis had been non-plussed.

One of these Molevis is said to be the greatest and most learned man north of Dehli. He affects such a degree of sanctity that he never goes out. Sometime ago a man of high rank came with a great retinue to see him, pitched his tents at a little distance, and sent word to him of his arrival, stating how far he had come on purpose to see him, thinking that the Molevi would surely relax a little in favour of a man of his consequence; but the latter sent for answer, that since he had come so far, he might as well come a little further. But the Nawáb being as proud as the Mullah, struck his tents and departed without seeing him.

This learned personage sent to ask Mr. Janvier to come to him. He accordingly went, and found a fine looking man, with a magnificent black beard, who was at first too prudent to say much, leaving the discussion to his disciples, he at last came to their rescue and endeavoured to browbeat Mr. Janvier, who checked him by observing that it was not the proper way of carrying on a discussion of such importance. He then repeated what he had before advanced, and at last they were left without a reply. He took leave in a friendly manner, and the brother of the Molevi afterwards came to visit him.

He found many reports rife among the natives, that converts were bribed by the Missionaries, and supported at their expense, so he publicly invited them to send some one to Loodiana to ascertain.

A man once stopped him in the bazár at Loodiana, saying he was willing to be a Christian, and wishing to know how much he would give. Another came to one

of the Missionaries, and said, they dressed so cleanly, and fed so well, that he would like to be a Christian; and a third went to Golak a short time since, and asked for Christian instruction. After a few meetings it appeared that he was a man of property, who had a suit which he is likely to lose, pending before Mr. John Lawrence, the Commissioner, and therefore wished to be "of the religion of John Lawrence Sáhib;" but finding that Golak was a Presbyterian, and had no influence, spiritual or political, with the Commissioner, he departed. So men followed Jesus to feed on the loaves and fishes; so they oft times come to his servants from merely mercenary views, and numbers of the Europeans you meet in India, having no knowledge or belief in the great work of the Spirit, deny the possibility of converting the Natives, and think that all the converts have been bribed. I do not know how they could account for the conversion of their own barbarous ancestors. They seem to say that the Lord's hand is "shortened, that it cannot save." I do not understand how any one who does not pray for and help Missions (much less any one who opposes them), can use the Lord's Prayer, and say daily "Thy kingdom come."

Most Europeans treat the natives more like brutes than men: they seem to think a native is made to be abused and beaten, and the most vulgar parvenus treat native gentlemen as the dirt beneath their feet. I will give you two instances of the ungentlemanly and unchristian tone of Indian society and opinions in this respect. In some notes of a journey from Agra to Bombay, in 1841, now publishing in the "Dehli Gazette," the writer says, "I managed to bag a few peachicks, *though the people do not like them to be shot*, and at one place we met with some grey par-

tridges, which the Zamindárs (landholders) wish to be spared. *As we had no occasion for their good offices* for supplies, but rather required the birds, there was little hesitation in bagging all I could." Again, the "Dehli Gazette" announces that "an unfortunate accident has occurred to a young officer, who, of course, is a kind-hearted man and greatly beloved in his corps." What do you think this accident is? When out shooting, he became enraged with his unfortunate Sáís, and gave him a kick on the back, of which the poor man died in a few minutes, the spleen having been broken by the kick! Men can restrain their tempers when a stout hackney coachman or coal heaver is abusive, because they are afraid; they can even keep from striking their servants in England, because they would be punished by law; but here, because they know that they are the strongest, they are cowardly enough to tyrannize over every one who happens to thwart their childish humours. Our turkey-cock is a great curiosity in these parts: the Sikh cultivators all come to look at him as they pass, and when he gobbles and struts they run away.

March 22nd.—Mr. Newton came to ask me to visit one of Shah Zemán's widows, who is very ill. Mrs. Newton and I accordingly drove thither. All that was to be seen of the house outside was a high mud wall, like that round a large garden: a door in it led into a little court, where a fine cow and calf and a pair of very handsome oxen (intended, I suppose, to draw the Palkigári which stood outside) were eating. Our guide knocked with his stick at a very low door, so that a person outside could see nothing of one within higher than the elbow: it was soon opened, and we entered and found ourselves in a neat little garden full

of onions, from whence another door led into a row of very clean, neat apartments, in one of which the poor old lady was sitting up in bed, wrapped in a quilt; two chairs were placed for us. The Shahzadeh, her son, and a row of women were all sitting on the floor, watching the incantations of a strange veiled figure, who turned out to be a native "wise woman" performing charms for the poor old lady's recovery. She has been ill more than two months and had hardly any pulse, though she moved wonderfully well. Two elderly unmarried daughters were near her: it is strange how immediately I recognized them as such without being told,—there is something quite different in the look of a married woman and an old maid.

Shah Zeman seems, at least in these instances, to have followed the same preposterous system as his brother Shah Shujah, by not suffering his daughters to marry. The old lady must have been handsome in her youth, and was very courteous and grieved when I stood up to help her. The Shahzadeh was very attentive to her;—a handsome man when sitting, though very short and stout, magnificent eyes, eyebrows and beard. Divers of his wives were there; one rather pretty, with a saucy, pert expression, the other very gentle and the mother of two very pretty delicate little boys, dressed in yellow satin, one of whom went to Mrs. Newton at once and fell asleep in her arms. I prescribed for the poor old lady, who encouraged us by saying that if she got well we must come again and she would give a Nách! All the ladies were smoking by turns, one chillam being passed round; they offered it to us, and when we declined, one of them, more knowing than the rest, observed, "Ah, they smoke cheroots!"

For the rest of the day, I laughed whenever the

image which had presented itself to the imagination of these good ladies, crossed my mind, of Mrs. Newton and myself with cigars in our mouths! They begged us to come again, which we promised to do. The Shahzadeh stood up and waved his hand like an Italian when we left, but followed us to the door to see us get into the buggy. When I told Captain C. of Luke N.'s death, of which dear Lizzy has just sent us a most touching account, he said, with a kind of indignation, "And do they *mourn* for him?" In the evening we went to the C.s', C. riding and I in my Palki, and after tea they delighted us with most excellent music, especially "La Religieuse," a Nocturne, by Hubert, and "La Mélancholie," by Prume. I never heard a more exquisite violin player than Mr. C.: it was most refreshing to both of us to enjoy such a musical treat, for this has been a very dry year;—no music, not a picture, no prints, no mountains (except a transitory half-hour's glimpse of the snowy range two or three times), no woods, no new books, no old friends; so that, seeing some good prints, hearing such good music, especially from one whom we had known at home, and who spoke of my old girlish friends, was quite reviving. In spite of all these wants, we have been very happy; but the only objects of interest out of ourselves have been human beings, chiefly strangers; and that is like living on a meat diet, one requires fruits, flowers and salads to refresh one. Did not get home till midnight: such a glorious moonlight night!

March 23rd.—Mrs. Newton and I were just going to see the poor old Bégum when Muhammad Khán told us that she was dead. She died last night, and was buried to-day about one o'clock. He had been to the house to join in certain prayers for her soul. On

finding, however, that they had sent last night after we had gone out to ask me to come to her, Mrs. N. and I agreed it would be better to call and see the family, that they might not think us unkind or neglectful. A respectable grey-bearded man showed us the way to the woman's apartments and garden, the other side of the house being occupied by the men. Prince Teimur's buggy was standing at the door, he having come to pay a visit of condolence. We found the garden full of women of all ranks, so that it was a gay rather than a mournful scene. Some of Shah Shujah's family were seated on a kind of terrace spread with carpets, where they invited us to sit; and after talking to them a little, they asked us to go within to see the nearer relations. Two of these, daughters of the poor old lady, seemed in real grief; it is not *etiquette* for them to speak, but they may be spoken to. One of them seemed as if she had wept until she could weep no more, and she occasionally groaned and rocked herself; we sat down by them and expressed our sympathy, but the other women showed no signs of feeling. The pretty saucy little creature we had seen the day before talked and smiled close to them, and almost all the other women begged me to feel their pulses, and to prescribe for different aches and pains. One or two gently pulled my skirt to make me look round, that they might see the Feringhí lady properly. In order to introduce the subject on which we most wished to speak, Mrs. Newton told them that I was in mourning for my dear father, but that I thought of him with joy as now with God.

When we returned to the Bégums, outside one of the women repeated to them what Mrs. Newton had said, which gave her the opportunity of telling

that it was only through Jesus, "Isa Masih," that we could be saved. They seemed to assent, but then began another list of maladies; they were very anxious to know which was Mackenzie Sahib's "Mem," and said they knew all about him. There were several women there of great beauty, as fair as Europeans, with a very noble style of features and winning manners. There was also the first really beautiful Kashmiri I have seen, rather dark, but such eyes, nose, and mouth! She looked like one of the most beautiful of the Greek *Bachante*. A female servant came with a Persian message to me from the Shazadah. As I could not understand her, I bowed and sent many salams, and she seemed quite satisfied. They wanted us to stay to the feast, but this we could not do, as Mrs. Newton was anxious to get home. Indeed, the noise and crowd were quite fatiguing, it was more like a fair than a funeral. They wore colours as usual, but no ornaments. It makes one's heart ache to think of the poor old Bégum having past into eternity, and of all these passing away ignorant and heedless of a Saviour. Near relations visit them for three or ten days, and on the first and fortieth day all their acquaintance go, and there is a feast for them and for the poor.

Saturday, 25th March.—Two of the invalids we had seen on Thursday sent for medicine, and one earnestly begged we would come to see her. Mrs. Newton and I therefore went, and were conducted first to Shahzadah Yusuf's where we found cushions on the floor for our reception; a handsome man, whom we concluded to be the Shahzadah, and a crowd of women speedily came and sat around us. My patient was a young unmarried girl, who suffers dreadfully from headaches, and had just had leeches on. I prescribed for her; her father,

a remarkably fine looking man, with a magnificent beard standing at the door, so we concluded he must be a brother of our host, as the women were all unveiled. Some of the women were very handsome, particularly one who had stained all the upper half of her forehead a bright yellow; a boy about twelve years old had also yellow stripes on his cheeks like whiskers. Our host, after I had prescribed, asked if I were married—if I had children, and why I wore black, and pressed us to eat; and when we declined, they asked if we would come to a Khána (dinner) if they invited us beforehand, which we promised to do. I must not omit to say, that in going out we passed through a little passage room where two men were sawing wood, and a goat was lying in one corner; in fact, it was her stable.

Close by the door was a pedestal of mud (of which, by the way, all our houses here are built) about a yard square. I had seen an arm-chair placed on this as we entered, and wondered what it was there for; but in coming out we found rather a good looking personage, another Shahzadah, perched thereon. He wished me to give him some medicine for a lump on his hand, but I promised him a note to the Doctor instead. We then went on to Shahzadah Suleimán. It was a very poor house, and everything in their dress, as well as in the building, betokened the reduced circumstances of this grandson of the once mighty Shah Zemán. He was sitting in a kind of open shed (such as they put carts into in England) smoking his chillam, and we found his wife was the handsome creature, with such noble features, whom we had met at the funeral. As we could not make all the needful inquiries about her health with the Shahzadah sitting by, Mrs. Newton mentioned this to him, he

nodded his head and then sent away his pipe, thinking, poor simple man, that it was that which was in our way, so we were obliged to explain that it was His Highness's self. After I had given her the medicine, her eldest boy, a beautiful child about nine years old, with a fine emerald in one ear, took hold of Mrs. Newton's hand, and remarked on the difference of colour. They asked us why we did not make a little spot between the eyebrows as they do. Mrs. Newton retorted. "Why do you do it?" which made them laugh. We declined staying to eat anything, on the plea that our husbands would have no breakfast till we got home. They then offered to send us some, and inquired if we would eat out of their hands. We assured them that we would with pleasure another time. I have inquired about the yellow colour on the forehead and cheeks, and find it is used medicinally, they pound a certain wood called *sirk*, and spread it on the head for pain in the head, on the cheeks for pain in the throat.

April 14th, 1848.—Since I wrote last, the weather has become so suddenly hot, and so much earlier than usual, that we have been using Phankas for the last ten days, and some have even begun tatties: the thermometer is from 82° to 85° in the house, with all the doors shut. The regiment received all arrears of pay in the beginning of this month. We find the Newtons great acquisitions: I really love Mrs. Newton. We have been once or twice to see the Shahzadeh Suleiman's Begums, if they can be called so when reduced to such poverty. We met an old woman there with her grey hair dyed red: she said it was good for her eyes, which are weak, but it had a very odd effect. You can have no idea of the way in which they speak of all subjects and all kinds of illness before every one,

great boys of ten and twelve years old included. Mrs. Newton also took me to call on Madame —, wife of General —, who was in the Sikh service: she is a very handsome Armenian, not darker, or so dark as many Italians, with a fresh, bright colour and very pleasing manners, though she is becoming rather *embonpoint*. Her mother is a very fine old lady, who calls Mrs. Newton her daughter. The house had a curious mixture of European and native furniture, which gave it very much the appearance of a lumber-room;—it had a mattrass close to the wall for sitting on, two or three chairs, a picture of the Begum Sumrú, two or three French prints, and two or three clocks, none of them going. Madame —, and a sister's child of hers, a girl about nineteen, and the infant of another sister, were all in the native costume: they are nominal Romanists, but none of them can read.

The Nizam-u-Doulah has been here with his eldest son, a very fine young man, who has lately escaped from Kandáhar. Kohan Dil Khán, a Bárakzai, and one of the Amírs of Kandáhar, caught this young man, put chains on his hands and feet, and a heavy iron collar on his neck,—most shameful treatment for a man whose nobility is a match for almost any in Europe. Not satisfied with this, he ordered him to be hanged; but no sooner did Kohan Dil's Pír, or saint, hear of this monstrous order, than he came into the town, and said, "Do you want to bring a curse on your house by slaying Abbas Khán? Give him to me! not a hair of his head shall be touched!" He accordingly took him away, and finding his life was still in danger, sent him across the hills with a guide. They rode, and they ran, so that they nearly killed their horses, and barely escaped from their pursuers. Abbas Khán is a very

handsome and most gentlemanly man; his hands and clothes as delicately clean as those of an English gentleman. Our overland letters arrived: of course they said nothing of the French revolution, but we had been startled with the announcement of it in the "Dehli Express," and we have been thinking of hardly anything else.

It was some days before we knew that there was really a republic in France; and now that (20th April) we have possession of pretty nearly a complete outline of this revolt, it appears one of the most causeless, senseless ebullitions of a popular whimsie I ever heard of. If Louis Philippe had been able, which perhaps he was not, to go forth along the Boulevards as he did more than once in the early years of his reign, allaying the storm by his fearlessness, this might not have happened. The whole thing is a bloody freak, a portentous whim: the mob has effected a revolution, and seems likely for awhile to retain its ill-omened supremacy. The affectation, the self-glorification, the verbiage of the specchings and actings are marvellous; it is one incessant cock-crow. Two things have struck me much: the evident marks of divine retribution in the downfall of the poor old King; Tahiti, Queen Isabella, and Abdul Káder, are all amply avenged; the other is how little stability policy can give to a throne. Louis Philippe courted the Popish clergy,—they have renounced him *en masse*: he flattered the army,—the army deserted him; not one of the savans or artists whom he so liberally patronized—hardly a creature in the whole country, seems to have had the least personal attachment to him or his family. Never was any sovereign so entirely forsaken! What a helpless set of sons he appears to

have ! I get so indignant with the French that it makes me ill to think of them.

I had slight fever on Sunday, 16th, and have not been quite well since until to-day ; this is the first time I have been feverish since I came to India, surely I have great cause of thankfulness in such good health. Golak Nath dined with us last evening (April 19th) ; he has just returned from the great fair at Hurdwar. Mr. Rudolph was so overcome by the extreme heat, which was upwards of 100° in the tent, that he became very ill, and was obliged to return some days ago. Golak says hundreds came to receive books, and each of the missionaries (there were only about four or five present this year) continues in his tent preaching and speaking to the people the whole day while the fair lasts. Imagine the toil in such a climate. Hardwar is not far from the hills, and the nights are so cold that they are glad to use a quilt. He says that the chief difference he remarks in the behaviour of the natives is, that they are perhaps more willing to hear than they used to be, and at any rate more willing to dispute and discuss the subject of religion. They know now the object of the missionaries, and have a general idea of what Christianity is. Golak overheard one warning another against going to the missionaries, saying, "You will hear nothing but things against Muhammad." Golak gave me a curious ancient silver coin, which I mean to send to the Free Church Museum. The Brahman from whom he got it said it was coined in the days of the great Ram (one of their idols), and that he himself worshipped it. Golak Nath offered him eight annas (one shilling) for it, and after a little reflection he consented, as too many nominal Christians would do, to sell his god for a piece of money.

April 24th, 1848.—I was walking on the roof of the house this morning about five o'clock, and could not help wishing to convey to you an idea of the various scenes going on below. On one side Baedullah and one of the grasscutters were toiling away with fowrahs, a kind of spade-pickaxe, making watercourses to each of our newly-planted trees, with Bow lying at full length on a heap of earth watching them, while Nel was gravely walking up and down the watercourses making himself as muddy and cool as he could.

A little further on was the well, with two magnificent bullocks running up and down an inclined plane, and drawing up huge skins of water at each descent. There are a few trees round the well, and near it is a little tent for the use of the guard, close to which three camels are tethered. Then comes the little Compound or yard which contains the bamboo hen-house, and I watched the sweeper opening the doors and letting out the various inhabitants. The fowls were all peaceably eating their breakfast when the swift-footed and pugnacious guinea fowls were let loose among them and created the utmost confusion, chasing one, pecking another, and making even the fat ducks waddle off as fast as was possible. There was the turkey-cock parading up and down in full-blown pride—the wild and tame geese walking about snuffing the air, and the ducks running in a body to paddle in the water that was flowing from the bath-rooms. On the other side were the orderlies peeping over the wall to look at the farm-yard—the sheep, including two pet Dumbá rams, eating their food—the baker and the servants passing to and fro from the kitchen. On Mondays there is the addition of a most picturesque group of from sixty to seventy beggars waiting for their

dole. In front of the house were men called Ghirámis making tatties, and the Bhistí, with his goat-skin full, coming to water the plants or supply the bathrooms. One of the Shutr Sawárs (camel riders) was just starting with his camel on some errand of his own, and soon after Mr. Janvier's buggy appeared to take him to the city.

I was touched the other day by the poverty of an old Afghán retainer of Shah Shujah's, whom Dr. M'Crae has lately couched at my husband's request, with partial success. He is so much reduced (having lost everything) that he said, "I live upon fasting, and the day when a little Dál (dried pease) is cooked in my house is a feast." He said it quite simply, without making any parade, and accepted C.'s gift with quiet thankfulness. I remarked the reverence and tenderness with which his son supported him—and Abdulrahmán Khán tells us that this son has refused all offers of service in order to take care of his old father. Indeed filial affection is a very pleasing trait in the Afgháns generally. Múhammad Khán has left us for Peshawur. He thanked us both so nicely before he went, and said that if he had offended in anything he hoped to be forgiven. I took a sketch of him, and we were really grieved to part with him. We gave him a Pushtú Bible, as he can read a little.

I had a bad headache, and was sleeping late, when Shahzadah Suleimán's (the poor prince) wife and her red-haired old companion came with one of her children. As the Ayah refused to wake me, they asked which was my room, that they might wake me themselves; but as the little Ayah valiantly defended the door, they sat down in the outer room where breakfast was laid. Our headman would not leave the room for an instant,

watching over the silver as vigilantly as the Ayah guarded my sleep. They asked "if all that was silver?" Saiad Khán said, "Of course it is." "Oh," replied they, "it cannot be all silver," and when he indignantly reiterated the assurance that it was, they concluded that "the Mem Sahib must be very rich."

Sudial Sing, the Subadar who was formerly Havildar Major, brought me a branch of one of the most beautiful trees I ever saw, called the kesú, thickly covered with gorgeous scarlet blossoms. It is a papillonaceous flower, like an enormous sweet pea. He says that in his country Rajputána there are forests forty and fifty kos long of these trees. I am told that they require hardly any water, so that they would just suit this soil.

CHAPTER IV.

Multán Outbreak.—George Thomas.—Murder of Anderson and Agnew.—Sir F. Currie.—General Ventura.—Individuals have no Rights.—A Sikh Sirdár.—English Friendship.—Rudeness.—Nabi Baksh.—A Weeping Naig.—Sheep Stealing.—A Hen.—Wife.—Drowning.—Plot at Lahore.—State of the Panjáb.—Shir Sing.—Sikh Regiment.—News from Lahore.—Rejecting Information.—Cure for Madness.—The Rani.—The Regiment Volunteers.—Musalman Funeral.—Exposing Troops to the Sun.—A Demonstration.—Hasan Khán's Wives.—Sir F. Currie.

APRIL 26TH, 1848.—We received a note from Mrs. W. this morning telling us that our poor friend Mr. Anderson had been attacked at Multán, whither he had accompanied Mr. Vans Agnew as Political Assistant, and both wounded. One account says Mr. Agnew is dead. After this we heard reports that both were killed, and a large force under Brigadier Campbell was ordered to Multán.

April 28th.—Heard that poor Mr. Anderson was certainly killed, the British force countermanded, and a force of 7000 Sikhs is sent to Moulbán, where it will probably join the rebels.

Saturday evening Captain Cuninghame came to wish

us good-by, as his regiment received orders this morning to move to Firozpur. On Sunday evening, however, it was countermanded, and they say the campaign is deferred till October, as it will require a very large force to quell this insurrection, as the whole province is up in arms. The Dewán has declared himself independent, and people are flocking to his standard from every side.

The accounts we hear of this dreadful murder are so various that I shall wait till Mr. Cocks comes in from Lahore, when I hope to get the true one. We can hardly believe that that gentlemanly, high-spirited young man, has met such a fearful death. It was but the 21st of last month that I wrote to him in answer to a letter full of hope, written on first coming up to this part of the country, and in which he recalled all the little details of what he styled "the delightful, to me, Dresdenische sojourn." Mr. Cocks mentions that the last conversation he had with him was about us. We rejoiced to hear of his appointment. He left Lahore about the 4th of April, and must have met his death almost immediately on arriving. Mr. Cocks mentions both, as so very different from the usual run of young men, both having strong religious feelings. We can only hope that the vivid interest in the things which pertain to salvation, which we know that our poor friend felt, may have ripened into entire trust in Christ, and then there is nothing to regret in his quick and painful passage to eternity.

It seems that many of their guard have come into Lahore, and their depositions are being taken.

This has almost put the French revolution and its impending consequences out of our thoughts, and it is with inexpressible pain we think of poor "Willie"

Anderson's flaxen hair, that used to wave to and fro when he amused the children by playing at "cock," floating on the point of a spear; for they are said to have cut off their heads and paraded them about. May God comfort the families of both!

May 3rd.—General Gilbert, who was here the other day, told C. divers anecdotes of the wars in Lord Lake's time, in which he served. A little before this period there was no higher rank in India than Captain. As soon as a man got his Captaincy he was appointed to a regiment, and drew the allowances for 1000, though he never had above 200 men. This was the general practice and universally known. But when the regiment was wanted for service, its Commandant immediately raised and armed the full complement, and did his work well.

There was a noted English adventurer of the name of George Thomas, who had formerly been a ship's steward. He found his way up to this part of the country at a time when the British frontier did not even reach Dehli, gathered a band of followers, and became a petty prince. The Mahrattas wished to get his fort, but he beat them off. They then sent an army against him under the French adventurer Perron. George Thomas had collected an army, made brass guns, and fortified his stronghold, but he had no means of casting iron guns. He was a very clever man, and with sailor-like ingenuity, took a number of fine steel bars bound them together with rope, and then cast a brass gun over them, thus forming a train of artillery as light as field pieces, and as strong as siege guns.

It is wonderful that no one has ever adopted his idea and lined brass guns with iron.

In spite, however, of his skill and bravery, the regular

disciplined forces under Perron were too strong for him. They effected a breach in his outer wall, and Colonel Skinner (the famous half-caste cavalry officer, who told General Gilbert the anecdote, and who was then serving under Perron) was one of the first to mount the breach. On the summit he met an old schoolfellow, who fired both barrels of his gun at him and missed him, Colonel Skinner returned the friendly greeting by a thrust with his spear, which the other avoided by ducking his head. "There he sits, Colonel Gilbert!" cried the narrator, "let him deny it if he can; I carried off his cap on the point of my spear." The storming party pressed on till they reached the gate of the inner fort, when out came a European with his shirt-sleeves tucked up (and probably with "Mary" and an anchor tattooed on his arms), a shield on one arm, and brandishing his sword with so daring and ferocious an aspect that, said Colonel Skinner, "I can look most men in the face, but I could not stand the glance of that man's eye. My column turned and ran pell-mell, and I ran after them." However, the post was taken, and George Thomas obliged to surrender.

Perron and his officers asked him to dinner, after which some one proposed a toast, "Success to General Perron!"

Up rose the dauntless Birsaker of a prisoner, and cried, "I won't drink that toast, and what is more, I look on it as a personal insult to myself, and I will fight any five Frenchmen present."

But no one desired to encounter such an antagonist, so they—

"Spake him fair,
And straik him canny, wi' the hair."

The weather has been very pleasant lately, much

cooler. Lahore must be cooler than this, for they have had the thermometer at 78° in the day without tatties, while with us it has never been lower than 82° .

Friday, May 5th.—As far as we can gather, the true account of our poor friend Lieutenant Anderson's death seems to be as follows. He accompanied Mr. Agnew as his assistant to Multán, where they were to instal a new Sikh Governor in the place of the Dewan Mulráj. Prior to doing this, Mr. Agnew demanded a statement of accounts from the Dewan, which the latter refused to give, and wished his successor to be installed at once. While Mr. John Lawrence was in temporary charge of the Panjáb, before Sir Frederick Currie arrived, it is said that the Sikh Minister, Dinánáth, advised him to make Mulráj come in and give in his accounts at Lahore. The present Dewan (Governor) of Multán is son of the former one, the office having become almost hereditary during the confusion which has existed in the Panjáb; just as the Dukes and Counts of the Carlovingian Empire transformed their life tenures into heritable ones. Mr. Agnew went to the Fort, which contained some thousand soldiers, leaving matters in this unsettled state with Mulráj, and very imprudently told the soldiers that such as were fit would be entertained and the rest discharged. This, of course, was very unsatisfactory news to them, several of whom assailed him and Mr. Anderson as they were leaving the Fort. The horse of the latter shied into a ditch, and it was while extricating himself that he received several wounds. He and Mr. Agnew managed, however, to reach their camp, and when, a few hours after, they saw a large body coming to attack them, they took refuge, with

their escort of 200 men, in a small Idgah, where they defended themselves until their men, either bribed or intimidated, surrendered. The enemy made a rush, and both fell almost at the first fire. Lieutenant Anderson was too much disabled to resist, but Mr. Agnew fired both barrels of his gun and killed one man. Their heads were cut off and paraded about on poles, and their bodies exposed to a thousand indignities. The new Governor, Khán Sing, and two native artillerymen, stood by them to the last, and the former is now a prisoner. It is now said there is to be no campaign till the cold weather; this, of course, will give time for Mulráj still further to strengthen himself, and will teach all who are inclined to rebel, that they may do so with impunity in the hot season. Major Campbell, the Paymaster at Lahore, writes that "Colonel Lawrence and Sir John Littler are sadly wanted." The Brigadier Colonel Campbell is the only person who sees the necessity for immediate action. All that Sir Frederick Currie has done is to issue a proclamation desiring no one to pay tribute to Mulráj, while the rebel chief himself is taking most active measures, and has called on all the Afghán tribes near to come to his aid, offering ten rupees for every man on foot, and thirty for every horseman. Ranjit Sing lost 2,000 men in taking the fort of Multán. From the time Sir F. Currie was first named as Colonel Lawrence's temporary successor, every one has wondered at the appointment, for no one ever considered him as anything more than a gentlemanly, well-informed man. He was Secretary to Government under Lord Hardinge, and would, no doubt, have been a good member of Council. That gallant old officer, Sir John Littler, was, therefore, sent down to Calcutta as member of Council, and Sir Frederick Currie

brought up to the Panjáb to occupy a post far more suited to a military man.

C. went last evening to see General Ventura, who is not well, and, therefore, excused himself from calling on me. The large fortune which he had amassed in the Sikh service has been lost in a French bank, and he is in great difficulties about his Jágíhír or grant of land in this neighbourhood. It seems the Government are behaving ill about it. It is a very valuable fief, and was given by Ranjit Sing to the General and his heirs for ever, in acknowledgment of his great services, and in lieu of the increase of pay to which he would otherwise have become entitled. In order to secure this property during the disturbances subsequent to Ranjit Sing's death, General Ventura placed it under British protection, and the British Agent kindly collected the revenues and kept them in the Treasury at the General's disposal. Sir Frederick Currie, however, without any cause or pretext, chose to resume the fief, saying it had not been given for ever; whereas, the terms of the grant showed it had, and the Government finished by offering the General a sum far below its real value, or else the lease of it for three lives. A Jágíhír partakes more of the nature of a fief, than a mere estate. The proprietor collects, and is answerable for the taxes, and is, in fact, lord of the land: but under any form of tenure the glaring injustice of such an unprovoked resumption is manifest. The Home Government having (it is to be supposed in ignorance of the merits of the case) sanctioned Sir Frederick Currie's unjust deed, the Governor-General could only forward General Ventura's memorial, which he did in 1849, but up to the latest accounts the General had not obtained justice. In these cases the

responsibility is too often shuttlecocked to and fro between the Court of Directors and the Government of India, and between them justice falls to the ground.

Not content with confiscating his Jágíhír,* the authorities (I believe during the absence of Sir H. Lawrence) thought that General Ventura's handsome house and garden at Lahore very suitable for a Residency—so they took it! and when the General, naturally enough, requested that as they had taken his house, they would at least pay for it, this was refused. He said he thought they should have acted differently towards “un vieux militaire,” but he found that Major Mackeson had told him truly when he said, “General, in this country an individual has no rights.” He had received a letter from a Sikh Sirdár, who was so agreeable and friendly that when any Englishman went into the Panjáb in Lord Auckland's time, they always requested that he might be appointed their Mehmándár or Host. He thus had constant opportunities of conferring obligations on British officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards; all of them were lavish in their expressions of gratitude till the Sikh war broke out, and the British took possession of the protected States on this side of the Satlej, and proclaimed that all proprietors who did not join them, should have their property confiscated. Among others, this Sirdár had a house in Loodiana, but the chief part of his property being across the Satlej, of course he did not come in, and yet, since the peace, in spite of all the professions of friendship he received, and in spite of the unreasonableness of expecting him to turn traitor to his own Govern-

* The Court of Directors have since purchased this Jágíhír for a considerable sum.

ment, he has never been able to get back his house. He said to General Ventura that "he hoped he would not find the English what they had been to himself, full of protestations of friendship when they could get anything from you, and as soon as you can be of no further use they throw you overboard."

A very enterprising merchant here, Nabí Baksh by name, set up a soda-water machine and makes excellent soda-water. Some time since Nabí Baksh called upon different officers here (beginning with the senior surgeon, a man of weight and character) and asked them to come and dine at his hotel, and then draw up a certificate or testimonial of his zeal in introducing various improvements and making divers efforts to supply the wants of the European community. They all accepted the invitation, and Nabí Baksh made a grand feast, had excellent wines, and everything as good as possible to do honour to the guests, expending about 200 rupees on the occasion. When the day arrived he went there himself to see that everything was properly arranged, and sent twice to tell his guests that the dinner was ready. Not one of them came! It is this insolence which makes Englishmen hated.

The other day a Hindú Náig came here, weeping bitterly as he leant against the corner of the house, and said that 300 rupees had been stolen from him. C. spoke sharply to him for crying, but caused diligent inquiry to be made, when there appeared every reason to believe that he had never lost any money, but had made the complaint merely to injure another man. This will give you some idea of their artfulness. I do not think that an Englishman could, by any possibility, cry over an imaginary loss. One is obliged to

be very summary in one's household government. The shepherd and cowman lately stole eight of our fat sheep. We kept them till the end of the month, and then dismissed the principal without wages, and "cut the pay," as it is technically termed, of the subordinate rogue, although they then endeavoured to persuade me that he had had no share in it; but as he has not uttered the smallest remonstrance, I conclude he feels he is leniently treated in being allowed to stay. Some people carry this system to a shameful extent, and will cut their servants pay for every trifling fault, such as packing a box ill, or washing a collar badly. If they destroy anything by gross carelessness I think it would be fair, but I have had no trouble with our servants in this respect.

May 6th.—An old Scotch dairywoman came here yesterday morning to enlighten Mrs. C. and me on the nurture of chickens, geese, &c. She mixed up broad Scotch and Hindustani in a most curious fashion. Mrs. C. was constantly at a loss to know what she meant by the one, and I by the other. For instance, she talked of the "wee choté anes," and told us to "gie them a nieve fu' before they get their pání," they were to have a "spune fu' of ghiún." Mrs. C. could not guess what "spune fu'" and "nieve fu'" were, and I was puzzled with "ghiún" (wheat) and "bájrá" (another grain).

My poor Munshí has been in great affliction, his sister's son, a clever young man of seventeen, having been drowned while going to a wedding. The poor man came yesterday for the first time since, and could hardly keep the tears out of his eyes. He is quite thin and weak from grief, and said that although he had lost many relations, wife and children among

them, nothing had ever afflicted him like this. The boat, which was full of people, struck on a sand-bank, and he was drowned in trying to swim to land. All the rest were saved, but one woman, a Mussalmání, wife of a gardener, deliberately threw her own child into the water, where of course it was drowned. When they were all rescued, she began to be sorry for what she had done and wept bitterly. Can you believe such a thing?

May 11th.—We have just received a note from Lahore, which accounts for the march of the troop of Horse Artillery and of the 7th Native Infantry, which have just left this for Amritsir. The writer, a staff officer, says:—"The night before last some twenty conspirators were seized in the city; their meetings had been known for four or five days. The principal person concerned, Khán Sing (a Sikh commandant), has been all over the district, tampering with our Sepáhis and Sawárs, and as his papers were seized with him, we may have some curious revelations. They most certainly seem to have had some of our soldiers in their clutches. When Cocks, Lumsden, &c., went to seize Khán Sing, they found all the chaps collected there. It was about one or two in the morning, and they were all lying about, having just finished their consultation. The plan was to have the northern gates opened to them by our Sepáhis, whilst the southern ones towards Anarkallí (the cantonment) were to be kept shut, so that no support could reach us. The villages on the other side of the Ravi are, or were, full of troops ready to rush in and try to murder all the Europeans. Had the force marched for Multán, they might have tried their hand before other troops arrived, and, perhaps the Sikhs, who had gone ahead, might have

doubled and returned to Lahore. . . . I believe that one of our soldiers first gave intimation of what was going on, and he was told to carry on the intrigue. When he a second time attended the meeting, he was surprised to find other Sepáhis there. The Dragoons come in to-morrow. We have picquets, &c., out on the Ferozepur road, and sentries have in many places been doubled. I hope a good example will be made, for the rascals only laugh at our leniency. The bad will and hatred towards us is universal; so the sooner we show them that we are not to be trifled with, the better. We are all anxious about Peshawur. The Rání is supposed to be at the bottom of the whole affair. My therm. in the Tai Khána* does not rise beyond 75°; my upper rooms are upwards of 95°. There is some fear of a disturbance at Amritsir. It is a pity that our battering train is not nearer than Ferozepur. However, we have a few good guns here."

May 18th.—Major Wheeler, of the 7th Irregular Cavalry, gave information of this conspiracy some time ago to Sir F. Currie, and was laughed at for his pains; and the plot was the common jest of the Cantonments. When at last the Resident was convinced of it, and the conspirators seized, it was done in so bungling a manner that many of them escaped. In fact, Sir F. Currie is wholly unaccustomed to deal with men like the Sikhs; and most of his assistants are a set of young, inexperienced civilians, many of them of two to four years standing! Two of the conspirators have been hanged; one, I believe, was the Munshi of the Rání, and the other a Sikh Colonel of Artillery. Another of them was brought on parade to point out those Sepáhis who

* Underground room.

had joined in the plot. One was seized, and immediately five others left the ranks and fled. The Doctor knocked down one of them, and three others were also secured, but one escaped. The Colonel of Artillery was an Agent of Mulráj, who was said to be marching on Lahore; but, perhaps, now that the plot is discovered, he will change his mind. Nevertheless, some of his cavalry have been seen on the opposite side of the Ravi, close to Lahore.

That abominable Raní (the Marie Christine of the Panjáb) is now at Firozpur, *en route* to Benáres, which is a satisfaction. All kinds of reports are rife. This much is certain, that we want to get possession of Govindghar, the fort of Amritsir, and do not dare to ask for it, because we have no means of taking it if it should not be given. A little fort, one march beyond the large cantonment at Jallandar, has rebelled, closed its gates, and refused supplies to our troops! Fancy doing this under our very noses! No one knows how far our troops have been tampered with. We heard yesterday from Major Lawrence, from Peshawur: he says he has no fears of an invasion from the west, or of a rising among the Muhammadan population, but is of course anxious as to the fidelity of the Sikh troops. Sir F. Currie has done one good thing in ordering levies of Patans (men of Afghán descent) both at Bannú and Pesháwar, for the protection of the political officers. Major Lawrence says that Sir F. Currie has urged him to send Mrs. Lawrence to Lahore, but adds:—"She is in no condition to travel; besides which, it would show that we distrust the troops, which would never do: we are in the hands of an all-wise and merciful Saviour, and place our trust in Him. You know of old I never despaired in the

darkest hour, and trust I never shall. Edwardes has raised 3000 Patans to protect himself (he is one of the political Assistants at Bannu); and I have received orders to raise a regiment of 600." He mentions as another mistake of Sir F. Currie's, his sending Rajah Shere Sing to protect the Sikh border. Major L. considers him quite untrustworthy, and that he may probably go over to Mulraj. [This chief's subsequent defection admits of much palliation. Neither he nor any other Sikh looked upon fighting against us otherwise than as an act of patriotism and loyalty to the memory of Ranjit Sing. It required less than a father's influence to prevail on a warlike chief to resist a hated foreign enemy, especially when that father had been driven to take up arms, as he himself asserted, and as there is every ground for believing to be the case, by the insulting conduct, avowed suspicions, and want of tact of the British Agent, Captain A. If we consider that Chattar Sing and his son did no more than our own Bruce or Owen Glendower, and many other patriots, we shall look upon their after-treatment as harsh.] He thinks as most people do, that the attack on Mr. Agnew and Mr. Anderson was unpremeditated. He adds: "I have gone to every possible length in urging on the Resident to send our troops from Lahore and Ferozpur sharp; but no, he is afraid to expose them to the heat! If he has not cause to repent his supineness to the last day of his life, I am greatly mistaken. Mulraj is, of course, strengthening himself, and I fear, winning over the Khalsa troops in and about Bannu: this may spread to ours (those at Peshawur), and then we shall be in a nice fix.

"My brother John has strongly urged an immediate campaign, surely our Kabul disasters ought to be

a warning to us: what did we not lose by inactivity and mental imbecility! I pity and grieve for Sir F. Currie, but really I cannot understand him, think you either of my brothers would have thus acted? In Lord Lake's time did we ever shrink from employing our troops in the hot winds, and what may not be the effects of its getting abroad that the English army cannot leave their cantonments, its Phankahs and and Tattis, except in the cold weather!" This is exactly what I said to you in my last, every one who wishes to turn Yághi (rebellious) may now reckon on impunity during the hot weather, *i.e.* half the year even in these parts.

For several days there has been a report that Major Ferris, who commanded the Second or Hill regiment of the Frontier Brigade has been murdered, and that his regiment has taken Kangra where it was stationed. As this has not been confirmed, we hope it may not be true; but Major Ferris found the regiment much demoralized. Still the centre companies were formed of Broadfoot's Sappers, so that if *they* turned faithless, the character of the soldier must depend even more entirely on that of his leader than I thought it did. They say, too, that Captain Hodgson's, the first regiment of the same brigade at Hosheyapore, has deserted to a man! But all this wants confirmation. [It proved entirely false. This very regiment afterwards behaved with such gallantry and fidelity when fighting against their own people and even their Gurú, that Mr. John Lawrence declared that he would rather have them than any two of the Line.] C. regrets much that he has been prevented from carrying out his own plan of having a due proportion of Afgháns, whose fidelity has been already tried in his regiment. He

has about eighty, but that is not enough. However his men seem anxious to be sent on service, and he thinks that would be the best way to ensure their fidelity.*

I will copy part of a letter just received by a friend of ours from Dr. B., at Lahore. He says: "The fact is, the whole country is up, and prepared to attack us, only waiting an opportunity. The attack on the city was to have been on the 13th instant, at Anarkalli (the name of the cantonment) where the officers' lines form the west and south-west face, and are quite unprotected; ten men were told off to each house to massacre the officers at midnight on the 13th. Many of our

* Our regiment is composed as follows :

European Officers:—Commandant; Second in Command; Adjutant; a Serjeant-Major, and Quartermaster Serjeant.

Sikhs:—3 Subádárs; 3 Jemádárs; 13 Havildárs; 22 Naiks; 3 Buglers; 411 Sepahís.—Total 455.

Mussalmans from between the Jamma and Jelum (the Sikh States):—5 Havildárs; 7 Naiks; 3 Buglers; 68 Sepahís.—Total 83.

Mussalmans from East of the Jamna (Hindustan):—3 Subádárs; 3 Jemádárs; 9 Havildárs; 9 Naiks; 10 Buglers; 51 Sepahís.—Total 84.

Hindus from East of the Jamna:—4 Subádárs; 2 Jemádárs; 24 Havildárs; 14 Naiks; 152 Sepahís.—Total 196.

Afgháns:—1 Subádár; 1 Jemádár; 9 Havildárs; 7 Naiks; 2 Buglers; 60 Sepahís.—Total 80.

Ghúrkas:—1 Jemádár; 1 Naik; 1 Bugler; 1 Sepahí.—Total 4.

The Commandant has 895 rupees a-month, out of which he pays a writer 50, and forge 30 rupees a-month. The Second in Command has 500; the Adjutant 427, out of which he has to keep the tents in repair. Subádárs have 60; Jemádárs 24; Havildárs 14; Naiks 12; and Sepahís 7.

The full complement is 800 rank and file and 20 Buglers, which was soon after filled up. There are besides the Hospital and Bazar Establishments and Khalasis, cooks, Bhistis, &c. Every regiment is divided into ten companies, each of which has its own Subádár and Jemádár, who are commissioned officers. An Assistant-Surgeon is generally attached to each corps, so that the regiment, complete, musters about 1040 men.

Sepahis are suspected of being concerned in this plot, a few have been seized, a few have deserted, fearing being confronted with the Sikh who has been reprieved on his giving evidence. Many think that the Darbár (the Court) have been quite aware of all this plot (how could they be otherwise?) which it appears has been hatching since the beginning of March, and might have been discovered before, had our Politicals given a prudential ear to warnings. But their custom, their stupid custom, is to affect to treat all such reports with contempt, and then, when they find they are in for it, they stare and say, who could have thought it? More barracks are building in the city for two more Infantry regiments, guns at each gateway are pointed ready, and grape-shot at hand. The Commissariat officer has brought in all his camels out at graze; he lost two, and the man who was sent to look for them was given to understand that he had better make off, or he would get his throat cut and his own camel taken. Report goes that the banks of the Ravi are crowded with armed men. We are more on the alert now, I am glad to see, but there is no doubt we shall have a bloody war before long."

It is a most astonishing thing that English Politicals always despise information unless it come through some regular formal channel; at least, those who are wiser form the exception. When my husband informed Sir William MacNaghten that Muhammad Akbár had arrived at Bamián, a fact which he had been told in confidence by a Kábul merchant who had just come from thence, Sir William, though at first struck with it, speedily came to the conclusion that "if it were true he must have heard of it." A faqir also warned him with still less effect. John Conolly told him that

the city was ripe for insurrection. All this was about a fortnight before it broke out. I was amused at an instance of Afghán craft the other day. An Afghán Sepahi came to my husband and asked for his discharge. C. refused it, saying "He could not permit men to enlist one day and leave the next; but that next year a certain number would be allowed furlough, and he could then go to see his family." The next day the poor man was raving mad. C. suspected a trick, but the native officers and Havildar Major were convinced it was real. C. sent him to the guard-house—he was muttering to himself, his eyes wildly rolling, and apparently perfectly insane. C. asked him if he took him for a fool, and threatened him if he did not do his duty, that ways would be found to make him do it. He saw that the man really understood what he said, but he waited a few days, and then sent him to Dr. McRae, to whom he wrote an account of the case, saying that of course means of cure were in his power. Dr. McRae accordingly spoke kindly to him, examined him and said, "Well, my poor fellow, you must be treated with science, we will do what we can for you here, you shall have some medicine and blisters, and if that does not cure you we will send you to the Lunatic Asylum at Dehli." This was too much for even an Afghán's nerves; as he walked away he said, "I am no more mad than you are," came back quite cured, and has done his work ever since. The Lines are nearly finished, they will probably be completed for the sum allotted by Government, so that the regiment will have nothing to pay; whereas, their neighbours, the Sappers and Miners who refused to do any of the work themselves, will have to pay about twelve rupees a man for theirs.

May 22nd.—Major Ferris is safe and sound. He has written into Loodiana for a supply of ducks and fowls, and gives no hint of being in want of any other support. The account of his assassination came in a letter bearing the Kangra postmark, it must, therefore, have been a wilful fabrication.

They say that Sir Frederick Currie is said to have had recourse to a trick to get the Rani away quietly. She was told that the Darbár required her presence at Lahore, and accordingly set out joyfully with the escort which came for her; instead of being taken to Lahore, she was brought to Firozpur.

The Khansaman of one of the Lahore regiments is to be hanged, it having been discovered that he had undertaken to poison the whole mess.

I have had a moveable canopy on poles, with thick curtains all round, put to my Houdah, which is a great improvement. We have had dust-storms and rain the last few days, which have greatly cooled the air.

On Thursday evening C. took me on the elephant to see the Lines, which are just finished; they are very neat, with broad walks between; the Subádars' and Jamádars' houses being at the rear of their respective companies. Numbers of young trees have been planted in the Lines. Some of the Sikhs were sitting round while their dinner was cooked. There are two cooks to each company (the Hindus and Musalmáns cook for themselves). A fire was kindled beneath a large iron plate and the Chapattis stuck on this to bake.

We found a conclave of Native officers and non-commissioned officers at one of the Pay-Havildars' houses, and next day it turned out that they had been consulting about volunteering, for when at sunrise on Friday

morning they came to receive their pay, the Native officer in command of each company stepped forward, and on behalf of his men volunteered for the approaching campaign. This, of course, was very gratifying to my dear husband, and I think little less so to me. They expressed their pleasure at serving under my husband personally.

Sir F. Currie never replied to this gallant offer, and probably never made it known to the Governor-General, and some time after, on writing to my husband on other matters, he mentioned casually that he had been "much amused at it:" which was an impertinence arising from utter ignorance of a soldier's feelings. Although the resident might be too timid to employ them, common policy, to say nothing of courtesy to the regiment, would have dictated an acknowledgment of their gallant offer. The event proved that they might have been trusted as implicitly as one would trust the 42nd Highlanders.

Saturday, 27th.—As C. and I were taking our evening ride on the elephant, we saw a small funeral train coming across the sandy plain, and followed it. The Muhammadan burial-ground lies south from our house, and before reaching it the bearers set down the charpaí on which the body lay. It was a young woman who had died in childbirth. The scene was most desolate. A kind of valley of sand, sloping down from the desert-like plain, with the burial-ground a little further on, marked only by broken hillocks of sand, and a few stunted trees, which the friends of the dead have planted near their graves. Most of the company went up a little ascent to get water to wash previous to prayer. They then turned to the west, repeated a short Fatiha, and lifting the body they carried it to the grave,

our Mahout uttering a short invocation as he entered the burial-ground. They took off the scarlet veil which covered the body, and placed it on the shelf which they always make on one side of the grave. It was so nearly dark that we did not stay to see them fill it up. Only men were present.

We have heard again from Major Lawrence, who expresses the strongest disapprobation of Sir F. Currie's weak policy. The futility of the pretence that troops could not be sent to Multan on account of the season is apparent, for he has ordered plenty of troops up to Lahore. Her Majesty's 32nd have been marched from Amballa to Ferozpur, and have suffered very severely on their march. It is said from 200 to 300 are on the sick list, and six or seven, including one officer, have died from a *coup de soleil*. It is supposed that they have been unnecessarily exposed to the sun. Queen's officers are often obstinate on this point (I suppose from ignorance of the climate), and seem to think it manly to run every possible risk. A staff officer in China, who was present on the occasion, told my husband that two of Her Majesty's regiments were landed under a scorching sun, and went into action. One was commanded by an old Indian, who allowed his men to take off their stocks: they suffered very little from the heat. The other regiment was commanded by a stiff European martinet, who could permit no such irregularities, and lost ten men on the field from apoplexy; surely, in the case of the 32nd, it would have been better to expose the troops to this heat for some good purpose. Major Lawrence considers the force at Lahore ample, not only to hold their ground in case of attack, but to send a strong detachment against Multán. You can have no conception of the stupid

way in which things are managed. Sir F. Currie has directed the commissariat officer at Ferozpur to discharge all the cattle which he had collected at great expense and trouble, merely to avoid the outlay of feeding them till October, when, if there is a campaign, they will be needed, and will have to be bought at double price and probably in far from serviceable condition. Lieutenant Edwardes has shown what can be done by a man of energy: his newly raised body of Patans have defeated a large body of Mulraj's troops, taken Dhera Ghazi Khan, a gun and many camel swivels. Mr. Edwardes says, that if he were allowed, and had the aid of the Bahawalpur Nuwab, who is ready and willing to co-operate with us, he would confine Mulraj to his fort. A Guru, or Sikh priest, has raised about 400 men: troops were sent after him, but he evaporated, and was speedily heard of about thirty-five or forty miles from Lahore with a much larger force,—some say 1000, some say 3000. A wing of dragoon regiment and some other cavalry were sent against him, with orders if his men fled to cut them down, and if they made a stand, not to cut them up, but to wait for reinforcements, in which case the first move was to be called "a demonstration." It demonstrates one thing, which is the childishness of sending out an inefficient force in the hopes that their appearance may effect that which their personal exertions could not do. I told you that we want Govindghar, the fort of Amritsir. Captain Skinner writes, that when the troops arrived there, and the sealed orders were opened, it was found that they were to the effect that the troops were to march round, and not even through the town. He says the Sikhs were very much astonished at seeing them, but perfectly quiet. He mentions the heat being

scarcely bearable: 110° in a double-poled tent with tatties. C. wrote to Major Lawrence some time ago, advising him to take measures for calling in the Afghán tribes at an hour's notice, in case the Sikhs should revolt; but we have since heard again from him that everything is quiet. Three Sikh soldiers, who talked openly of what they would do if their Guru was successful, he put in irons on the roads, which has wonderfully damped the courage of the rest.

Hasan Khán returned from Peshawur with his old wives on Friday (June 2nd), and came to see us directly. He considers Major Lawrence perfectly safe, and being, as it were, behind the scenes, his opinion is worth having. He begged me to visit his sister's child, who is ill: accordingly Mrs. C. and I went there on Saturday evening; we found he had brought his two sisters and three wives—all the latter rather ugly. I was glad to see that he had loaded Leila Bibí with presents—a large gold ornament for her nose and more than a dozen gold bracelets, so that she has discarded all her silver ones, and looked as pretty and happy as possible. The others sat very quiet. One of the sisters, a handsome, high-featured woman, wept herself nearly blind on hearing a false report of her brother's death. She has cataract forming on one eye. Her poor little baby has been nearly killed by the journey in this weather and the jolting of the kajáva: I gave it some medicine, but with small hope of doing it good, and it died two days after: she does not grieve for it so violently as I feared she would. They were much pleased with Mrs. C., and one of them, as she was going out, heartily wished that "God would bestow children upon her."

As we were taking our evening ride a few days ago,

we saw the camp of the Raní, who has just arrived from Ferozpur: she has a strong escort and but few attendants. Her tent was a small one, of red kashmir, more dignified than comfortable.

Monday, June 5th.—Mail arrived. Everything is so dreadfully *sotta sopra* in Europe that one knows not what to expect. It is a matter of great thankfulness that our own country is so mercifully preserved in peace and safety. The letters of the dear Von der Deckens are painfully interesting.

June 9th.—A letter, just received from Major Mackeson, says, “I say that your volunteering is very un-Sikh-like, and I should wish to be at hand when your gallant 4th storm the breach,—to be at hand and lend a hand to avenge the murder of poor Agnew. His old gardener, who is here now with me, when I told him of his death, said, ‘Kya! aisa amír ke marna chalo Sáhib, ham bhi chalenghi.’ ‘What! kill such a gentleman! go, Sahib; I, too, will go forth.’” I must send you an extract from the “Dehli Gazette,” about our regiment volunteering: I don’t know who can have written it.

“Loodiana, 26th May.

“The gallantry of the 4th, or Captain Colin Mackenzie’s regiment of Sikh Local Infantry, who have this morning unanimously come forward and volunteered their service for Multán to their commanding officer, being an act of such rare occurrence with young locals, I fancy no apology is necessary for my bringing it thus to notice. The exemplary conduct of this young regiment in cantonments—the prompt and cheerful obedience of the men to their superiors—the exact precision with which they perform the battalion evolutions, is truly admirable. And last, but not least,

I think you will coincide with me in saying, that their fidelity to the British Government can only be equalled by their indefatigable industry, when I inform you, that they have built themselves thirty barracks of a very commodious size, divided into fifteen rooms each, and of very neat architecture; that they made their own bricks, were their own 'Rájs,' and that their conduct is well worthy of imitation.

“Yours, Khalsah.”

Saturday, June 10th.—Another letter from Major Lawrence this morning, telling us of one he had received from Lieutenant Edwardes. Imagine the indignation felt by these gallant men at seeing Sir Frederick Currie adding fresh fortifications to Lahore, calling for more troops, and not taking one single step for the safety of his assistants, whose lives at one time appeared to hang on a thread. He could not move any troops to secure their safety—could not possibly put down Mulráj on account of the season; but that was no obstacle to sending for artillery, cavalry, and infantry, from all quarters towards Lahore. Major L. pronounces the additional fortifications at Lahore wholly unnecessary.

The Regimental Chori has just married his eldest daughter,—such a nice little girl, about ten or twelve years old, whom I have often seen. We lent the Chori some carpets for the occasion, and this morning he brought the bridegroom, a quiet-looking and very young Sepáhi, to pay his respects. The said bridegroom was clad in white upper garment, crimson silk trousers, kammerband or girdle, and small crimson cap with gold lace, and a large necklace. Here is a sketch of him offering his Nazar of rupees, which we touch, and make a salám, instead of taking.

CHAPTER V.

Knowing People.—Kindness and Unkindness.—A Jezailchi's Bones.—Afghans and Sikhs.—Elephants.—Henpecked Hindu.—Asses.—Paroquets.—Taxes.—Poetical Justice.—Dust Storm.—Taxes in Kashmir.—Little Prince.—Munshi's Translation.—Afghán Abuse.—Sick Child.—Patan Monks.—Spoilt Children.—Swearing in the Regiment.—Preparing to March.—A Chaprási.—“Flittings.”—Ants.—Scorpion Bite.—Contradictory Orders.—Balaam and the Dog.—Legend of Sunète.—Shopkeepers.—Prayer.—Sikh Villages.—Ovens.—Guláb Sing.—H. M.'s 29th.—Death of Saiad.—Murteza Shah.—Ham and Jam.

JUNE 14TH.—One learns to know people in India most thoroughly. Everybody lives, as it were, in a glass case—every one knows the income, style of living, debts, and position, of every one else: then there are so many money transactions—so much buying and selling between gentlemen constantly going on, that there are a thousand opportunities of judging of character which could never be afforded in England. If a man borrows money from any of the banks, and

agrees to pay it by instalments from his pay, his commanding officer, the Paymaster, and all who make out or see the Pay Abstracts, know exactly how much is deducted. If he incur small debts to his servants or others, they carry the matter before the Court of Requests, which consists of a certain number of his brother officers. If he think the rent of his house too high, or quarrels with his landlord, the matter is referred to a Station Committee. If a person admire a horse, carriage, or any piece of furniture, he often bespeaks it "whenever it is sold;" for on leaving a Station, even for six months, people generally sell a good deal of their property.

A succession of marches, or being obliged to buy or to build a house on pain of having none to live in, throws the finances of many an officer into confusion; the wife then often parts with a new dress, or some of her ornaments; and women, calling themselves ladies, can be found, who will beat down the price of jewels sold under such circumstances, and get them for less than half their value. Then some people never pay until they are asked to do so; others put exorbitant prices on their own things; others profess themselves much obliged for being allowed to buy a thing which they forget to pay for; others change their minds, and beg to be allowed to return their purchase, where the seller is just starting for Europe! Others give commissions, and then find fault with them, and return them; so that in a very short time one involuntarily becomes completely *au fait* of all one's neighbours' modes of dealing. Then, in sickness, one is so much more dependent on the kindness of friends than one could ever be at home. Some characters gain, and some lose, on this close inspection. Mrs. C. is one of the former. I hardly ever knew such

unwearied sympathizing kindness as she has lately shown to a poor lady who is just dead. She visited her daily; packed for her when she was alive, for she was to have started for the hills the very evening she died; sat by her to the last; with her own hands assisted in washing and dressing the poor emaciated body, and arranged everything after her death. She has been like a sister to the poor husband; thought of everything by which he could be spared pain; and Mr. C. has shown equal sympathy, and yet they were comparative strangers; for Mr. C. never saw the poor husband but once before he drove him down to his wife's funeral, not one of the officers of his own corps having offered to do anything, or shown any kind of feeling. This poor man lately lost an excellent appointment through the fault of his subaltern, who was appointed to succeed him! Consequently, having been extravagant in former days, and being bound to pay large monthly instalments to the bank, they were reduced to the greatest distress, having scarcely enough to live upon. She was ordered to the hills as the only prospect of saving her life.

I will just give you a few specimens of the treatment they met with:—They have two boys at school in the hills. Mr. Monck, with whom they are, begged them “not to think of paying him,” and offered Mrs. D. the loan of a house. Her own brother-in-law, who is said to have 1300*l.* a year private property, besides 2400 rupees a month pay, refused her a loan of 200 rupees on security! A Serjeant of Horse Artillery from whom Captain D. had been obliged to borrow 800 rupees—a thing diametrically opposed to all military rule and etiquette—on his returning 600, wrote to say that he knew Mrs. D. was

going to the hills in bad health; and that as he thought the money might contribute to her comfort, he begged leave to return it, and if any more was needed, he would be most happy to send it to such an amount, for he never could forget the kindness he had received from his old commanding officer. This good Serjeant has a wife, and a little child born the other day, and Captain D. not now being in the same corps, has no power whatever to benefit him. I think this trait does honour to human nature.

On Monday morning, C. took Hasan Khán and one of Ferris's old Jezailchis—who got a rifle ball in his knee, in the expedition against the Sangu Khail seven years ago—to Dr. M'Rac's, to see a very severe operation performed on a poor little boy of ten years old, under the influence of chloroform. The poor child neither stirred nor felt anything, whereupon the Jezailchi, who was very anxious to get rid of the ball in his knee, declared himself quite ready to be operated upon. They laid him upon the table, and he snuffed up the chloroform with such vehemence as to alarm the doctors, and almost immediately fell asleep and began to snore. Soon, however, it became a calm, pleasant slumber. Deep cuts were made, and the ball was found embedded in a thick and very tough leathery bag, which it had formed for itself. This being cut through, the bullet was extracted, and found to have been perfectly flattened against the iron thigh-bone of this sturdy Afghán. Dr. M'Rac said he had seen a ball thus flattened against a wall, but never before against a man's bone. The leg was bandaged, and strong ammonia applied to the patient's nostrils. He became sick; they washed his face and beard, sprinkled

water over him, and on his becoming wide awake, asked him what had been done to him. "Nothing," he said. They showed him the ball, whereupon he gazed at it in amazement, and then burst into such a fit of laughter that he fell back again from excessive mirth. He then sat up, and made saláms all round to everybody, to the doctors, to the dressers, to my husband, to Hasan Khán, and to the other Afgháns, who stood with bright faces, greatly enjoying the marvellous sight: so they put him into a Duli, and sent him home. Hasan Khán seemed very much struck with the liberality of Christian dealings; and, in spite of his bigotry, could not help saying, "That is much better than we Musalmáns: in the first place we could not do it; and secondly, if we could, we should require a great reward before doing so." Some time after he exclaimed, "I see what it is; it is not pure science (Ilm), but Kimia," *i. e.* alchemy (by which he evidently meant necromancy, as alchemy is quite a lawful science among Musalmáns); and added, "It must be so, for I don't understand it."

Friday, July 16th.—Abdulrahmán Khán came as usual this evening. He began to speak of eating, and to revile "these stupid Hindustánis," as he called them, for not eating with Christians, saying, "it showed the blood of their Hindu forefathers." He said to my husband, "If you killed a sheep with your own hands, would I not eat it? and if you cooked it, would I not eat it? You are men of the Book." C. showed him the passage in Matthew, xv. 11, and explained why we eat all things. He said with much energy, "Haq, haq;" "Right, right;" and then added, as he always does, "Our book also says the same." This is exactly

what Hasan Khán also thinks proper to add on all occasions, though he knows nothing whatever of the Kuran or its contents.

I forgot to tell you that a juggler came some nights ago. He did nothing very wonderful. His best feat was putting water into a queer little vessel, and making it pour out of the spout or not, as he commanded it.

June 19th.—I went this morning on the elephant to see the regiment at battalion exercise. I am sure C.'s word of command could have been heard by three regiments. I wish you could see our corps. It is really a fine looking one, much finer than the generality of English regiments of the Line. The average height is 5 ft. 8½ in. About five-eighths of them being Sikhs and Afgháns, they are capable of thrice the work of a Hindustáni regiment. The Afgháns and Sikhs are both exceedingly hardy, daring men,—the former complete Highlanders, generally rather below than above the middle size, but excessively strong, wiry, and enduring, with bones that will flatten bullets. The Sikhs are a very handsome race, with such fine stout limbs, that I do not wonder at the Hindustánis calling them “Bara chalnewálas,” “great people for walking.” Many of the women are just what one would fancy the wives of the Roman people in Rome's palmy days. They are tall, well made, and strong, with free and noble action. The Ját (or peasant) women seldom marry before twenty or one-and-twenty, —a great improvement on the frightful Hindu fashion of marrying in early childhood.

I went one morning lately to the old Satelej where they were bathing the Commissariat elephants. Many of these huge creatures were lying on their sides in the water, their keepers standing on them and scrubbing

them with a kind of stone or brick, others were swimming about, and one was quite immersed in the water, save the top of his head and the end of his trunk. The Mahouts were bathing themselves, and certainly civilized Europeans might take a lesson in decency from them, for they are always sufficiently clothed, even in the water, and are most careful and decorous in dressing on the banks. One was standing in the stream, praying with his hands joined and his face towards the rising sun. He then came on shore for a large leaf-full of flowers, and returning to the river, he dropped in first a string of jessamine and roses, and then single flowers, repeating something to himself all the time. It grieved me to see this poor idolator. As we were leaving the river, my elephant, which is a very large female one, met an old acquaintance, and testified her pleasure by trumpeting and screaming in a most uncouth fashion, and then making a noise like purring on a gigantic scale, which we felt distinctly.

The other day, Sital, a Hindú Sáís of ours, came running to my husband in great fear, saying that his wife threatened to throw herself into the well to vex him, and that “then he would be hanged!” It seems she is a complete virago, one of the ugliest women I ever saw; she beats Sital, keeps him in bodily fear, and once did actually throw herself into a well. C. assured him that nothing would be done to him. I suppose the Dhobi who was hanged for murdering his wife, has given great preponderance to the female side of the question in these parts, and made the husbands fancy they are responsible for the life of their wives in all cases; so C. added, that she might throw herself in whenever she liked, only not in this well, for it would

spoil the water; and the grave old Khansamán reproved Sital severely for bringing such domestic matters to the notice of his master, saying “family quarrels should be kept quiet.”

Tuesday, 20th June.—Yesterday was, I believe, the first day of the rains, though it is difficult to tell, as we have had showers every few days lately. The heat was extreme in the morning with a strong hot wind, then came a dust-storm, so that we could hardly see even at the window, and then the welcome sound of “much rain,” so that the evening was delightfully cool: but with the rain came the mosquitoes and the grasshoppers, and other insects who, in concert with the bull-frogs, make a noise something between bel-
lowing and a choir of burly monks chaunting—which renders the garden perfectly unendurable to me. The donkeys here have quite a different physiognomy from European ones, their faces are much more delicate and “fine,” they have quite a Hindú cast of countenance. We have no less than three young parrots. One, “Lory,” is very timid and not sociable. Mine, little “Heirámán,” or mán of diamonds (a mán, you know is eighty pounds), is the most engaging little bird possible. I can hardly get rid of him, he is always climbing up to my hand or shoulder, comes and eats out of my plate, goes to sleep on my bosom when I lie down, wakes me by nibbling my lips, and coos in the sweetest little note possible whenever we go near it. The third “Mítú,” (sweet), is one which Baedulla took out of the same nest as Hirá (they were both hatched in our verandah, and the parent birds have often come to feed them), but which he refused to keep after a time, lest if the poor little thing should be killed in any way, the sin

should rest upon him, so I have been obliged to relieve his scrupulous conscience of the responsibility. I had a very long ride on the elephant this morning from a little after four to seven o'clock. I went to a village called Sherepur, where there is a pretty little mosque, plenty of buffaloes—plenty of barking queer little dogs, and some stout looking inhabitants. The whole country looked like a brown earthen disc, with here and there a little sprinkling of trees visible at the edge of the horizon. I did not pass a single plot of ground bearing anything, though there were marks of former ploughing everywhere, so I suppose they bring forth somewhat at some season of the year. In the village were some fine large trees, so they can grow. In fact, irrigation would change the face of the country. Under British rule all taxes on merchandize, trade, and manufactures have been abolished. There are no taxes whatever in Loodiana, but the owners of land pay the same as they formerly did under the Sikhs. This is only a temporary arrangement until the fair rate of taxation can be settled; but there is this great difference, that there are no “begárs,” or forced labor (corvées in fact); and moreover, there is no insolent soldiery to go into the city and tyrannize as they pleased, and this my Munshí spoke of as one of the greatest deliverances.

June 22nd.—Just after writing this, a man was brought up charged with having torn off the ornaments of a woman, and attempting to murder her last night, close to the lines. A Sikh Sepahí heard her cries and rushed out to her rescue, when the cowardly assailant ran off, but the Sikh pursued and caught him; the poor little woman was young and trembled like a leaf, so that C., fearing she would not tell the whole truth

before the magistrate from fear of being murdered, and the man having the effrontery to deny the whole, though her arms were all discoloured with the violence used towards her, snatched a stick out of the Havildar's hand and bestowed two such blows on the culprit that that they knocked him down, and "next time" he certainly will not attempt a robbery close to the Sikh Lines. C. commended the Sepahí, and kindly encouraged the poor woman, and having thus, as far as in him lay, distributed due poetical justice, he despatched the whole party under charge of a Havildar, to obtain the best approximation thereto which may be procurable from the hands of the Deputy-Commissioner. I suppose it is called poetical justice, from being so seldom found in the region of fact.

The regiment was to have been paid this morning, but a dust-storm arose about one P.M., and after lasting nine hours, is now going off without bringing any rain, so the monsoon has not yet come. We might almost as well have slept on the high road, for the bed, floor, and everything in the room was loaded with dust, and our servants are so lamentably dirty, that I doubt if you would let one of them come near you. We are, however, not much better ourselves, and there was some doubt whether we should have breakfast. A Munshí, who accompanied two of Lord Hardinge's sons in a tour they made to Kashmir, wrote a very good journal, which has been translated and lent to us. He gives some details of the excessive taxation under which the people of Kashmir groan. The town is surrounded by mountains, through which there are only four or five passes, only one of which is open in winter, and no one is allowed to leave the country without permission. The chief revenue of government is derived

from the shawl manufacture, which brings in a return of about 807,500 Harri Singhi rupees (of 10 annas or about 1s. 3d. each) besides 11,000 more from the border makers. Merchants with capital pay 148 Harri Singhi rupees per shop; five workmen are reckoned as two shops, and their wages vary from two to six annas a day. The average annual tax on each workman is thus nearly 49*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.*; the total number of shops of these capitalists is about 3,500, and the total receipt from them to Government 607,500 rupees. An inferior kind of shawl is made by those who, having no capital of their own, obtain advances from Government; but the best quality is only to be obtained by commission and advance of money. Coin is shamefully alloyed in Kashmir; everything is taxed, and inhabitants of almost all classes taxed from one to two rupees ahead monthly; even grasscutters, fruitsellers, and corngrinders, the very poorest of the people. Caste is but little attended to, there are no Hindús but Pandits, but little distinction is made between them and Mussalmáns.

July.—A sweet little boy, a son of the Shahzadeh Shahpur, about five years old, was brought here the other day to be prescribed for. He had a bad eruption on his face which, fortunately, the remedies I gave have quite obliterated. The first time he came he was a little frightened, and said Salam Aleikúm a great many times. C. put him in an armchair, and he asked with a little soft timid voice, “Do you hold me for a friend?” C. assured him that he did, and that he was a very great friend of his and of his father’s; but when I came with the medicine and a little spoon, he asked rather anxiously, “That one, what will she do?” He was very prettily dressed, with a curious square cap, gold at

the top, and black velvet sides, which I believe is a mark of royalty. The next time he came, his mother had twisted up a crimson crêpe veil, with gold fringes, into a turban for him, and he looked very pretty. He now seems quite at his ease, and is like most Afghán children of rank, remarkably self-possessed and courteous in manner.

I forgot to tell you of a translation of the Munshi's that amused me very much. The word the natives use for health is "Mizáj," which means temperament or constitution, but the Munshi, interpreting a letter from Hasan Khán, in which he inquired for me, instead of "exalted health," turned it into "your high temper," at which I had some difficulty to look grave. C. was speaking to two of our servants, one a Hindu and the other a Musalmán, on the subject of cheating and falsehood. They both acknowledged that they never knew one of their countrymen whom they could really trust on either particular. The Hindu added, however, "Some Sáhibs tell lies, too." They heartily agreed that their respective priests and religious men were even worse than the rest, and they acknowledged that some white people never told lies. They quite understand the difference between real and nominal Christians, for in saying that some Sáhibs told lies, Sital prefaced it by saying, "those who do not pray or read the Bible." I never knew such keen observers as the natives; they are excellent judges of character, and know perfectly what is, or is not, forbidden by our religion. I was astonished the other day by hearing an Afghán talking most vehemently at the door. He had been introduced by Hasan Khán, and had brought two young men as recruits who proved too short, and, therefore, could not be enlisted. Upon this he became furious, and not

liking exactly to abuse my husband to his face, he turned on Hasan Khán who was present, and reviled him bitterly. "You," he said, "who have got into such favour with the Feringhis by killing numbers of your own people, you say that you and Mackenzie Sáhib are brothers, that you are one identical, and you can't get two men into his regiment!" Hasan Khán only sat and laughed, for fiery as they are, the Afgháns seem to think nothing of an amount of abuse and vituperation that would drive a European into a state of frenzy. Hasan Khán was one day abusing Amir Khán, the Naib Jemádar, calling him a coward, mimicking him, and showing how he had hidden himself. Amír Khán, being just round the corner of the house, heard every word and only laughed, and one of Hasan Khán's followers, after hearing it all, came and tenderly embraced the vituperated man at taking leave. The Havildars, however, who were present when this stormy Afghán thus vented his indignation indirectly at their commandant, stood perfectly aghast, and the Munshí's face was turned upside down. Most officers, accustomed only to the polite courteous Hindustanis, would have thought themselves affronted, but C. knowing the Afgháns, only bade him not make so much noise.

The old bed of the Satlej, which still contains a narrow stream, is quite a cheerful scene with its white paddy birds, bathers, its picturesque little temple, surrounded by a few trees, horses being watered, buffaloes grazing, and Dhobis, or washermen, diligently beating linen on furrowed planks—no wonder they tear the clothes! All this appeared quite refreshing and delightful after incessant sand.

July 5th.—Went to see the child of a Binder to whom, about ten days ago, a native quack gave two great

pills of Bhang and then opium, the consequence is, that he has continued almost insensible ever since. I sent him some strong coffee to drink and camphor to smell, and the father reports him better this afternoon. As the poor man had nothing but a mere hut, the Binding Contractor had lent him his best room, and where two armchairs were placed for us. It was large, but as usual had no other furniture than a bolster. It had two small windows close to the floor. When we went again in the evening the poor child was better, and soon after got quite well. Had a most curious ride home through all kind of out-of-the-way streets and places, and from our lofty howdah we looked down on the flat roofs of most of the houses and over into the little courts, we could have touched the walls on either side had they been high enough. The scene was like a fair at night—the streets crowded, a light in every house, and several in each of the innumerable shops of eatables. All the sellers were at their posts, though many who had nothing to sell and probably little to buy, had already lain down for the night, and through all the wise quiet elephant pursued its plodding way, never jostling or hurting any one. I have never seen anything like violence or quarrelling among the natives since I came to India, always excepting the perpetual Kashmíri scolding matches and occasional exhibitions of the same kind among the Hindustánis. It was nearly dark, for the moon was but five days old, so that when we came upon two or three ancient heavy Patan mosques, the effect was so quiet and solemn that one could hardly fancy oneself so near such a busy lively scene as the Bazár presented. I conclude Loodiana is prospering, for they are building in various directions. A new

mosque has been erected inside the Serai since I went there last year, and they seem to be making gutters and sewers in the town.

C.'s regiment is now employed on various duties. Some are on guard at the Kacheri, and I wish you could see the extraordinary zeal with which they turn out and present arms. The musket gets such a slap that even I hear it many feet off. Certainly the Sikhs are a most energetic people. I wonder if they spoil their children as the Hindustanis do.

My Munshi's little boy was ill, and I told him he must be careful not to let him eat ghi and mitai (sweetmeats). He remained in doubt, and then asked me gravely what he should do if the child would have sweetmeats; because, added he, he will cry, and I love him so much I cannot refuse him anything. He also inquired if he might put sugar in the water, or "else perhaps he will not drink it." I was quite at a loss for any measures which had the least chance of being adopted in such a state of domestic discipline, which, however, is the prevailing one throughout India.

There was a slight earthquake here yesterday morning, so slight that I, who was standing, did not feel it, but my husband and the Babu in the next room, who were both seated, distinctly felt the tremor.

I went the other morning to see about three hundred Sikhs of the regiment sworn in. A man carried the Granth (their sacred book) wrapped in a white cloth, on a small Charpai, upon his head, the Granthi gravely following it with a chouri, or fly-flap of horseshair, with which he drove away the flies from it. The Bearer walked to the front of each company, and as many men as could conveniently stand round it slipped off their

shoes, touched the book with one or both hands, made salám to it, and then kept their hands either on it or its charpai while the Granthi read the oath. Each man said, "I, so and so, son of such a one, of such village, and such a Pergannah (district), swear to be faithful to my salt, &c. They then made another salám to the Granthi, stepped back and got into their shoes, and C. made them a short speech.

Dr. Turnbull, of the Sappers, has just returned from escorting the Rani to Amballa. The heat in tents was so great, that a tumbler which had been standing on the table, when filled with water from a jar in the tatti, split as if it had been ice.

July 8th.—A letter from Lahore tells us of another fight in which Mulráj has been worsted, which is a cause of thankfulness.

August 1st, 1848.—My husband was with the C.'s when the Adjutant of the Sappers and Pioners came over and said they were to march the following evening for Multán. Mrs. C. behaved exceedingly well. She neither wept nor said anything, only drew a deep sigh. They begged us to go to them both that and the following evening, which we did. The second evening, when Mr. C. expected to march at eleven, the confusion was great, camels loading, bedding-boxes, everything lying about. Mrs. C. had been packing for two whole days, her husband, incessantly occupied as Quartermaster and Interpreter, had hardly one minute to himself or his own affairs. Their table servants refused to go with him, so I sent one of ours on a camel to fetch a relation of his from a village, together with some goats, and when we had thus caught a Khidmatgár, and he was waiting till Mr. C. could speak to him, the old servants, who began to repent, sent him away, so at the last

moment there was none. C. summoned an Afghán whom he had got a few days previously as Chowkedar, or watchman, for the C.'s, and told him he must go on the march. "Bechasm," he said, "on my eyes be it. I will only fetch my clothes and my gun." C. desired him to leave his gun with Hasan Khán, as his sword would be sufficient, and he came back, I think in less than an hour, quite ready.

C. also sent for a very clever servant of Major Pottinger's, who was with him at Charekar, Dasundee by name, commonly called Jeswanti, a man of this country who was with him in captivity, and who, when Akbar's standard fell down by accident at Tezin, shouted out "Shahbash!" in defiance of consequences.

He was afterwards employed as Chaprasi by Sir Richmond Shakespeare, and gained much credit by capturing a noted robber, and then getting leave for a few months, he stayed away between two and three years, thus losing a good place for no reason whatever. Not long ago he came to us, and has been staying until C. could get employment for him.

Captain Siddons gave Mr. C. leave to stay behind one march, so that he did not start till the next morning. I found the Khidmatgar who had been sent away at our own house, and we despatched him after his new master on a camel. Jeswanti proves invaluable. The 8th cavalry have since left, so that nothing but disconsolate ladies remain.

This is good proof that troops can march in hot weather, for it is a more trying season now than it was in May.

We began making preparations for moving into Mrs. C.'s house, and did so on the 20th of July, with no other adventure than having the cart which went to and

fro with our baggage seized by the Tahsildar, during the momentary absence of the Sepáhi who accompanied it. My husband immediately wrote a peremptory order for its restoration, and when we got it back made two Sepahis with fixed bayonets guard it on its journeys. The next morning there was a curious flitting.

About half-past five I went over on the elephant, taking Louisa Silvester and “ Nel ” with me. In the back seat were three folding chairs and a pair of silver candlesticks, and we were preceded by two Dhobis carrying our clothes on a charpai, four Kulis with a table turned upside down, and filled with books, on their heads, divers people whose identity was lost under the bundles they carried, and an Orderly gravely marching along with our three little parrots in a cage, looking like Horace Vernet’s foraging recruit. By the evening we were almost settled. It is a very large house, in the old 50th Lines, in the most airy situation in Loodiana. The rooms are very large and lofty, and the whole house much cooler than our former one. The verandahs are magnificent.

Miss W., Mrs. C.’s sister, arrived about a week after, and we like her extremely. We have had one or two showers of heavy rain, which is a great blessing, as without rain a famine would certainly have ensued, but in consequence of one of these showers such swarms of white ants, in their winged state, made their appearance one evening, that we were fairly driven out of the house, and took our tea in the garden. One of the tea cups on the dining-table was half full of them : they disappeared the next day.

If it were not a pity to kill them, I would send you specimens of some of the grasshopper and other insects, which are quite beautiful. One with brilliant green

and yellow bands all over its body, has its inner wings of a beautiful red gauze-like texture; another is pale green, with a most curious head; another is most beautifully sparkled.

The night after we came up here the wife of one of the Sais was bitten by a large scorpion on the finger. She was in great pain when she came to us, but Mr. C. applied a paste of ipecacuanha and water, and covered the wound with it, which relieved the pain almost immediately.

The heat on the march to Ferozpur was by no means so great as they anticipated, but the confusion at Ferozpur was almost beyond description. Contradictory orders came from the Commander-in-Chief, the General of Division, and the Commandant of the Station—one day the Sappers were to march by the right bank, the next by the left, then they were to go by water, then they were told to do as they liked. The Quartermaster, in despair, went to Captain F., who is Brigade-Major, to ask what he was to do; and the latter could only comfort him by showing the orders he himself had received, which were equally contradictory and incomprehensible. After all they were sent by water, and we have at last heard of their arrival at Bháwalpur, where they expect to have to wait a month for the siege train. Then the 8th Cavalry were ordered from Loodiana to Ferozpur; they started with only half the carriage required, and twelve hours after came a counter-order, desiring them *not* to move, if they had not already left. They were only ten miles off, stopped by rain and want of carriage, still the Brigadier could not recall them.

August 10th.—The other day my husband read the “History of Balaam” to the Munshí, the latter added

a Musalmán finale to it, by gravely relating that there was once a most virtuous dog, and as it was impossible that the body of a prophet could be sent to hell, therefore to reward the dog and punish Balaam, the dog's soul was put into Balaam's body, and went to paradise, while the soul of Balaam was despatched in the body of the dog to hell.

Wednesday, August 8th.—We rode to the site of an ancient city called Sunète. A little village of the same name, and of only fifty houses now stands there. Tradition says that this was a great idolatrous city, whose Rajah, among other atrocities, daily devoured a man for his dinner. A neighbouring Walí at length prayed for vengeance on this impious Rajah and his people—an earthquake swallowed them up and desolated the city, which is now a succession of hills of pounded brick, no other trace of buildings being visible. It is also full of scorpions.

I have just heard a fact, which at first I thought was meant as a jest, until C. assured me it was true. The Baniáhs (or shopkeepers) on opening their shops in the morning, are in the habit of worshipping the little stool on which they sit (all Hindús occasionally worship the implements of their calling), and pray "O great stool! send me to-day many customers with full purses and empty heads!" We passed a Faqir's dwelling as we came home from our ride; some of them were ploughing, others smoking. I did not know before that they ever combined labour and begging.

The Sikhs seem an active enterprising people. Near one village we found a little plantation that the Tamíndárs were rearing with care, having procured them from cantonments. All their villages seem to be walled, so that from the outside a long high mud wall

is often all that is to be seen of them. There is generally a gate at each end. Within, the houses are very closely packed, each with a little yard of its own, which is generally full of very lean cattle, many of them buffaloes. Sometimes it is a puzzle to find out how the cattle ever got in, or how they were ever to get out again. The streets are so narrow that it required all our huge elephant's care and caution to move along without knocking down the rain-spouts on the one hand, or the cakes of manure, drying on the top of the wall, on the other.

September 2d.—We had a delightful ride among green lanes that were quite refreshing to our eyes. Bow and Nel accompany us and sometimes chase a wild buck, sometimes a tame cat, and sometimes have a fight with the numerous noisy Pariáh dogs which infest the villages.

Miss W. tells me that in the villages near Nákoda, the people have one common oven (*i. e.* a deep pit such as they have here), which, when thoroughly heated, is opened, and each woman, with her vessel of flour and water on her head, claps her chapátis against the side of it, identifying them by some particular mark. The oven is then shut, and you may fancy the gossiping which takes place while the cakes are baking. They keep their cattle, grain, and fodder in like manner in common, each man having his own stack, or his own cattle, in the public enclosure. This is an excellent protection against private pilfering. The Márwátis, a tribe near the hills, and in the lowlands at the foot of them, which are called the Teraì, are noted cattle-lifters, Mr. W., the indefatigable magistrate of Morádábád, has nearly suppressed cattle-stealing in his district, by making every village responsible for every head of

cattle which could be traced as having entered its boundaries.

Nothing interesting from Multán. General Whish's force has been there a long while, that from Loodiana has also arrived, and they are now waiting for the siege train, very much like "Sir Richard waiting for the Earl of Chatham." In the meantime an outbreak has taken place in the Hazáreh country. Captain Abbot said he could put it down *without assistance*, but Major Lawrence and Lieutenant Nicholson are both of opinion that British troops will be necessary, and Major L. has written to urge Sir F. Currie to send them immediately.

Since we received his letter we hear that Captain Abbot is in full flight, and that Chattar Sing, the leader of the Hazára insurgents, is threatening Láhore. Almost all the troops here expect to be moved onwards, and those in Jellander are ready to start at a moment's notice. That crafty old tyrant, Guláb Sing, is gathering an army, ostensibly to act against Chattar Sing, but as many of his troops have joined Chattar Sing, one cannot place much faith in his assertions that he cannot control them. I believe he is just waiting to see which end of the scale is the heaviest. The annexation of the Panjáb is spoken of as certain, and I hope Kashmir will be included, for hardly any country in the world groans under greater oppression and extortion of every kind than poor Kashmir.

7th.—The siege at Multán was expected to begin in earnest about this date. Mulráj has caught some unfortunate Ghascuts (*i. e.* grasscutters), and is said to have had them speared to death in his presence. He is incessantly carrying off camels from our force. H. M.'s 29th came in the other morning: we found

them parading on the high road, and were, therefore, obliged to stop. One's heart warmed to a regiment of one's own countrymen. They looked mere boys; there was a hardly a whisker or a head of dark hair to be seen down the whole line: they struck me as remarkably smart looking and clean. I believe it is considered a "crack regiment." The men are very much undersized, after the Hindustani regiments: there was a huge Bengal Grenadier standing by, who looked a perfect giant.

September 8th.—We have been much grieved at hearing of the death of Saiad Murtezá Shah, in Calcutta. He was the main instrument of obtaining the release of the hostages and prisoners in Afghánistan, and within the last two years he was sent, at the great peril of his life, by Lord Hardinge to Kábul, where he succeeded in rescuing upwards of 100 children of our Sepáhis and camp followers (among them an English boy). His young son, Saiad Rea Khán, has determined on going to Calcutta, to endeavour to obtain a continuation of his father's pension for himself and his numerous brothers and sisters. We have given him as many letters of introduction as we could.

I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner party, and the dinner being delayed long after his guests were assembled, he proceeded himself to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found all his servants standing in a row, with their backs towards him, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting in rotation on a fine ham, which was about to

be served up to the company ! Now observe that this excess of Musalmán “zeal” was manifested by a whole party ; but man in society and man in solitude are different beings, as was proved by a lady, who discovered her Khansáman eating a thick slice of ham covered with raspberry jam !

CHAPTER VI.

Paında Khán.—Reconnaissance.—Siege of Multán.—General Whish.—Repulse on 9th.—Wounded.—Abandoned.—Success on the 12th of September.—Want of Artillery Officers.—A Royal Salute.—Shir Sing joins Mulraj.—Lieutenant Edwardes.—The Siege Raised.—General Ventura's Criticism.—No Co-operation.—Distance of First Parallel.—Sepahis won't Work.—Letter from Major G. Lawrence.—Scarcity.—Note from Major Lawrence.—Gooinehguar Seized.—Prince Shahpùr's Children.—Shop.—Poor Musalmán and his Wife.—Loss of Life at Sea.—Lieutenant Lake's Stratagem.—50th Lines too Strong.—Sepahis Children.—Precedence.—A Thug.—Mrs. G. Lawrence.—Economy in Sind.—Lord Gough.

SEPTEMBER 11th.—A most curious morning, cloudy, almost foggy, with no air; and afterwards we had a regular hot wind, such as one expects in May, so that we had the tattí up the whole day: the butter and water became quite cold when placed in the thermantidote, and it was impossible to leave the house in the evening. Not even C. ventured out; but we sat shut up, till bed-time.

To-day (12th) it is something of the same sort of

weather. At Multán they are complaining of the paucity of engineer and artillery officers. The town has been summoned, with no effect, and they hoped to open the batteries on the 10th. It is a very anxious time for the poor ladies here. Two Afgháns called here the other day: the younger, Yákub Khán, travelled up the country with C. in 1840, and used constantly to come to his tent and ask for medicine, meaning thereby brandy; the elder, Paíndá Khán, is a most gallant man, who distinguished himself greatly under that fine officer, Captain Woodburn, near Kandahar, and received a very severe wound in his leg. He did such good service, that a small pension is now allowed him, until he can be permanently employed by our government. They are sons of Muhammad Sherif, Zabtbeghi, or master of confiscations to Shah Shujáh, who was killed gallantly fighting with the Nizám-ud-Doulah and the Shah's Hindustani Paltan, on the first day of the insurrection at Kábul, when no entreaties of Captain John Conolly and others could induce Colonel Shelton to let a single man or gun go to their succour. The younger son, Yákub, joined my husband at Istálif, but disappeared when the assault began. On this and divers other accounts C. received Yákub rather coolly, when he called last year to ask his interest on a law-suit, which he is carrying on against Bansì Dar (a rich Baniáh, who also came to ask my husband's assistance), but now coming with his gallant brother he met with a better reception. I will now add a sketch of Multán, and then give you some extracts and abstracts from the letters we have seen from camp.

“General Whish's force from Lahore reached Multan some days before the Sappers and Engineer train from

Loodiana and Firozpur. The Sappers came in August 31st, in excellent health, in spite of the intense heat on the march.

“September 1st.—A grand reconnaissance was made. General Whish (Commanding Force), Major Napier (Chief Engineer), and a crowd of Engineers and amateurs, started from camp at half-past five A.M., with H. M.’s 49th Native Infantry, one troop Horse Artillery, two companies H. M.’s 32nd, and some Cavalry. They moved to the Idgah (a Muhammadan place of prayer, to which they resort after the Feast of the Rámazám, and at the Feast of the Goat, when each family offers a goat in sacrifice, in commemoration of Abraham’s sacrifice: there is generally an Idgah near every Indian town). This was the spot where poor Anderson and Agnew were murdered. The amateurs were desired to stay with the troops about 2000 yards from the Idgah, which is about 900 yards from the fort, close range. After twenty minutes spent in taking angles, &c., Major Napier said he had completed his work, when crash went the report of a gun at about 600 yards, and a round shot came in amongst us. Most of the officers were out of place against orders, and a general rush back ensued. There was providentially an interval of a couple of minutes between the first and second shots, which were fired with great precision, without, however, taking effect. The next few shots were more rapid. I am thankful to say, no lives were lost. Had grape been used in the first instance, the execution would have been terrible; but the range was rather too far for it.

“The country round Multan is cut up by numerous small and deep watercuts, many of them having no

water in them, others being quite full. The sides, generally high banks of earth, which few horses will face. Unless the exact place to cross is well known, an enemy could easily intercept the passage; but no cavalry was opposed to us, and we got back safely, having again experienced the sensation of the remarkable sh-sh, which accompanies round shot. Edwardes moved towards us a few miles yesterday. Mulráj is constantly looting (plundering) our camels when out grazing. This move of Edwardes, which was attended with considerable skirmishing without much loss of life, will protect the country towards Bháwalpur considerably; and if he hold his position, Mulráj will not be able to come outside in this direction. Before Edwardes moved, the road to Bháwalpur was so completely unprotected, that we expected a sortie to be made on the Sappers when the regiment came in.

“There was a good deal of skirmishing yesterday between Edwardes's and Lake's people, and Mulráj's advanced pickets, supported by the town. It is said that Mulráj, on sending out some of his troops, planted three guns in the gateway, and threatened to fire on them if they did not fight. They were driven out of the village of Joghi Máí, which, however, they retook. An order has just appeared, prohibiting officers going on reconnoitering parties unless warned.

“September 5th.—Yesterday the heavy guns and siege train arrived; so now our little force is complete. Edwardes has some 20,000 men (all Sikhs and Patans), and we have about 6000. Shere Sing, who is not trusted, is, you will perceive, on the other side of the Nallah, which is the finest canal I have seen in India.

It is about thirty or forty feet broad, and very deep, and its banks very steep. There is very little water in it, Glover (a young Engineer officer) having succeeded in stopping up the mouths of the canal, of which it has two.

“Our ordnance consists of six 24 and six 18-pounders, three 10-inch and four 8-inch howitzers, three 10-inch, six 8-inch, and four 5½-inch mortars,—in all, thirty-two splendid pieces of ordnance, besides two troops of Horse Artillery. It is generally believed that the attack will take place on the town towards the south-east corner. This morning the usual summons was sent to Mulráj and the townspeople, calling upon him to surrender unconditionally, with his troops; and on the latter, to throw themselves on our protection, and leave the town, in which case their lives will be spared and their property respected. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired at a general parade this morning, by the 24-pounders, to which Mulráj answered with round shot, which fell far short of the mark. Camels are continually going in and out for Jao (barley), with strong guards, as Mulráj is quite free, and does us a great deal more mischief than we can do him, in the way of catching our camels, &c., and killing our camp followers. There are two miles between us and Edwardes’s camp, and no one can go there without an escort.

“Wednesday, September 6th.—A plan was formed for attacking the suburbs on the south-east, first shelling and then storming them.

“September 7th.—The plan of attack, viz. taking the suburbs by assault, has been given up. The General is said to have had political reasons for wishing to

strike a decisive blow; but these reasons having somehow or other vanished, it has been decided to approach the town gradually by parallels. Major Garbett says he will be able to breach the town-wall ready to storm on the 10th instant. A line of batteries is now being constructed in front of Edwardes, and on the left of our position, having the Rám Tí Rath for the starting point on the right. Rám Tí Rath is a village, with a pucka (brick) tank in its centre, and naturally a very strong place. A gun which Mulráj fires from the north-east bastion, from a tomb called Baháwal Hug, annoys them a good deal. It keeps firing steadily every minute, and nearly always hits the village. Very hot here, indeed.

“September 9th.—Mulraj is acting offensively and we defensively! It is believed we shall have to rush on and take a couple of mounds, on one of which we have allowed the enemy to erect a battery. So we are erecting batteries here to make Mulraj undo what he has done under our very noses, since we took up this position. Our trenches are regularly outflanked every night. Everything goes on with the greatest coolness, and as if we had every intention of spending our lives in this delightful locality.

“September 10th.—There was an awful skirmish last night, and I am very sorry to say, one that has been a failure in execution and attended with considerable loss of life. The enemy were in force at the place marked ‘Point for the second parallel,’ about 600 yards in front of our first parallel. No one dreamt that there was such a thing as a house or anything but a garden there, but when a wing of H.M.’s 10th arrived

at the spot in the dark, knowing neither where they were going, or what they were going to do, a heavy shower of bullets from a house and wall loopholed to the top, and upwards of nine feet high, opened upon them. The 10th and 49th Native Infantry were repulsed, Richardson and Irwin of the 49th very badly wounded, the former by sword cuts (of which he has no less than ten) and the latter by a ball which struck him in the shoulder and came out above the hip, evidently from the top of a tree. Colonel Markham (32nd) has a flesh wound in the thigh.

“Captain Christopher, commanding ‘Comet’ steamer, has had his leg smashed above the ankle by a cannon shot. He was a volunteer, leading on a detachment of Europeans. Captain Stock, of H.M.’s 10th, reported missing (and up to the 15th, our last accounts, has not been heard of), seventy-two killed and wounded in the 10th. The night work is awful, always fighting.” From Dr. Dempster, superintending surgeon of the force, we heard the same day that there were altogether ninety killed and wounded, and that two unfortunate 10th soldiers were left behind wounded in the trenches, and fell into Mulraj’s hands. This is the most painful part of the business.

Another friend writes, September 11th.—“Everything on our side is going on in a lamentably slow style. Every one complains of the incapacity of his neighbour, and in the meantime Edwardes and Lake (who commands the Nawab of Bháwalpur’s troops) have pushed on beyond us, and are astonished at our bad work and want of arrangement. We are fettered by forms. When anything is required, a requisition through ten different channels is sent to some one, who refers

you to some one else, who tells you steadily to go back to the applicant, while Edwardes or Lake gives an order, and in half an hour it is executed. The fine plan of storming the place on the 10th has resolved itself into our not having advanced fifty yards. Shere Sing is Chatter Sing the Huzareh leader's son. What co-operation can be expected from him? The news from Hazáreh seems to be getting worse every day, and there is no doubt it will influence Mulráj very much; he has his communications quite free. The plan is that Chatter Sing is to besiege Attok, which is at present in Nicholson's hand. Major Abbott is well nigh hemmed in.

"September 12th. — To-day's news is excellent. We have carried the position which the enemy had so strongly entrenched, with comparatively little loss. Colonel Pattoun, of H.M.'s 32nd, was killed leading on a wing of his regiment. Major Montizambert, of the 10th, mortally wounded. Three officers of the 8th Native Infantry, &c. Our loss has not, I believe, been great in Europeans. They and the Sappers behaved most gallantly. Major Napier escaped by miracle. We have advanced about 1,000 yards, and are within battering distance of the town. A work of danger still remains to be done. This is to carry an entrenched position of the enemy's, leaning on a mound on which they have a battery, and behind which they have houses loopholed and made very strong. This they say will be attempted to-morrow, but I doubt whether we shall be able to go on so briskly as that; it would almost be getting too far from our resources. Our present work will be to connect our second parallel with Edwardes's, who has got ahead of us. Poor Lake (who is an excellent

officer) has been shot through the thigh—the bone escaped. When our first charge occurred, the Sikhs had a mine just behind the wall which had caused us such severe loss before. This mine was either fired too soon, through their own carelessness, or was lit by one of our shells. It exploded, and the wall fell over some of our Sappers (Hindustanis). The working party of Sappers immediately rushed through the breach thus made, and showed the way for H.M.'s 32nd. The greatest obstacle to our entrenching ourselves at once is the immense number of dead Sikhs lying about. Our men looked like a handful among thousands. The bayonet was the weapon, and frightful has been its work. Captain Lloyd, of the 8th Native Infantry, came up to a party who declared themselves Bháwal Khán's Sepáhis, and laid down their arms, but no sooner had he got among them than they cut him down and mangled him. His Sepáhis following up, massacred them to a man. There must have been 2,000 to 3,000 Sikhs in a very strong position, and with perfect knowledge of the ground. We had one wing of H.M.'s 10th, and one wing of H.M.'s 32nd, and, I think, wings of the 8th, 51st, and another regiment of Native Infantry. Our numbers were inferior to theirs. Murray Mackenzie's Troop of Horse Artillery behaved gallantly. The 10th is a noble regiment. We have taken a strong place called Sowálla (query Shiwálla), a sort of temple filled with silk stuffs, and the walls covered with looking-glass. They say a good deal of plunder has been gathered by our people. I believe a strong division has been applied for from Bombay."

This preliminary fighting was never expected, in fact every one talked as if Mulráj would certainly surrender,

and Multán be taken at once. His treasure was expended, his troops deserting, and he most anxious to give himself up. It is said that General Ventura, who is in Loodiana, and who commanded in Multán at one time, offered to accompany our force, but his offer was not thought worth accepting!

The letters from camp say, "Unless reinforced, we shall have difficulty in making the progress we ought. There are fifteen artillery officers available for duty on battery with the guns, and ten out of the fifteen are on duty twenty-four hours, with only a couple of hours' rest now and then (to say nothing of their having no tents to cover them), so that five officers, turn and turn about, are forty-eight, and sometimes sixty hours, on battery duty in the trenches, the Ram Têrat, and other batteries, on a stretch."

At this moment there is a company of foot artillery here (Loodiana) without guns, doing nothing!

"There are eight brigades of Engineers, two of them on duty in the trenches at a time, and two officers on duty with each brigade. The turn of duty is eight hours, thus four officers relieve four others day and night, and each officer has every day at least eight hours' work in the trenches, generally under fire. The worst part of the work is at night, for then the Multánis creep up within shot and fire at anything they see, or imagine. But worst of all are the Zambúráks (or camel guns). The Sikhs get up into the trees, out of reach of musketry, and fire these Zambúráks all night."

A small outbreak has taken place near Kote Kangra, which shows the temper of the Punjab to be insurrectionary. The Dák to Peshawur was stopped, and a

kind of uproar had taken place there. It is said that Major Lawrence thought of sending his wife for safety to Kohát (towards Afghánistan), but all was quiet again on the 6th. C. has always thought it a most perilous position for her.

“From Multán, September 13th.—We have lost, killed and wounded, sixteen officers. We shall have to fight our way every inch, and we require 10,000 men more. To-day we are seventy yards from a strong post of the enemy's, and the trenches are very dangerous. Our guns are ordered to fire one round per hour. The Sikhs keep up a continual fire upon our present trench, which (though they have not found it out) is actually enfiladed by one of their guns, which we do even try to silence. No working parties out, so that 250 Sappers and 150 of Cortland's are doing all the work.

“September 14.—To-day's news is that Shér Sing, with twelve guns, two mortars, and 4000 men, have gone over to Mulraj. This has along been expected, and is no loss. All our guns are to be removed from the trenches to-night, and we are to take up ground in a strong position towards the Great Nullah, south-west of Multán, entrench ourselves, and remain on the defensive until reinforcements arrive. Only one man in the General's Council (Edwardes's) I am told strenuously urged the necessity of our pushing on, and not allowing the enemy to think for a moment that Shér Sing's defection influences us. But every other opinion was against him. Every Sikh within 500 miles will either join Mulraj or Chattar Sing. The idea of leaving our trenches without being beaten out of them (which 40,000 Sikhs could not do) is an insult to every man in camp.”

Captain Younge, the Deputy-Judge Advocate-General, has just come in from Lahore, and says a party of 4000 armed Sikhs have got into the city, and made an attempt, which has been frustrated, to massacre the Queen's 53rd officers.

"These rascals are still in the city; Colonel Campbell, the brigadier, has seized the palace, where I believe he will quarter the Queen's troops. He has also seized the young Maharaj a Dhalip and all the jewels.* It is reported that the Sikh regiments that were blocked up in the Hazára Passes have contrived to effect a junction with Chattar Sing."

One of our friends at Multan writes, September 15th, "As I informed you yesterday, the plan of abandoning our entrenchments, the fruit of so much life and labour, was adopted, and that with such haste, that the guns were ordered back before even the tools had been collected. Major Wheler, commanding the Irregulars, had them collected, and sent from our advanced picket to the White Well; yet scarcely had the Sappers, who went down with carts to fetch them up, left the White Well, when the enemy came up in great force and attacked that post. We have had two attacks since, one last night, one this morning." We have thus increased the confidence, and, consequently, the numbers of the enemy, and actually, hindered the desertion of one of their best regiments, who had sent over a company to Cortlandt yesterday and would have joined us. It is now said and believed that our fire, though scarcely opened, has been most destructive to them, and we had just got

* This plot was greatly exaggerated.

into a position where, with three 24-pounders, we might have battered down one of their Burj's (towers) from whence they chiefly annoyed us. It is really incomprehensible. Part of our cattle has been lent to Edwardes to move his camp, and we cannot move until this is returned. In the meantime the enemy, from the haste with which we have retreated, leaving all our batteries and material quite unmolested for their use, can move light field-pieces into our own trenches and batteries, and fire with ease and impunity into our camp. A great flag shows the place where the Artillery Magazine is placed. Several round shot have already, from the fort and mound, found their way well into the rear of Anderson's guns, which are alongside the park, and one shot killed two tatus (ponies) and a Sáis of his troop. It is known that concussion will ignite powder, yet, with infatuation difficult to conceive, this huge magazine, the great object of the enemy's ambition to destroy, and our sole means of safety, is left in front covering 300 square yards, the most unmistakable object in the whole camp. Imagine losing upwards of 20 officers and 300 Europeans and natives in gaining a very strong position within battering distance of the fort, and then relinquishing everything without so much as blowing up its strongholds, or destroying our works and materials! Edwardes WAS the only man who uplifted his voice against this act. Our camp moves during the night. The magazine moves first, and I imagine the troops will make a flank movement to protect it. We move towards a place called Suraj Khund, beyond the great canal south-west of Multán.

17th September.—On Friday (15th) evening orders were given to have the camp struck quietly at half-past six P.M. The parks of engineers and artillery were to move off at one P.M., and the regiments, &c., to march at four A.M. the next morning. Everything was conducted in a great hurry, and at the last moment it was discovered that some 3000 (three thousand) camels of the Darbár were missing, having probably been tampered with by Mulraj. Taylor (of the Engineers) announced that all but 107 of his camels had vanished, but he fortunately obtained twenty elephants (some camels from the Commissariat), which brought away his magazine. The Artillery were not so fortunate; 218 24-pounder shot were left on the ground. This information came from Colonel Franks, H. M's. 10th, who added, that the enemy had come up in great numbers and occupied the garden in front of which the General's camp was pitched, and that when he (Franks) begged and urged Brigadier Harvey to attack and drive them off that we might clear our ground, the Brigadier refused, and ordered off his brigade! It appears, however, that Cortlandt's soldiers outdid us entirely (General Cortlandt is the Darbár General). Some of his men being present, took up some four, some three, and some two of the shot, and carried away all but a hundred.

Our present ground, which is only three miles from Multán, though seven and a half from our former camp, to which it is nearly opposite, is very low, and so covered with jungle and brushwood, that it is difficult to walk from one regiment to another. It scarcely allows a breath of air to pass. The great canal is right in our front. We are too close to the

fort, to be able to pursue Mulráj, if he chooses to come out. They say large reinforcements are on their way to join him.

“September 18th.—We have been wonderfully quiet since we arrived here, not a shot having been fired on either side; whereas on our last ground, continual firing and sharpshooting was the order of the day. The silence now appears quite dead and mournful, and the feeling is, perhaps, heightened by the weight of the atmosphere on the spot. Report says, Mulráj’s troop’s were in great alarm, and that had we had out the twenty-four pounders and battered the Koneh Burj for twenty-four hours, he would have given in. There is no grass for the horses here, and the villagers have left off bringing Bhusa and other supplies. Our camelmen are not trustworthy, and it is apprehended more will run away. An officer is going off to Shujahabad, a fort about fifteen kos (thirty miles) from this towards Bháwalpúr near the Chinab, to report on the place and its vicinity. I think it likely, that even if the whole force does not go there the guns and Sappers will.

21st.—Lieutenant Pollard reports that Shujahabad is merely a Serai with a wall round it, and could not stand a six-pounder shot.

Loodiana.—The Dák between Multán and Lahore is stopped, and the recent move has placed Multán between the army and Lahore. It is evident that the city was attacked on its strongest side. The first plan was to assault the north-east corner of the fort, but this being given up, they went round and assailed it from the south-east; and having allowed the Sikhs to make strong entrenchments opposite

to them, they would have had (had they not run away) first to take the entrenchments, then the houses and suburbs behind them, then the city, and then the fort.

September 26.—General Ventura called while we were at breakfast. He is a middle-aged man with black moustache, white whiskers, and most intelligent face. He met my husband a few nights ago at Major Mackeson's (when the latter was rushing through Loodiana on his way to Ferozepur), and mentioned that he had offered his services to Government in the expedition to Multán, as it was he who conquered it about fourteen years ago for Ranjít Sing from the Nawab of Bháwalpur. His offer was declined; and added he, leaning back in his chair, "C'est dommage, c'est dommage!"

To-day he gave me quite a lecture on the siege. He said, that in the first place the force was insufficient as it is a very strong place, and he does not think Edwardes's troops are to be relied on. He said, that General Vish (as he calls him) had run his head against a wall; the first thing he should have done was to defeat Mulráj in the open field. I asked him how he could make Mulráj fight. He said very easily. Mulráj has about 40,000 men, of whom, perhaps, 15,000 are soldiers, the rest are armed very irregularly, some with swords, some with lances, &c. All these have to be paid, and it is said that they are beginning to be ill paid. Then there are about 15,000 inhabitants in the town, and we should have forced the neighbouring villagers to have taken refuge in the city. Mulráj must then have fed this vast multitude, or have fought in order to get supplies. His troops being

defeated, he would probably have surrendered at once, at any rate we could then have commenced the siege without molestation. The proper side for attack would have been from the Idgáh, keeping it to the right of our position. The fort is unconnected with the town, a space intervening between them. The old brick-kilns, which form the mounds on which the Sikhs erected their batteries since "Vish's" arrival, command the town; and here, if we insisted on attacking from that side, we should have begun our parallels, having first got rid of the army outside the walls. Part of the town commands the fort, and having once got the town the fort was in our power. The Bháwalpur Khan was once a powerful sovereign, the whole province of Multán (one of the richest in India) belonged to him. General Ventura took it and remained there two years, the climate is very unhealthy, he had one severe illness, and all the rest of the time was indisposed. He said that the worst season is just after the rains, and that had they fallen this year as usual, the climate would have been 'meutrier' for our troops. He gave it as his opinion, that although General Vish's force was insufficient, yet, even at the worst, he could have fought instead of running away; as the moral effect of this last step both on our own men and on those of Mulráj will be most disadvantageous to us.

Either it was rash to begin the siege at all, or faint-hearted to retreat from it. Sir Charles Napier with fewer troops and material than were at General Whish's disposal would have taken the place in a week. General Ventura would have done the same thing.

General Ventura told us, that Ranjit though an excellent soldier, never could understand anything of tactics. When a council of war was held, he would cut it short by saying, "Oh, never mind this, let us rush on!" but he had the sense to let Ventura have his own way, especially as the latter always vehemently rebelled whenever Ranjit wished to interfere. It was Ventura who conquered all the country west of Mitun Kote. Ranjit never wished for Peshawur. He said the Indus was the proper frontier of the Punjab, and he did not want to involve himself in perpetual conflict with the warlike tribes of Afghánistan, where nothing was to be gained but blows. General Ventura says, that the Sikhs are the only people of India who have some idea of nationality and the love of country. They have certain ideas of honour, and during Ranjit's time such a thing as desertion was never heard of. C. remarked that with barbarous people, personal attachment to a chief was the strongest tie. General Ventura said, the difficulty of managing the Sikhs was increased by their being half civilized; but that if you inspired them with personal attachment, you could do anything with them so long as it is for their country and sovereignty, but that it would be a very different matter against their own people. He evidently thought that for this reason the annexation of the Punjab would be a false measure. General Ventura says the Sikhs have every qualification for making good soldiers; they are naturally temperate, brave, and indefatigable, very intelligent, and a very fine race physically, especially the Mánjá Sikhs (south of Lahore). After surveying General Whish's blunders, General Ventura could

not forbear saying, "Peut-être qu'il est d'accord avec Moolraj?"

Our last news from Multán is as follows :

"September 24th.—Edwardes wrote some time ago, 'Send me guns and I will take Multán.' General Whish's force was sent partly to guard these guns and partly as an auxiliary force, or rather a force to which Edwardes's was to be an auxiliary. It soon became evident, however, that no co-operation could take place between us; and that being the case, our force was insufficient to supply daily and nightly working parties and suitable covering parties, besides the hard fighting which was required whenever new ground was needed for a fresh parallel.

"Mackenzie will ask why no co-operation could take place, and why Edwardes could not send working or covering parties. Edwardes's force consists of, 1st, Cortlandt's troops, very good soldiers and well disciplined, and better dressed than the rest; 2nd, of Lake's or Bhawal Khán's army, composed of Dáudputrás, dressed exactly like Multánis; 3rd, Iman-u-Din's troops, chiefly Musalmáns and Patans; 4th, his own Ghází Khán Serai levies, raw recruits, chiefly cavalry, true, but not understanding our discipline. All these troops fight in an independent and desultory way; they fight very well: each individually brave stands for himself, fires his match-lock, and, if the enemy comes down upon him, pulls forth his knife or his sword and fights like a tiger. But they would not listen to any order unless received directly from Edwardes, &c., and they disliked working in the trenches: Cortlandt's men did all that work. The Dáudputrás wouldn't work: thus they were only

available as covering parties to our troops, and owing to their irregular appearance and similarity to Mulráj's men our people would certainly have fired upon them, and created a feeling which might have brought on a collision between us. Edwardes said 1000 men were always available as a working party. They probably did start from his camp, at his order, but never more than 200 or 300 reached our trenches; the rest had run away, and those that came would not work. Cortlandt's men worked on their side, and got far ahead of us, until the 12th, when we made an advance of 650 yards, but they, of course, could not work in our and their own trenches at the same time. This shows you why we could not be cordially supported by Edwardes, and why we were obliged to work independently of each other."

C. thinks these reasons are not valid, and that a little tact and sense would have made these rather incongruous elements work together, as has been done before. It would have been easy to distinguish the Dáudputrás by a white or other band on the arm, and no doubt Edwardes's men would have worked if General Whish's force had set them the example; but what sort of an example they did set you will see.

They have made several serious mistakes. Having confessedly too few men, why did they commence the parallel upwards of 2000 yards from the town-wall (to say nothing of the fort)? why did they not at once attack and carry the mounds, and from them commence the first parallel? It would not have cost more lives than the two little affairs we have had; and had we attacked the mounds at first, we should have found

them empty, for the enemy, finding at what distance we commenced, worked up to meet us, and throw obstacles in our way. You recollect the night attack on the 9th, when we were repulsed: that place was not held by the enemy until after several of our officers had been in it; and on that very night the Gurdiál Das ka Dharmśálá was being entrenched, the enemy expecting we should attack it in the morning. Thus the Sepáhis, Europeans, and gunners got fagged actually before the work was necessary. The enemy's entrenchments extended from the city walls to seventy yards from our advanced picquets, all of which they made since we began our first parallel."

We heard from Multan. "September 25th.—Daily attacks are threatened, but never accomplished. To-day we changed ground; about three-quarters of a mile to the rear. We are south-west of Multán, about three miles and three-quarters from the fort. A mound to the front on our right is to have some of our heavy ordnance on it, and altogether we are well placed to defend our camp advantageously. There is some firing going on, on Edwardes's side to-day. Yesterday, the General read Divine Service in his tent (a single-poled one), and invited officers to attend: it was sad to see how few were present. Nothing has come of Edwardes's firing this morning."

Our news from head quarters mentions that Lord Gough said he had sent three times the force which was required of him to take Multán, and he regretted to see it would take three times the force he had sent to make a successful siege: this was when he heard of the affair of the 9th.

"At Multán the enemy are beyond the Nallah, and

do not seem to be thinking of attacking us: they are entrenching themselves.

“Yesterday’s firing from Edwardes’s camp was amusing. Shere Sing and Cortlandt fired at each other for a good hour and a half, and their shot met about half way and nearly demolished a tree. The whole of Edwardes’s army was in battle array, as was our right brigade, standing in the sun (including H. M.’s 10th—such a fine set of men) until the firing suddenly ceased, and every man returned to his tent, not much wiser and very much hotter than he went. The Sappers and Pioneers are very hard-worked—digging wells, making roads; whereas the Sepáhis do nothing, and did not even dig their own wells! Glover, of the Engineers, found a Sepáhi, standing thirsty and disconsolate by a half-dug well. When Glover came up, the Sepahi said, ‘Khawand (my lord), I am very thirsty.’ Glover answered, ‘Why don’t you dig?’ If the Sepahis were told, ‘Until you dig you shan’t drink,’ they would not hold out long. The Sappers think it very hard that they are employed on every species of secondary work, day and night, while the Sepahis are treated as if we did not dare give them an order. It has really come to that! Tools supplied by the Engineering department to a regiment of Native Infantry were returned by the Adjutant, saying that the man would not work!”

You may imagine what C. thinks of this. His men do whatever he desires them. There is no doubt that when soldiers behave ill, it is almost always the fault of their officers. Can it be wondered at that the Dáudputras won’t work, when our regular troops set them such a bad example?

We heard from Major Lawrence the other day, dated Peshawur, September 21st. He says:—"We are as yet all safe, though not very quiet; for the Sings are all agog for a turn up with me, though they profess to be most obedient and well disposed. I think I told you that on the night of the 4th, we were to have been attacked by two or three regiments: however, I got the start of them, and secured all their guns (28), placing my own sentries over them; that is, four companies from the other corps, on whom I have every reason to believe I can depend, two being Najíb Hindustanis,* and one Muhammadan,—the men that accompanied my brother to Jellalabad and Kabul in 1842. It was a bold stroke; but success, as it generally does in such cases, attended it. You may fancy that I had an anxious night of it; however, I kept Mrs. Lawrence quiet. . . . Abbott and Nicholson's Muhammadan levies—the last, chiefly those I had sent him, ran away almost without firing a shot, though posted in the strongest position in Hazára, where 100 men could have resisted thousands! so there is little to be expected from such wretches. When I reproached the Urbábs,† they coolly replied that they never expected their men would stand against regular troops. They are a dastardly set; and I would not hesitate to attack 5000 of them with as many hundred Sings. Nicholson is perfectly furious; and poor Abbott, after feasting and paying them for months, to find them fail him at the last, was a severe shock to his mind. He now remains in Hazára against my advice, more as a point of honour than for any use he can be, for

* Mussalmán Hindustanis.

† Petty chiefs.

Chattar Sing has all the country. With Abbott are Robinson and Ingram. I want all to throw themselves into Attok, which I expect will be invested quickly. Herbert, my Drill Instructor, is in charge of the fort, with Muhammad Usman Khán, Nizám u Doula, and his son (Abbás Khán), as Deputies, and 1000 Khaiber Momands, Khataks, and others, as garrison. Nicholson is in the neighbourhood, ready to assist: he has proved himself a most active, energetic officer." The effect of this behaviour of the Musalmán levies is, that a brigade of Chattar Sing, with four guns, which they had stopped for three weeks in a difficult pass, were set at liberty to join Chattar Sing, who had advanced for that very purpose.

Major L. continues:—"I have withdrawn all the Attok boats from Kabblá to Kála Bágh, except two, and sent them with grain to Multán, to prevent Mr. Chattar Sing from crossing to this side, which he is said to meditate, to get my levies to join him. I have, as you may suppose, done my best to keep my force to their duty; but unless British troops are quickly sent to coerce the rebels, I can't expect to do so much longer. It is a month since I strongly urged the necessity for their immediate advance, and as yet not a man has been moved. . . . Two of Rajah Guláb Sing's regiments and two guns have joined the rebels at Bula—said to have *mutinied*; but that trick, I trust, will not serve the King of the Valley. . . . I have a letter just in from Kabul of the 18th, giving an account of 400 of the Amir's troops having been destroyed by the Hazarehs in the direction of Bamían. They were collecting revenue, and were detached in small parties, when

they were set on, and cut off in detail;—ten men only escaped to tell the tale. The Amir is said to have ordered off all his available troops; so that he has enough on hand, as I have always thought, to engage him. Mrs. L. and the Babas are flourishing; the climate agrees with them, and she is sorry to be under the necessity of leaving.”

A letter of September 22nd, from Mrs. L., mentions that she was to start that night for Lahore, under an escort of 500 Afghan horsemen, and to go by byways in hopes of escaping Chatter Sing. It is a most perilous journey, especially encumbered as she is with two such young children. C. says he would have preferred sending the baby with a native nurse quietly to Lahore. It would have been much safer for the child, and she could then have ridden with her escort in case of need; whereas in a Palki she must encumber them dreadfully, and if Chatter Sing intercepts them, I do not see what they can do but fight.

The price of everything is rising frightfully, owing to the want of rain. Bhusa (bran) is thirty seers the rupee; a little while ago, it was 100 seers the rupee. Gram (a kind of small pea, the Cece of Italy), on which horses and cattle are fed, is twenty-six sirs, instead of from forty to fifty the rupee; and this morning our servants could only get eight annas' (one shilling's) worth of Bhusa in the Bazár! No grass whatever is to be had for the horses; and we see strings of camels going out in all directions to get food for the artillery cattle. We met a string of them the other morning: they could get neither Bhusa nor Gram, and were going out again with a vague hope of being able to obtain a

little wheat. A large army is to be formed somewhere in this neighbourhood, but how it is to be fed nobody knows. The Commander-in-Chief is expected down, and the Governor-General up almost immediately.

We have just heard from Multan, September 28th.—“We are sadly in want of a 9-pounder battery, one troop of Horse Artillery, and as many European and Native regiments as can be spared.” The Commander-in-Chief is entitled to the gratitude of us all, for his foresight in anticipating the General’s requisition for more troops, and the promptness with which he has sent his orders. The besieging party is always supposed to be of overwhelming force in comparison to the besieged. In attacking a fortress, the first thing is to drive every enemy within the walls, and the first parallel is generally commenced about 600 or 800 yards from the outworks. (The Duke generally began at 600.) Here we have an army far surpassing ours in numbers; a very strong fortress, and very extensive suburbs to take first; unless, indeed, we attack on the north-east, which will, I hope, be the plan adopted. We must, therefore, have a very large force before we can look for anything like success. Two Sikh regiments and four guns joined Mulraj last night, and great were the rejoicings in consequence. The prisoners have not been hung or shot; on the contrary, they are very well treated, and have plenty of beer and brandy, as Mulraj took all General Cortland’s mess stores.”

Tuesday, October 10th, 1848.—I received a note from Major Lawrence on Sunday, in which he says in reply to mine:—“It is a comfort to find that although

one's Government seems to forget one, there are friends who do not." He speaks of the burden of anxiety from which the departure of his dear wife and children has relieved him; says that his troops are still "well in hand," and that he had "that morning, September 30th, put their obedience to a strong test by despatching a battery to Attock. It must have been gall and wormwood to them to see the guns start to fight against their brethren, but there were no signs of mutiny." He adds—"If it comes to a brush, which in all human probability it will unless British troops quickly appear on the Jelum, I have no fears for my life, though my liberty may be endangered, for I believe I have many friends among these people." He expresses his firm trust in Him who alone can help, and adds—"God has been very good to me and mine." C. sent his note on to Mr. Elliott, Secretary to Government. We are daily more anxious to hear of Mrs. Lawrence's arrival at Lahore. She ought to have come in on the 2nd, and a carriage Dâk, with a party of Skinner's Horse, were sent to meet her, but they did not know which road she would take.

To-day we hear that poor Sir Frederick Currie attempted to smuggle upwards of a lakh and a half (about 15,000*l.*) and many commissariat stores to General Whish, by sending them down the river wholly unguarded! As a matter of course Mulraj has appropriated them all. Mr. Cocks, the first Assistant at Lahore, has been urging Sir F. Currie, as a matter of needful precaution, to take possession of Govindghar. Sir Frederick hesitated and objected, but Mr. Cocks would not be denied. He himself started with Skinner's Horse and the 1st Native Infantry. He went ahead

with the cavalry, took possession of the fort (which commands Amritsir, the Sacred City of the Sikhs, and is very strong) and turned out the small Darbár garrison, who heaped unspeakable abuse on the heads of the intruders. Had they been a day later in all probability they could not have got in. The 1st Native Infantry came up the next day, and in this so-called dismantled fortress they have already discovered fifty guns buried. General Whish's force still remain in *statu quo*. They have sent the Sappers to Shoojahabad, and Mulraj has hitherto left them in peace.

I have been riding almost every morning lately, on a Bokhara Galloway C. has bought for me, which is so good-tempered, that I took a ride on him by myself the first time he ever had a side-saddle on his back. His paces are good, but he is lazy, and I had some trouble to keep him from turning in at every Shahzadeh's house we passed. Hasan Khán's women were very much amused at my habit and called me their Sahib. We often stop on parade. I and the other ladies of the Sikh ka Pultan (Sikh Regiment) have been flattered at the surprise we have excited by never quarrelling. Colonel H., who commands the station, periodically exclaims, "five ladies and four gentlemen, and no quarrels yet!!" for never was anything like the discord and spite that prevails in almost every other corps.

Two of Prince Shahpur's children came the other day for medicine. The little boy has the whooping cough—the little girl has weak eyes. She is a very pretty little wilful thing, who took a great fancy to my husband. We showed them the picture of their grandfather, Shah Shujah, and the little Shahzadeh immediately put his hand to his forehead and said, "Salám aleikum" to it. I went the other day, for the first time,

to Nabi Baksh's shop. He is the chief merchant here. Such a curious jumble of things, I suppose, is hardly to be found except at a Jew pawnbroker's. Dish covers, coffee-pots, writing-paper, pistols, shoes and Stilton cheeses, Mangnall's Questions and jam, wools and warming-pans! We have driven almost every evening lately on the Course, where a really good road has been made since last year. General Ventura rode by us for some time the other night, and told us that Padre Ventura, the Pope's Secretary, is his own great nephew. He spoke of him as a man full of energy and fire, like a volcano, very honest and out-spoken, "*pas du tout diplomate, c'est à dire menteur,*" but full of talent. He said that when he spoke to him of India, and subjects entirely unknown to him, he understood it all before General Ventura had half done, and made a flying leap to the conclusion, which was always the right one. He is a Dominican monk. General Ventura also saw and heard Ciceroacchio, whose eloquence has gained him such extraordinary influence over the Roman populace. He spoke of him as a man "*fort désintéressé.*"

We were much interested in a poor Afghán, whose wife was very ill with fever. We rode to see her every morning for some days, but she died. She was a Hindustani, with a very pleasing expression. He said one day, "She has been very good wife to me, I do not know what I shall do if she dies," and his eyes filled with tears.

As there is a dearth of public news just now, I will tell you a story Mr. Rothney related, and two facts worthy of note. When Mr. Rothney was coming out to India, the chief officer of the ship, Mr. Mereweather, was speaking of sailors not knowing how to swim, and

said that he himself could not swim in the least. Two or three days after they fell in with a ship that had struck in Algoa Bay. The weather was rough and threatening, but a boat was lowered, Mr. Mereweather took the helm, they reached the ship in safety, and returned again and again, until every one was safe on board their own ship. One of the passengers of the wreck then stepped forward and said that a sick lady had been forgotten. Although the sea was becoming more dangerous every moment, the young chief officer immediately called for volunteers. The finest men in the ship offered themselves, but they had hardly left the ship when a tremendous wave swamped the boat and hardly a man was saved. Two seamen supported the young officer for some time, until he desired them to save themselves, which one succeeded in doing. The passenger himself was drowned, and it was discovered that the wretched man's story of there being a sick lady on board was entirely false: he had sacrificed the lives of these brave men in the hope of saving some of his property.

My two other facts are these: Lieutenant Lake, the gallant young Engineer, who now commands Bhawal Khán's troops, saved Loodiana from being pillaged by the Sikhs at Christmas 1845, by putting up black posts with conspicuous white marks on them, at certain distances in full view of the invaders, who fancying either that these showed where mines were prepared, or at least that we had guns covering those points, carefully abstained from approaching them.

The other is: that the Engineer who built the 50th Lines, which were blown down from having been constructed so slightly, received a reprimand from his superiors for having made them too strong, as Lord Ellen-

brough only wished them to be built to last two years. When the catastrophe occurred, the survivors of the 50th rushed out furiously, intending to murder the unfortunate Engineer, but they found he had died a short time previous. In the inquiry subsequently ordered the above letter was not produced; but Mr. Boustead, the Chaplain, saw it with his own eyes. It is said to have since disappeared.

Yesterday, the 9th, we drove to the Mission Compound to take leave of our friends, the Newtons and Janviers, who are going for three months to a meeting of the Synod at Agra. We have just heard from Multán, that one of the Sepáhis who absconded from Lahore on the first outbreak, has been seized by some of his former comrades who saw him bathing. He has since been serving under Mulraj, and it is supposed came into camp to win over some of our men.

We were much amused the other morning by meeting two little boys of about seven to nine years old, Sepahis children, who made a military salute, and then asked "What news from thence?" meaning Multán, where their fathers now are.

I was relating to Rothney, the Hibernian Von der Decken's story of the two Hanoverian ladies, one the wife and the other the widow of a Hof-Marschall, who respectively claimed precedence. The widow backed her claim by the fact of her husband having been a Knight of the Lion; but the wife of the actual Hof-Marschall retorted that her husband was a Knight of the Elephant of Danemark, and that a living elephant was better than a dead lion.

Mr. Rothney said exactly the same dispute was now going on in humble life in Mrs. D.'s Compound. Her head or Sirdar bearer has lately died, and there is a

grand dispute between his widow and the wife of his successor, as to which is to be called "Sirdári." He also told us that not very long ago, the husband of Mrs. D.'s Dhai (or wet-nurse) made a great commotion in their Compound, which ended by his lying in wait to assault Dr. D. when he came home. He was taken up and put in prison for so doing, and while he was undergoing his sentence he was discovered to be a Thug, and hanged. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. D. still keeps the woman.

Mr. Davies, the Assistant-Commissioner here, discovered a gang of Thugs. Another officer, however, got all the credit and the appointment as Suppressor of Thuggi, with 200 or 300 rupees additional per month, and has been lauded in the papers as "that active and energetic officer."

Monday, October 16th.—Mrs. C. and Mrs. B. came home quite exhausted from church yesterday; the Brigade-Major having stopped the Phankahs. The service is at sunrise and sunset. It is very much hotter than it was this time last year. We then left off Phankahs the 30th of October, now we cannot bear them to be stopped for an hour. The thermometer was then about 72° in the house, now it is 84°.

Since we came here C. goes as usual to the Mission Chapel in the evening, and I generally drive with him, and sit quietly in one of our friends' the Missionaries' houses during the service. As Mr. Rudolph is now left alone, C. helped him by reading the eighth of Romans for him, and added some remarks.

We have just heard that Mrs. Lawrence has arrived safely at Peshawur,* having been obliged to return owing to the impossibility of reaching Lahore. This

* This was a mistake, she had arrived at Kohát.

will encourage the mutineers at Peshawur very much, for they will argue that if she with a regiment of Afghán horse could not reach Lahore, succours from Lahore are not likely to reach Peshawur.

I have just heard that the Royal Rifles were to begin their march from Karráchi to Tatta on the night of the 6th. It is a curious way of doing things, but the Sind Staff are to have nothing to do with this expedition. The General, Adjutant-General, and most strange to say, the Quartermaster-General, are to be furnished from Bombay. The niggardliness of the Bombay Government has made moving troops in Sinds a very difficult matter; they first denuded the Commissariat establishment, and then sent an officer expressly to economise still further. Carriage has been scarcely procured for the march to Tatta, whence they are to go to Sukkur by the river, but none can be got for the Bombay Fusiliers, and consequently they have to be sent round to the mouth of the river by steamers, to be conveyed thence by boat. All this just shows the inexpediency of putting civilians in what are and will be for ten years to come purely military positions. Mr. Pringle may be a first-rate Commissioner, but a soldier is wanted at this moment in Sinde.

The Government seem to have pushed forward all the civilians to the frontier—Mr. Pringle in Sinds, Sir F. Currie in the Punjab, while they have carefully packed most military men, who know the country, out of the way.

The Commander-in-Chief is expected in about a week, and it is thought he will take the command at Multán himself. As for not having troops to send to Peshawur, two regiments are enough for this place. C. said only this morning, that he was sure

he could raise five hundred Afgháns almost at an hour's notice, and they would be invaluable at Peshawur. Certainly one regiment could be spared from Lahore. I wish they would send C. up with such a force, including his own men, it would repay Major Lawrence for his gallant offer of succouring him in the Kila-i-Nishán Khán. I would part with him willingly for such a purpose, for I feel boiling over with indignation and shame at the apathy shown to the fate of a brave man, to say nothing of his wife and babes.

If Peshawur falls, I suppose Attok will go too, and the delays have deferred the commencement of the campaign so late, that unless it is quite one of the "Veni, vidi, vici" kind, there is every probability of its being prolonged till next hot weather; the very thing that these delays were intended to avoid.

CHAPTER VII.

Augmentation of Army.—Ball Practice.—Taking a Fort.—Glengarry Bonnets.—English Vultures.—Orders and Counterorders.—An Oppressed Choukedar.—Sawâr's Opinions.—Shameful Confiscations.—Sir R. Shakespeare and Lieutenant Edwardes.—Hot Coffee.—Infant Hercules.—Bonnets and the Granthi.—The Commander-in-Chief's Camp.—Allopathy.—Discipline of Regiment.—Fifty Lashes.—Fall of Peshawar.—Brigadier Cureton thwarted.—Multân.—Mulraj's Terms.—Ambush at Ramnagar.—“Oranges and Lemons.”—Story of an Armenian Girl.—General Ventura.—Affairs at Lahore.—General Thackwell's Action.—Night alarm.—Breaking jail.—Dragoons.—Account of Thackwell's Action.—Advantage Lost.—Christian Soldiers.—Capture of Major and Mrs. Lawrence.—Peshawar.—Treasure Party of Three Sepâhi.—General Cureton's Death.—Presentation of Colours.—Governor-General's Entry.—Mr. J. Lawrence.—Major * * at Budi Pind.—Persian Politeness.—Critique on our way of eating.—German Missionaries.—Second Siege of Multân.—New Year's Day.—Panic of 4th Bombay Rifles.—Town Taken.

THE “Gazette” on Saturday contains an order for augmenting every Infantry regiment by 200 men, 10 Havildars, and 10 Náiks, and for raising the Cavalry to 500 Sawárs each regiment, thus restoring the exact number which Lord Hardinge discharged. Of course the donations given to the discharged men

are thrown away; this amount would have nearly paid the men for a year, and we should now have had efficient soldiers, instead of raw recruits. Two of C.'s native officers speaking to him on the subject, made this very remark, saying: "It is well known that a soldier is not worth his salt until he has served a year and a day;" and they confessed that in regiments beyond a certain strength, no confidence was felt in the Government by the younger soldiers. They say, "I may be discharged before I get a pension; of what use is it being a good soldier?"

This morning C. took me a walk to his parade-ground—one company were at ball-practice. Out of 252 shots 220 hit the target at 100 yards, which is wonderfully good in comparison to the regular and European regiments. They say that in action half the men, both English and native, get bewildered, start and fire up into the air, or anywhere, instead of taking cool, deliberate aim. My husband once saw the 44th Queen's fire at a body of Afgháns within twenty yards, without knocking over a single man or horse. Half of this company, however, are Afgháns, who are accustomed to handle a gun from childhood, and the rest remarkably fine Sikhs.

We hear that Bannu, which, since Lieut. Edwardes left, has been held by a man in whom he had great confidence, has fallen into the hands of the Sikhs, this native officer having been killed. Shere Sing has left Multán, it is supposed for Bannu. There is much jealousy and mutual distrust between Mulráj and Shere Sing, which proves that the phantom of a far-seeing, wide-spreading plot, with Guláb Sing for its secret mover, and which, in the disordered imaginations of some (among whom, strange to say, is even Major

Mackeson) is likely to “shake our empire to its foundations,” and so forth, is but a nightmare.

Wheeler’s Brigade have been marching about the Jallander Doab, and are now ordered to summon two small rebel forts. One of them, Ramghar Mongh, has refused terms; it is to be well shelled, the gate burst open and stormed, no quarter is to be given. I think there are about 800 men in it. They are hard at work to-day. It is about thirty or forty miles from this. The Glengarry bonnets for the regiment have arrived. C. tried the pattern one on Subádár Sudiál Sing and some of the guard. It was so becoming to them that they fully appreciated it, and immediately began to pull out their side curls and brush them up over their bonnet. We think even the shaven Afgháns will begin to cultivate love locks. The next morning all the native officers pronounced them very good. The bonnets are much higher than usual and have a very soldierly appearance. C. told one handsome young Orderly, that “now he looked like a Sepahí, but before like a Baníáh.” I sent for a looking-glass, and his face expanded with smiles when he saw himself. The high bonnet holds the Sikh’s hair beautifully, and as the strict ones believe that cutting their hair or wearing a Topi (hat) endangers their salvation, I suggested that they should be carefully instructed that this was not a Topi, and Mr. Rothney says he shall teach them to say “bonnet.” All the rosettes have to be made, so Mr. Rothney and I had to enter into all manner of intricate calculations as to the quantity of ribbon which could be allotted to each. Mrs. Bean and I have lent our tailors and they are now at work. The colours are come and are very handsome, of rich silk. The Queen’s colour is the Union Jack. The

regimental colour a rich yellow, with a small Union Jack in the corner, and in the centre a beautifully embroidered wreath of oak-leaves with "4th regiment Sikh Local Infantry" within. The badge on the bonnet is C.'s crest,—the burning heart between two palm-branches.

Hasan Khán came this morning and brought five guinea fowls. I had given him the eggs and he intended to eat the birds, but a learned council assembled at Dehli had pronounced them to be English vultures—first, because they had hairs on their faces; and secondly, because they had horns on their heads! "He said he knew very well that they were very good for food, but added, if I were to eat them, these Hindustánis would say, that I ate birds that fed on dead bodies!"

Wednesday, 17th October.—Heard that they have taken Ramghar with the loss of only four lives; one casualty was owing to a shot going clear over the fort and hitting one of our own men on the other side. They shelled the fort, and made no attempt to intercept those who came out of it, so when our troops entered it was found completely empty, the dead having been burnt, and the wounded carried off. It is very strong, with a large store of grain, and would have cost many lives had it been stormed. It is now being levelled to the ground; and another fort, twenty miles distant, is to be similarly treated. Got the General Orders for the formation of the "Army of the Panjáb." Seven Brigades of Infantry, four of Cavalry (all of three regiments each), and Artillery and Engineers in proportion. We are amused at the delusion the Queen, Lords, and Commons are under, that the war has been finished by Lieutenant Edwardes. It has not yet begun. What

could he do? He asked for guns to take Multán. They hampered him with Shir Sing on one hand, and General Whish on the other. The troops at Multán are in excellent health; but nearly distracted with impatience and *ennui*. Shír Sing is off to join his father, Chàttar Sing, and there is nobody to say nay.

October 26th, 1848.—I never could have imagined anything like the delays and indecision evinced by the authorities. Colonel Eckford was sent to Ferozpur by Dak, to take the command of his brigade, which was ordered to march for Multan immediately. It was then counterordered. The other day an express arrived from the Commander-in-Chief, desiring him to march forthwith. He did so: having made three marches he has been peremptorily recalled! Think how provoking this must be to the force at Multan. It was the same with a detachment of Jacob's famous Sind Horse, who were ordered up to join General Whish's force. They were then recalled, but they had made such good haste, that the Lieutenant commanding wrote back that he had already put himself in communication with General Whish, who had sent an express ordering him to advance without delay. It is not expected that the Bombay troops will be assembled at Sakkar before the 15th November.

An Afghán Choukedar, whom my husband had procured for a lady, came not long after to complain that she not only expected him to keep awake all the night, but likewise employed him all the day. He said, "For my own credit, and for the Khán's (meaning Hasan Khán, who recommended him), and for yours, I am very vigilant: I watch the whole night, and never go to sleep; and then this 'Mem' sends me messages to go to the Bazár, and to press workmen for her, at the risk of

being laid hold of by the Kòtwál (Mayor), and to do fifty other things. I am your servant, you may throw me into the river if you like, but I cannot go without sleep night and day!"

Mr. Rothney is in despair at the slowness of the tailors who are making up the cockades for the regiment. Some of his thirteen have deserted him, but I have succeeded in getting seven divided into two rival parties, the one headed by an old tailor, the other by a young one, and they are now hard at work at the end of the drawing-room. I am obliged to cut the ribbon into proper lengths for them, lest they should steal any.

This morning C. rode out to Filór, to bring in Miss Wilson: on his way he met some Sawárs of the 2nd Irregular Cavalry, who rode with him to Filór, and spoke very freely to him, especially one of them, by name Mansab Dar Khán Daroga, of the 5th troop (a Daroga is a non-commissioned officer who has charge of all the horses). They gave their opinion of divers European officers: "One they pronounced hated by his men on account of his temper. Major Tait they praised up to the skies: so they did Captain Liptrot. The Daroga, who has been upwards of twenty-five years in the service and never even in the guard-house, complained bitterly of the government. He and his comrades had lately returned from furlough. He said, "When we got to our villages, what do you think we found? The magistrate, by order of the Haqím of Akberabad (Mr. Thomason, of Agra), had confiscated our Jághirs (lands) granted to our forefathers for solid services done in Lord Lake's time. If it were not for the war, I would petition the Govern-

ment at once, and if they did not grant my petition I would throw up the service. But now it is war time, I know what a soldier's honour requires. I will not petition now as if I were selling my services, but after the war I *will* petition." Mr. Wilson, of Moradabad, protested vehemently against the resumption of these Jāghirs. It is truly what the Darogah called it, Barrā Zulīm, "great oppression;" but quite in accordance with the system of seeking the apparent gain of the Government, at the expense of justice and public gratitude, and, therefore, of sound policy.

Sir Richmond Shakespeare arrived while I was writing this. I was much pleased with his manly, frank manner and generous defence of Lieutenant Edwardes, whom the artillery here meanly try to depreciate because he is an infantry, and General Whish an artillery officer. Sir Richmond Shakespeare, who is an artilleryman himself, said he had already had several battles in his behalf, and when he next meets any one who depreciates Lieutenant Edwardes, he intends to make him a low bow and say: "Sir, your opinion arises from the envy of conscious mediocrity." I cannot understand so petty a feeling. Mr. Edwardes richly deserves the Brevet and C.B. for what he has done; although, no doubt, people will throw blame on him for not having fulfilled their own expectations. They now accuse him of boasting, whereas not one of his despatches has been published, so no one can tell what he said. Certainly, Lieutenant Lake and General Cortlands should also obtain their well-earned reward. Sir Richmond Shakespeare has a good deal of humour. He told us, having once met Dr. B. on a Dak trip, when the latter was detained for want of bearers,

to comfort him, he made some coffee with his own hands for him, and just as they had done, a set of bearers came up, and while Captain Shakespeare was still busy about something or other, Dr. B. seized the opportunity, and without offering to make any arrangement with his entertainer, laid hold of the bearers and marched off, still warm with the coffee. When on the release of the captives, in Afghánistan, Dr. B. came to Sir Richmond Shakespeare to complain that he had no tattú, the latter remembered the coffee and would not give him one.

Monday, October 29th.—The Commander-in-Chief came in yesterday morning, I am sorry to say. It is a pity he had not made a forced march so as to arrive on Saturday, or stay where he was until to-day. As he left early this morning I did not see his camp, except at a distance. Saturday evening I took some ladies to see Hasan Khán's wives. Captain Williamson, of the Commissariat having ridden by us, I asked him to come in. On hearing a Sahíb had come with us, they were very curious to know whose Sahíb he might be. When we said none of ours, they asked if he were a brother? No. Then why did he come with us? So I told them, to take care of us, for the way was long and he night was dark, which satisfied them. I had a cameo brooch, Leilá Bibí looked and seemed a little shocked. She said to Bibi Sahib, "It is a man and he is naked!" so the other did not look at it. We were not going to sit there under the imputation of having little naked men on our brooches, so we explained that it was the infant Hercules strangling the Serpent, and told them the fable.

On Sunday, after the Lord's Supper, Mr. Rudolph

asked C. to address the little congregation in English, which he did. Last Sunday C. read a sermon of Mr. Cheyne's to relieve Mr. Rudolph, who has now the whole of the services in both the Mission and City Chapels. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph were delighted with it. Mr. R. said he could listen to such a sermon for two hours.

October 8th, 1848.—Poor Mrs. M., whose husband was killed at Multán, arrived on Saturday from Lahore, *viâ* Jallander. She is very young, with one fine little baby; and her quiet, deep grief is more touching than more vehement outward demonstrations of sorrow would be. She left on Monday: it is impossible not to feel deeply for her. Sir F. Currie did not consider it safe for her to come by Firozpúr; so she was obliged to forfeit her Dák money, and come *viâ* Jalandar.

No news, except that Colonel Cureton's and Colonel Eckford's brigades have really advanced to Lahore, and have crossed the Rávi to the north of it. We heard from Colonel B. yesterday, that the Commander-in-Chief only intended to stay two days at Firozpúr, and then immediately to push on across the Rávi, to "bate the Sakhs" under Chattar Sing, and I hope secure the safety of Major Lawrence and his family.

The other day I rode to parade, to see the caps which had been served out. There was no opposition on the part of the Sikhs, only some private scruples; and one or two deserted before pay-day,—it is supposed in consequence of their fear of the Topí. Mr. Rothney sent for the Granthi, who informed him that for a Sikh to wear anything on his head through which a needle had passed would, according to their creed, subject the offender and his family for seven generations

to perdition. Mr. Rothney explained that this did not apply to the bonnets, as they were part of their uniform as soldiers; moreover, that they had enlisted on the condition of wearing a Topí, whatever might be the consequences, and murmurers would be immediately confined in the quarter-guard; so thanks to these appeals to conscience and comfort, no difficulty was made. The men looked exceedingly well. C. walked between the ranks, occasionally cocking a bonnet a little more. One intelligent Síkh Jemádar he asked if his bonnet were not a little tight; and on his answering in the affirmative, altered its position a little, saying, "Large wit requires a large head—that is why it is tight;" whereupon the Jemádar looked quite pleased, and, metaphorically speaking, swallowed the Topí with a good grace.

Both General Gilbert and the Commander-in-Chief were much struck with the appearance of the men. The main guard in the city was composed of very fine men: they saluted the old Chief in fine style; and when Mr. Rothney went down afterwards, and asked if the Jang-i Lord (War Lord) had passed, "Oh, yes," cried they, with the greatest animation, "and we gave him *such* a good salute!"

C. rode out with the Commander-in-Chief's camp on Monday, October 30th, to spend the day with his old kind friends, Colonel Birch and Colonel Garden. The gallant old Chief sent for him as soon as he heard he was in camp, and asked his opinion on the coming campaign. Inquired if he could depend on his men, and how many Afgháns he thought he could raise at a pinch in Loodiana. He told him that he had urged the Government to re-enlist the men who were dis-

banded last year, so early as May, and had entreated them to lay in stores of grain, which could then have been bought at half the price at which it is now sold here, and about a quarter of what they are paying for it at Firozpúr. All these suggestions being neglected, they are now obliged to weaken the regiments, by sending out parties to recruit; and the recruits will probably not be obtained till the war is over: they are obliged to buy grain at famine price, and everything has been done in a hurry. He said at that time that there would probably be a rising in the Panjáb.

General Gilbert, who called on me the same day, told me he saw letters from the Chief last May, urging all these measures. Now nobody knows what is to be done. The Chief has no instructions from Government, and the Governor-General is not expected at Amballa until the 12th of December! He has told nobody what he intends doing, and perhaps does not know himself, as he may be waiting for instructions from the Home Authorities. My husband dined with the Commander-in-Chief, who said grace himself very reverently. He had been out shooting, both morning and evening, and therefore fell asleep more than once after dinner.

All this, and much more, C. related to me when he came back; but one thing I only found out a day or two afterwards. This was, that when he got into camp, all his philosophy and love of peace vanished: he started off like a war-horse, at the first sound of the trumpet, and assailed Colonel Grant—the Adjutant-General, and Colonel Garden, to employ him as a volunteer. He offered to help Colonel Grant; to do a little Quartermaster-generalship with Colonel Garden;

in fact, to do anything they liked, without pay. He did not speak to the old Chief, or I think the latter would have taken him. Now while he was on this business, he most unexpectedly fell in with Mr. Rothney, his Adjutant, who had come out on the very same errand, only with *malice prepense*, whereas C. had no intention of doing so when he started. Great was the surprise of both parties, and vehement and simultaneous were the interrogations, "What brought *you* here?" C. was most indignant at the idea of losing his pearl of an adjutant, and Mr. Rothney was perfectly dismayed at the possibility of C.'s deserting his regiment, and thus lessening its chance of being ordered on service. However, in riding home they mutually agreed to complain of each other to me. This they did, and after much mirth and feigned indignation against each other they both confessed, and we pronounced Mr. B. the only steady and trustworthy man in the regiment.

One of the finest men in the regiment, a young Sikh, deserted the other day, as is supposed, from fear of Allopathic treatment. He had been to hospital for some slight disorder, and while there got such a horror of strong doses, operations, &c., &c., that he ran off! I commend his wisdom, and think that, as a consistent Homœopathist, C. cannot punish him if he is caught.

I have never told you of C.'s system of managing his regiment. A commanding-officer has hardly any power at all beyond inflicting extra drills. Any serious case must be tried by court-martial, and confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief; the consequence is, that the delay neutralizes the effect of the punishment. A sailor knows that his offence will meet summary chas-

tisement within thirty-six hours; a soldier knows that flaws may be found in the charges, legal technicalities may make a loophole for him to escape, and that at anyrate he cannot be punished under some weeks, if not months. Now, who cares for punishment some weeks hence? A thoughtful or rational person, but not a child or a common soldier, either European or native. As my husband is a joint magistrate, he takes advantage of this power to inflict summary punishment on his men.

The European soldiers make so light of a few lashes that, talking of the Duke's weakness in yielding to the modern idea that a regiment can be managed like a boarding-school of young ladies (forgetful of the strict discipline on which his own Peninsular successes were based), Major Troup told us of an instance at Cawnpore where a soldier, on the promulgation of the new regulations, limiting the number of lashes to fifty, offered to take as many for a glass of gin; his comrades inflicted them with all their might, and he drank off the gin afterwards as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Rothney says C. is a very stern judge; there is only *one* instance of a deserter being let off, and this, coupled with the fact that men have been caught a year or eighteen months after their desertion, has established the idea in the men's minds that it is of no use to try, for that it is impossible to escape. General Ventura told me that he knew that "M. Mackenzie est excessivement aimé de ses soldats." They are quite satisfied with the system of swift sharp punishment, for they know that it is just and not excessive, and they see how he studies their comfort and welfare. He has just given them all the vegetable seeds we got

from England, with which they are delighted; but I suppose no one knows (except myself) of the pain and suffering it costs him to sentence a man to punishment.

The gardens in the lines already look very nice. Every native officer has one, and many of the Havildars, but I have been obliged to send for more seeds for the men.

November 13th.—We hear that Pesháwar has really fallen. The fate of Attok is not known. Major and Mrs. Lawrence are safe in Kokât, but we have not heard from them.

It is said that a mutiny forced Major Lawrence to fly. C. is decidedly of opinion that he ought not to have employed any Najibs (Panjábí Muhammadans), for, from long servitude under the Sikhs, they have become a most vile and treacherous race, like the Greeks under the Turks. He (Major L.) had seen them fail, too, in the case of Captain Abbot. C. would have turned all the Panjábís out of the fort, except the artillerymen, just to work the guns—taking the whole of these into the fort, garrisoning it with Eusufzais and other Afgháns, and setting a stout Afghán guard over every gun to see that the artillerymen did not play us false, by putting in the ball before the powder, or otherwise.

He advised Major L., long ago, to call in the Afghán tribes, but he does not seem to have done so. Had this plan been carried out, and blood once drawn between the Afgháns and Sikhs, no after-alliance between them would have been possible. However, we are very thankful he is safe, and the Government deserve to lose Pesháwar for their delay in succouring

it. Brigadier Cureton is pushing on with a fine force (though weak in Infantry) towards Shere Sing, who is encamped and entrenched on the *further* side of the Chinab; but just as Brigadier Cureton was about to attack him, an express arrived from the Commander-in-Chief, desiring him to do nothing until his arrival. This is a great pity, for the Brigadier has 7000 men, including the 2d Europeans and H. M.'s 3d and 14th Dragoons (three splendid regiments), and Shere Sing has only 20,000, half of whom are rabble.

Now, if he is wise, he will effect a junction with Chatter Sing and keep in the hilly country, where our cavalry will be next to useless. The population of the Panjáb seems generally hostile to us.

14th.—Heard from Captain Conran, from Lahore, that the Commander-in-Chief arrived there on the 13th, and “Durbár folks went out to meet him with a gay cavalcade and salute, as if they had been honest men.”

Brigadier Campbell (a tried and good soldier) has at last got into the field. He would have taken H. M.'s 53d with him, but for *want of carriage!* so they are left to garrison the citadel of Lahore. This is the way in which matters have been mismanaged.

Multán, which of late has been exceedingly prosy, has at last an interesting page in its siege. Our troops had been annoyed for about five or six days by the enemy, who had been allowed to erect a battery in such a position as greatly to annoy our lines. On the 6th, soon after daybreak, the enemy opened their guns on a party who were on duty in an advanced battery. A letter gives the following account:—“We returned their fire. There were several men in front

annoying us by firing into the embrasures of the battery. Armstrong, of the 72nd Native Infantry, volunteered to drive them off with two companies of his regiment, which he did in very gallant style; but finding the enemy getting too strong for him, he sent in for reinforcements, when the remainder of the 72nd went out, and three companies of H.M.'s 32nd followed—in fact we had no more left in the trenches. The firing all the time very heavy, and the ground in rear of the battery ploughed up. The men having expended nearly all their ammunition (why had they none in reserve?) were ordered to retire; the enemy followed them on making the discovery, and came up within 100 yards of our position. I went towards the camp for reinforcements, when I met Colonel Young and five companies of his regiment (H.M.'s 10th) drawn up out of range; I asked him to push on, which he did; the enemy were driven back; our loss, I am sorry to say, is some forty killed and wounded.

“A plan of attack was then determined on, which, as usual, was talked about beforehand. An officer named Binney was sent down at night to occupy the battery with two guns, as the heavy guns, &c., were withdrawn, and our troops relieved by a regiment of Cortlandt's. Half an hour after midnight seven companies of Cortlandt's regiment commenced firing their muskets, and then deserted to the enemy, leaving Binney with 300 Rohillas to guard his guns, and he was not reinforced for several hours! Our grand attack was put off until ten A.M. in consequence of the above desertion, the deserters having carried over news of our intentions. Mulráj attacked Edwardes at sunrise, and actually got up to his eight-gun battery,

which had been made about a mile in advance of the camp, to keep down the fire of the enemy who had come out in force with guns, made batteries, and were firing right into Edwardes's camp. The said battery did no good in keeping down the enemy's fire, but the Sikhs were gallantly repulsed by Edwardes's force, who behaved like heroes. I believe Mulráj's men actually charged and took the battery, when Sheikh Imám-ud-Din came to the rescue and drove them back. Edwardes sent to the General for assistance, and ten horse-artillery guns were immediately despatched with the 11th Cavalry, Wheeler's Irregulars, and the Infantry who had been paraded for the intended attack. They crossed the bridge in Edwardes's camp, and advancing well to flank and rear of the enemy, wheeled and advanced in echelon. The enemy were routed, the cavalry charged with great gallantry on the right, and the affair was concluded. It was led by Brigadier Markham of H.M.'s 32nd (a singularly gallant and good officer). As our cavalry and Anderson's Troop of Horse Artillery were retiring, the enemy's matchlock-men annoyed them exceedingly. The foe also turned two guns against us, but fortunately the shot went over our heads. We have taken five guns, and Edwardes two. Harri Sing, the commandant of the artillery, was taken mortally wounded, and died in the afternoon." General Whish wrote to Mulráj, offering the body, but in answer Mulráj thanked the General for his kindness, but said that after the seizure of his Vakils by Sir F. Currie, he did not feel justified in sending any more messengers to the British. It is said that long ago he offered to Sir F. Currie to surrender on condition that he should be tried by a jury of British officers, and he reiterated

this in his letter to General Whish, adding that he had no wish to fight, but had been driven to it.

· On Sunday, November 26th, we heard of a skirmish having taken place at Ramnaggar, near Lahore, in which General Cureton (that fine old soldier), Colonel Havelock, and others, have been killed.

It appears that, on the evening of the 22nd, Colonel Pope's brigade and others were warned to be in readiness when the generale should sound from the Commander-in-Chief's tent. They waited till long past four A.M. the next morning, and then found that the old chief had marched off at two A.M. with H. M.'s 3rd and 14th Dragoons, the 5th and 8th Cavalry, and some Horse Artillery guns, as he said, to reconnoitre. Seeing some Bannu men in the distance, he ordered a charge to drive them off. As our Cavalry approached, theirs filed off to the right and left, leaving our men exposed to a tremendous fire from a battery on the opposite bank of the Chínáb, as well as from matchlock men concealed in all the ravines and nullahs, both of which the Sikh horsemen had masked up to that moment.

General Cureton and Havelock fell (the body of the latter not yet found): one of our guns stuck in the sand, and, with two wagons full of ammunition, fell into the hands of the enemy. Our small force suffered very severely—about 140 killed and wounded; among them, Captain Fitzgerald and poor young Captain Hardinge; also Lieutenant Holmes, of the Irregulars. A bad beginning of the campaign.

Dr. C. gives an account of the death of General Cureton:

“On the 21st November, General Cureton, Colonel

Alexander, Captains Ryley and Fitzgerald, and Dr. C. dined with Colonel Havelock: before noon the next day General Cureton and Colonel Havelock were dead, Colonel Alexander had lost his right arm at the shoulder, and the two others were wounded, Captain Fitzgerald mortally." Dr. C. says, "We were compelled to retire from the position where General Cureton fell. Lieutenant Holmes reported that it was already stripped; and it was not till the following day that some villagers, tempted by the reward of 300 rupees offered by the Commander-in-Chief, brought it in. Colonel Havelock's body was not recovered for many days, and when brought in it was headless.

The Commander-in-Chief began immediately throwing up batteries in front of the Sikh force. Chattar Sing has joined his son Shír Sing—thanks to our delays,—whereas, if General Cureton had been allowed to push across the Chináb at once, instead of waiting (as he was made to do) for the Commander-in-Chief, he would probably have cut off Shír Sing before his father could have joined him. They have sent the 8th Cavalry and another regiment to Lahore to bring out some more guns. They took a small fort *chemin faisant*, and the last we heard from camp was, that part of the force under General Campbell was crossing the river (on the 28th) to take the Sikhs in flank while the main body gave them work in front.

At Multán they are all quiet. The reports about Major Lawrence are so conflicting, that one knows not what to believe, and can only commend him, his wife, and little ones to the Almighty protection, in which he trusts. It was positively said that he was dead; then,

that he was a prisoner in the hands of Chattar Sing, having been taken in trying to reach Bháwalpur; then, that he was prisoner to Sultán Muhammad, who had got possession of Pesháwur; now the letters from Lahore say that he has been given up to Chattar Sing by Sultán Muhammad, the latter having been bribed to forego his national hatred to the Sikhs, by the possession of Pesháwur.

I fear from all this, that it is certain that Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Thompson, the apothecary's wife, are still in Kohát, and that Sultán Muhammad is too probably hostile.

The Bombay force is near Rorí, with no immediate prospect of moving on. The case stands thus: General Achmuty, who commands the Bombay troops, is senior to General Whish, and would, therefore, supersede him if he were to go to Multán. This the Commander-in-Chief does not wish, and, therefore, directed General Achmuty to stay behind and send the troops on: but this General Achmuty will not do; and keeps the troops back—first, to wait for the assembly of the whole force,—then, when the last detachment arrived, the commissariat was not ready; when that was complete, the Engineers were to be waited for, and now that everything is prepared, they are tarrying for the arrival of two or three large boxes of medicine, which, when they do come, must be sent by water, and not with the troops, and which, for the sake of the men, I hope may go to the bottom. Meanwhile, General Whish daily sends the most pressing entreaties for an advance, to which General Achmuty turns a deaf ear, and says he must wait for an answer from Lord Gough, to whom he has made a second reference on

the subject, his first having been in vain. He has forbidden Major Halkett, who commands the foremost detachment, to advance, on pain of being placed under arrest and brought to a court-martial. It is said that General Whish, on the other hand, will not take the responsibility on his own shoulders, by ordering Major Halkett to advance, but throws the onus on him, by writing entreating letters, and putting it to him whether he ought not to come on! It is a perfect game at "oranges and lemons," and sturdy General Achmuty keeps the Bombay force as yet on his side the frontier. It is clearly very wrong in him, for the public service suffers greatly by the delay.

Owing to some extraordinary mismanagement our army has no means of getting information, consequently they constantly stumble on the enemy quite unawares. Suleimán Khán, that prince of "Kundschafters," whom my husband recommended to Colonel Garden, is, I believe, the only man who procures intelligence for the army. He warned the authorities of the presence of the Sikh ambuscade at Ramnagar, and was scouted at for his pains. When his information was so tragically verified, instead of acknowledging his service, they scouted him still more out of spite.

Saturday, December 2nd.—A short time since, Mrs. Dempster, who speaks Hindustáni beautifully, accompanied me on a visit to Madame V., who had asked me to come and see her. She received us in the same room as before,—a long and rather handsome one, open on one side into a verandah, with a small closet at each end, which makes up the whole house. Her poor old mother was lying on some bedding, very ill; some of her nieces, in Hindustáni costume, sat on the

floor; but Madame V. herself was now dressed in the European style, with a pink silk dress, lace berthe, and beautiful pearl and emerald necklace, and seated on a chair like ourselves. She gave me the particulars of her niece's case:—About seven years ago, she received several messages from a Captain George F., saying he wished to marry her niece, who was then living under her protection. Finding him in earnest, she consented to see him, and represented that the girl was one of different complexion, language, and habits, to himself, but he still insisted.

She then showed him her niece—for all Oriental Christians make a point of the bride and bridegroom seeing each other at least once before marriage—and said, that of course as they were equally Christians, they must be married as such. He said he would marry her according to his own forms, and applied to Mr. Newton, who having remonstrated with him in vain, married them on the 23rd of May, 1842. Mrs. Newton was invited to the marriage-feast: they covered her with a green veil, and she saw Captain F.—who was quite unaware of the presence of a European lady—come in, sit down by his bride, take her hand affectionately, and finally conduct her home. About ten days after, he sent her back, and said he would have nothing more to say to her. They asked the reason, and his only reply was, that she did not suit him, and that if they troubled him, he would kill himself, and leave a paper saying that they had poisoned him. These poor women, brought up behind the Pardah, were frightened, and since then she has lived as a widow in her aunt's house. He has never contributed in any degree to her support. Her friends wish either

to have a divorce, or that he should make her a fit allowance. They produced his letters, which would have been ludicrous, from their style and spelling (*e. g.* "Widdow") had it not been for the meanness and deceit manifested in them. He described himself as belonging to (I think) "the Jones family," and "heir of the Mears estate," and all his relations as "people of rank," &c. He no doubt fancied the poor girl would have a large portion.

We went again about this business on Saturday, and a Persian petition has been drawn up for the Governor-General. This time Madame was dressed in a maize-coloured silk, with a purple satin flounce, and a fine white Kashmere shawl. She is still a very handsome woman. A two-branched plated candlestick stood, as usual, on the floor; but a little teapoy was brought with slices of apple, walnuts, and tea, one gold spoon and fork and one pewter one. We hope this poor girl may get justice done her at last.

General Ventura called on me a few days ago. He spoke of Lord Dalhousie as "*un homme éminent*," Lord Gough as "*fort loyal mais il ne peut s'exprimer*." He told us he had nearly quarrelled with Major M. for his preposterous ideas of "a general conspiracy with Guláb Sing at the bottom of it." The papers being filled with absurd suspicions about General Ventura's motives in coming to India (which simply were to get back his Jaghír), and speaking of him as if he were leagued with the Sikhs against the British, he, like a wise man, to prove the falsehood of these slanders, went to Firozpur, to stay with Major Mackeson himself; but he found to his great disgust that Major M. actually believed these re-

ports himself, so that he soon came away. C. and he agree that the affair has been nurtured into its present importance by our inaction and delays, which have encouraged every discontented man in the Panjáb to take up arms against us; and that there is no foundation for the fable of a general conspiracy. I heard from Captain Conran the other day: he gave us a sketch of the Citadel of Lahore, which is overlooked by divers more solid buildings than itself, so as to render it utterly unsafe in a military point of view. These ought to be lowered, but "one belongs to Tej Singh, and he is our friend," and another is the palace, "but the Darbár are our friends."

From the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Ramnagar, we have heard of the arrival of the guns from Lahore. General Gilbert's and Thackwell's divisions were to cross the Chinab on the 1st, and attack the enemy on their left flank, while the Commander-in-Chief battered them from the front, the Sikhs having been driven back to their strong position on the other side of the Chináb. The silencing of the guns was to be the signal for attack by the Cavalry and Infantry. Every one looked anxiously for news of the battle, which we have not yet heard of!—and this is the 8th. First, a brigade, instead of getting clear of the camp at once, lost its way, and got entangled in the labyrinth of tents, so that it did not start till five A.M. instead of one A.M. Then, on reaching the place about six miles from Ramnagar—where they intended to cross—they found the Sikhs in force opposite to them; so that they had to proceed some miles higher up to Wazirabad, and did not begin crossing till the 2nd at noon, since when nothing has been heard of them.

They had provisions for only two days; so that on the 3rd, the 16th Lancers and 14th Dragoons were ordered to cross at a place about seven miles from Ramnagar, and carry provisions to them. Colonel Pope, in whose brigade the 16th were, rode out with them, but was speedily recalled by an order from the Adjutant-General, desiring him to get the remainder of his brigade, consisting of the 1st and 6th Cavalry, in readiness to follow. This he did: they waited all day, and were at length ordered to return to their tents. The 16th Lancers were also recalled, and the next morning the 14th Dragoons came back, reporting that there was neither ford nor Ghát at the place they had been sent to. They were then sent to seize boats, which one would have thought was the first thing to be done, and in the course of the morning brought in sixty.

Saturday 9th.—Letters have arrived to-day from the west side of the Jhelam, stating that General Thackwell was attacked about ten A.M. on the morning of the 3rd, at Ghari-ka-Pattan, about seven miles from Ramnagar. He received the enemy with a very heavy fire of artillery, and after three hours' cannonading, the Sikhs were defeated. The importance of the defeat was not at first known, nor did they know that the enemy was in full retreat towards the Jhelam. General Thackwell was ordered not to advance, and, therefore, the cavalry and infantry had to remain still to be fired at!! If he had pursued, he would certainly have taken Shere Sing's artillery. Shere Sing is said to be wounded and to have lost 500 or 600 men. We have lost about fifty, and only one officer wounded. It is said that our information was so bad that we had not an idea that the Sikhs were at hand. They

cannot have had any sentries or videttes thrown out a dozen paces in advance. Nothing has yet been heard of General Gilbert's division.

On Wednesday, the 6th, we had an alarm. There had been a report for some days that a body of Sikhs had crossed the Satlej, and were hovering about in our neighbourhood, and the Major of Brigade had been making a fuss about it, laying in provisions in the fort, and frightening the ladies in a way he ought to have been ashamed of. As there might be some truth in the rumour, for no one knew exactly where the Sikh army was, C. gave a guard to each of the two most helpless female households near us, and ordered ammunition to be served out to the men on duty. About three A.M. on Wednesday morning I was roused out of a sound sleep by my husband, ready dressed and armed. He had barely time to say "there is a row in the Lines, you had better get up," and was off almost before I could open my eyes. The first thing I did was to shut and bar the window of my bedroom, for, for aught I knew, the garden might be full of Sikhs. I dressed sufficiently to make myself neat, and then went into the drawing-room and found the guard from the stable united to our own. I inquired what it was. Nobody knew—only "Bugle bolta," the bugle is speaking. I asked if they were ready to load, and if Mrs. F.'s and Mrs. M.'s guards were so likewise. The Náig, a very respectful, determined-looking man, assured me everything was ready, and I was glad to find C. had taken two Sepáhis with him. I went back to my dressing-room, took down and loosened two swords and a pair of pistols, with a vague kind of fear I might be obliged to use them, as I knew none of the servants could do so. However, I

thought it is best to have them ready, and laid them on my bonnet-box. I first thought of the Sikhs—then a suspicion as to whether it could be a mutiny in the regiment crossed my mind, but they had shown such a good spirit, and the guard looked so cheerful, that I did not think that possible.

When Miss W. came out of her room, in spite of my care not to awaken her, my anxiety to prevent her being frightened brightened my wits, and I thought of the Muharram which was going on and which often causes fights between the Shiah and Sunis. She was very calm, and we sent some of the servants to the top of the house to see what could be seen. They said all was quiet and dark over the city, but there was a light in the Lines. Then came the heavy tramp of the whole regiment moving in "double quick." How I wished to hear with my own ears! After seeing that all the doors were barred except the front one, I wrote a summons to Mrs. F. in very large hand, so that she might read it instantly, to come over with her mother and infant under the care of their guard. This I kept in reserve in case the Sikhs should really come, and in the meantime sent her a line to say it was probably a Muharram disturbance. As I walked about, doing all these things, I prayed incessantly for protection and guidance for my dearest husband. At last they told me horsemen were coming from the north, which is the contrary direction to the city. Miss W. said, "That looks very like the Sikhs." "Indeed it does,"—and I had my hand on the summons for Mrs. F. when they called out, "A Sahib!" and Mr. Innes galloped up to assure us that it was all caused by the escape of some prisoners from

the gaol. This was an immense relief. I sent the stable guard back to their post, only admonishing them to come back if anything else should happen. Soon C. returned and told us that some prisoners, led by an experienced Thag, had tried to escape from the new gaol. One of our Sikhs was on duty at each angle of the square, but the wall is very long, so that on a dark night they could not distinctly see what was taking place in the middle of it, where a Birkandâz (or police soldier) was stationed. The five prisoners knocked the latter down, took his sword, and then raised a Jhamp, a square frame of bamboo, covered with mats used to keep the sun off, against the wall. The Sikh sentries cried out who is carrying a Jhamp there, and receiving no answer, fired. One man fell with a very bad wound in his ankle, the others scrambled up as fast as they could. Two more must have been wounded, for there were marks of blood on the wall in two places ten feet apart. The regiment heard the shots and turned out with incredible alacrity, and rushed off with more zeal than order, as hard as they could, to the gaol. C. and Mr. Rothney arrived from different quarters exactly at the same time. It was afterwards discovered that one of those who had got over the wall, being wounded in the arm, had taken advantage of the confusion to slip in again, and was found in his proper place. To avoid being captured the night before, he stooped down and threw sand into the eyes of all that approached him, like a lion-ant, so that in the darkness they could not lay hold of him. The others have since been brought back. C. was very much pleased at the spirit shown by his men, and I was amused to find that immediately on his return, the Náig on duty had taken care

to inform him that he had "comforted the Mem Sáhib very much." We both felt most thankful that it was not a more serious business.

The whole of the Commander-in-Chief's force has now crossed the Chenáb. Captain Hill, Sir Dudley's son, came yesterday to call upon me, and to make an apology for his father, as the old general is excessively busy. He seems to have a good deal of John Bull common sense, and abhors the Lahore plan of firing salutes for every little success, for we have not had one battle yet.

We have just had fuller particulars of General Thackwell's action of the 3rd instant, so I will condense the information we have thus gleaned. The heavy guns arrived on the morning of the 30th November, under Colonel Huthwaite. At half-past seven on the same day a detachment, consisting of the Grenadier, Light, and 8th Companies of the 70th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, amounting to 300 men, under command of Major M'Causland, were despatched to take a tope of trees on our left front. This grove had always been occupied by the enemy, and the orders given were to carry it at the point of the bayonet, and not to fire a single shot if it could be helped, to avoid alarming the enemy. When they were within 500 yards a small party was thrown out on each flank, and the rest went steadily to the front. Major M'Causland and another officer cautiously entered the wood, but found it quite deserted, except by two Faqirs, who informed them that the Sikhs only occupied the wood during the day, always withdrawing to their picket, about 500 yards distant, during the night. In the centre of the wood was a Faqir's Talkiát, or Place of Prayer, situated on a little

mound; they being much given, like the nations of old, to praying on "high places." Round this mound was a hollow, where Major M'Causland made his men lie down to be out of fire. Word was then sent to the rear that all was right, and some Sappers and a working party were ordered up (supported about 600 yards in the rear by the 30th Native Infantry). During the night they threw up two batteries, one of two 18-pounders on the right of the wood, and one of two 24-pounders, two 8-inch howitzers, and three mortars, on the left.

All the guns were in position at sunrise, soon after which the enemy sent out some horsemen, and discovering that our troops had occupied the wood, they opened their fire, which they kept up at intervals during the day from their nine-pounders, varying this deep bass with the more lively accompaniment of zamburaks (camel swivel-guns) which they fired from behind the bank on the near side of the river, the entire length of which was lined with matchlock-men, so well covered that only their heads and the barrels of their guns were visible. They had the range very correctly, but although the balls went crashing through the trees close to the heads of our men no one was hit. In the meantime General Thackwell, with Brigadier-General Campbell's division, had left camp on the afternoon of the 30th, with orders to cross a ford at Gharri ká pattan, seven miles up the river, and to come down on the other side and pounce upon the left flank of the enemy's entrenchments; the sound of his firing being the signal for our batteries to open upon the Sikhs, while a strong division crossed under their fire to attack the enemy in front. All day long the Sikh batteries continued to

play without a shot being returned. General Gilbert and his staff were riding across in the evening when the Sikhs tried to hit him. They say it was a beautiful sight to see the gallant old man, on his tall chestnut, leading the way, with all his staff after him, at racing pace. You know, I dare say, that General Gilbert is a first-rate horseman, as erect and firm in the saddle as if he were five-and-twenty. He thinks nothing of riding eighty miles with relays of horses.

The troops waited in great impatience for some news of General Thackwell's division, until, on the morning of the 2nd December, they received the intelligence that, not being able to find any ford at Gharri ka pattan, the General had been obliged to go all the way to Wazirabad, about twenty-three miles further on, and that consequently he would not be within reach of the enemy until three o'clock on the 3rd.

Pour se désennuyer the Commander-in-Chief ordered the batteries to open, and before sunset they had silenced four of the Sikh guns. The Sikh batteries were well served, but all their balls fell either just in front or just in the rear of our troops. About sunset a working party was sent forward to construct an advanced battery, the Sikhs heard the tramp, and immediately opened upon them. The men rolled away on either side, leaving a gap in the centre, two 9-pounders dropped in between them, but providentially no one was hurt. Our men trailed a 24-pounder in their direction and answered them, but after eight or ten shots the Sikhs ceased, and the battery was completed without any further opposition.

The next day, Sunday, December 3rd, a brigade, consisting of the 2nd Europeans, 70th Native Infantry,

part of the 45th Native Infantry, the 14th Dragoons, and a pontoon train, were despatched at eleven A.M. to support General Thackwell's division, which was waiting for them on the other side of the river, near the Ghát Gharri ka pattan. Owing to different delays they only reached the ford (or rather the place where the ford ought to have been) about two P.M., and they then had great difficulty in dragging the carts over half a mile of very heavy sand. A wing of Tait's Irregular Horse, and another of the 56th Native Infantry, were drawn up on the opposite bank to cover their passage, and as they were in the very act of shoving and dragging the carts, the Sikhs took the initiative, and headed by Shir Sing and Ram Sing, took General Thackwell's division so completely by surprise, that the horses were unharnessed and in the act of being watered at the wells, and some of the officers were washing their faces and hands, when the shot flew over their heads, and broke the pitcher they were using. The Sikhs opened their fire on the Infantry, who were ordered to retire about two hundred yards and lie down, while the Horse Artillery and Captain Kinleside's battery poured in a heavy fire on the enemy's right flank. They say Shir Sing had 30,000 men, but this is thought to be an exaggeration; however, it is certain that he out-flanked us dreadfully, and made bold attempts to turn both our flanks; but during the hottest part of the attack our line was as steady as on a common parade.

General Thackwell had received strict orders on no account to attack the Sikhs until the reinforcement from camp joined him. After three hours' cannonade the enemy was beaten all along his line, and driven from every gun. On his own responsibility, General Thack-

well had given the order for the Infantry (about three regiments) to advance en échelon and take their guns; a run of fifty yards would have put us in possession of at least twenty-eight pieces, when a fresh order was brought him from the Commander-in-Chief, saying that by this time the reinforcement was close to him, and desiring him to wait for it.

It is not every man who will take the responsibility of disobeying orders, and putting the glass to his blind eye as Nelson did; so instead of advancing, the troops were ordered to retire a few yards, and when it got dark they lighted their camp-fires within easy shot of the Sikh long guns.

The reinforcement was near—but no more *within reach* than two friends would be on opposite sides of a high wall.

People seem to think pontoons of very little use in actual service; every bolt is numbered, and when you find A 1, you cannot find A 2. Every one, officers and men alike, lent a hand to the work, but it was like putting a dissected map together. When, at length, some of the rafts were ready, it was found that the stream was so rapid and so full of quicksands that the anchors would not hold, and if they had done so, there were not sufficient anchors!

All this time the continued firing on the opposite bank had worked up both officers and men into a perfect fever. As soon as throwing the bridge across was found to be impracticable, the 14th Dragoons returned to the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Ramnaggar. The remainder of the brigade began to ferry themselves over in parties of fifteen to twenty at a time, but the strength of the current made this a very tedious and toilsome affair, and the chief labour seems to have

fallen on the officers, few of the men knowing how to handle an oar. By sunset they got the whole of the 2nd Europeans over. They bivouacked on the banks of the river. The cold was intense. The next morning, 4th December, at daylight, all the officers of the brigade set to work again and ferried the remainder of the force over. They started at half-past seven A.M., and joined General Thackwell, who, immediately on their arrival, turned out all his division and pursued the enemy. But during the night, the Sikhs, finding their retreat unmolested, had returned and carried off all their guns; even four which they had at first abandoned in a sugar-cane field, they came back for and carried off so late as five in the morning. About seven they evacuated their entrenchments, and were in full retreat towards the Jelam. They were closely pursued by General Thackwell until seven that evening, when the division wheeled into line and lay down as they were. They had come about twenty miles, and the reinforcement had not been reinforced by food since the morning of the 3rd. They say that the next morning at sunrise, so miserable a looking set of creatures never was beheld as they were. The pursuit was of course in vain, the enemy having had more than twelve hours' start of them. The fields were full of dead bodies of the Sikhs, but our own loss is very trifling, not above a dozen killed and wounded.

Not allowing General Thackwell to follow up his advantage, was the second great blunder of the campaign. Had he done so, Shir Sing's artillery would have fallen into his hands, and we should have been spared the slaughter of Chilliánwalla.

Some say that General Thackwell mistook the Chief's orders not to advance against the Sikhs, and that they were not intended to prevent him from pursuing them when the victory was in his hands; but it is always most difficult to arrive at an understanding of the exact state of the case.

Every one says that the newspaper reports of the late actions are most incorrect, and so are most of the bulletins.

Some parts of the Doáb (Doab means a tract between two rivers) are very fine and rich, but the centre of the ridge between the rivers is crowned with heavy thorn jungle. This jungle is now between our force and the enemy. The 14th Dragoons and 8th Cavalry were sent through it the other day to a place called Dinghi. It was a very bad position, where cavalry could not act, and it was afterwards ascertained that had they remained the night, as was at first intended, they would have been attacked, and most probably cut up to a man. It was quite the case of "the man who jumped into a quickset hedge" and then "jumped back again," for they only reached Dinghi at three P.M., and marched back again at eight the same evening, expecting an attack every minute for the first half of the way, but happily the Sikhs had not sufficient time to come up.

The whole of Shir Sing's army reached the banks of the Jelam, with the intention of crossing over, but being met there by four regiments and twelve guns sent by Chattar Sing to his son's assistance, they were induced to remain on this side of the river, and there they are at a place called Mung, four miles from the

river. They have since been joined by a regiment of Cavalry, another of Infantry, and four more guns, and are again entrenching themselves.

Had they crossed the Jelam, the Commander-in-Chief would probably have remained quiet until the fall of Multan placed the besieging force at his disposal, but it is supposed that now he will scarcely be able to keep his hands off them. His camp is still at Ramnagar, but a bridge of boats is being constructed, it is hoped, for the heavy guns.

I have been so much interested by a letter from a friend of ours, that I have asked leave to send you an extract :

“ It has often been a subject of deep and anxious speculation how far my faith would carry me when placed in a situation of difficulty or trial, and the first time I found myself under a heavy fire, tears of gratitude almost sprang from my eyes to find that my faith did not fail ; to find that I not only could, but actually did, place as simple, and quiet, and unanxious a dependence on God’s care at a time when, in one moment, I might have been called away to appear before His seat of judgment, as I have ever done in a time of peace and safety. Remember you are to draw a wide distinction between animal courage, or a soldier-like pride (both of which will enable a man to face death with the utmost calmness), and a simple dependence on Divine Providence. The one is of the earth, earthy ; the other is the gift of God, by His Holy Spirit. Happy, indeed, is the man who at all moments of his life can say “ the Lord is my God, and He is also my reconciled Father, through Christ, who loved and gave Himself for us.” I know you will all like this extract.

There are many of God's saints now in camp, both in the Panjab and at Multan, and many others who, like the writer of the above, though they are not openly known as deserters from the world, yet seek God in private, and make His word their companion and teacher even on a march. I think I told you of the little band of Christians in the 9th Lancers who meet every night for prayer by the light of their lanterns, after their stable duty is over. Major Grant, and one of the Captains, are not ashamed to join them.

Brigadier Pope writes that everything was prepared for an action on the 11th; the whole army in readiness to join General Thackwell, when word was brought that the enemy were so strongly posted it would be dangerous to enter the Jungle. Why this was not discovered before nobody knows.

On the 13th the Shahzadeh Shahpur sent to tell C. that a Kasid had that very morning reached him from Peshawur, bringing positive information that Sultan Muhammad had given up the whole of the Lawrence party to Chattar Sing, alleging as a reason that Major Lawrence suffered his Munshi to take enormous bribes. One does not see the connexion between cause and effect in this case, nor why Major Lawrence should be betrayed, even if he had been imposed on by his Munshi. Chattar Sing has promised him in return a lakh of rupees a-year! Before this all the Afghans were very angry at the report, and said, "that the whole Musalman world would cry shame on Sultan Muhammad if he did such a thing. Dost Muhammad has come to Peshawar to meet Chattar Sing, since which the latter proceeded to Attok and summoned it to surrender. Lieutenant

Herbert and the Nizam-u-Doulah told him he might chop Major Lawrence to pieces if he liked but surrender they would not. It is a comfort that Mrs. Lawrence is with her husband and not left in Kohât. May God protect them all! We expect the Governor-General on Tuesday. Imagine one of the collectors of revenue sending a sum of from 40,000 to 50,000 rupees into Loodiana from the district under charge of three of our Sepahis, who brought it in safe. Major Mackeson has been sent on a mission to the Commander-in-Chief.

Saturday, December 16th.—As the Governor-General is expected immediately, it was deemed proper no longer to delay giving the colours to the regiment; and I was to present them. C. drove me down to the parade about four o'clock.

We had fixed it so suddenly, that no one was there except our regimental family party, the Beans, Rothneys, Mrs. Dempster, and Dr Reid. The regiment formed three sides of a square, and the colours being carried by two Havildárs in the centre of the fourth side, my husband dismounted and came to fetch me. The two senior Subádars present marched up, attended by a guard, and halted directly in front of the colours. C. led me up, and said a few words to them, to the effect that in our country it was a great honour for a lady to present colours, and that I, out of my condescension and favour, had consented to present them. I then delivered the Queen's colour to Subádar Ram Sing, saying, "Mubáarak báshad," which I forgot was Persian, and not Hindustani. He immediately replied to my compliment, "May you be a general!"—to me! The ladies behind laughed, so

the other Subádar (a very clever Hindustani Muhammadan) altered his wish into, "May you become exceedingly great!" Mr. Rothney then (as interpreter) read a very excellent address in Hindustaní, after which the grenadier company placed themselves in the rear of the colours, as their guard, and the remainder of the regiment, headed by their commandant, marched past and saluted them. We ladies critically watched our three lords saluting, and they all did it beautifully; then they formed into line and fired a *feu de joie*, which terminated the ceremony.

C. was too unwell to take the command of the regiment when the Governor-General came in on Tuesday.

Sir Dudley Hill destroyed the effect of the regiment in a great measure on Tuesday, by posting the men two and two along the main street, instead of leaving them in one compact body. At the same time he repeatedly said, "I am perfectly aware Captain M. is not under my command!" But C. thought it better to yield in this comparative trifle, though he did not at all approve of his men being thus frittered away.

Early in the morning I drove down, with Mrs. Bean and Miss Ballard, to see the procession. The regiment of good ugly little Ghurkás, and part of two corps of Native Infantry, were drawn up just at the entry of the town, towards cantonments. We made a circuit, and drove all through the town; and Miss B. was greatly amused by overhearing all our Sepáhis, directly they saw me, say to each other, "Mem Sáhib, Mem Sáhib." They all seemed quite pleased; and we were equally pleased to see them, for they really looked remarkably well: they are mostly both tall and

well made. The orderly who came with me was a remarkably fine man ; we, therefore, made him stand in front of the carriage, and admonished him to make a very fine salute, which he did, to our satisfaction. It was really a very pretty sight. We were near the Kotwálli (equivalent to the Hotel de Ville), in front of which the grenadier and light companies were drawn up, with the colours; the windows and roofs of the houses were covered with men in every variety of coloured garment—Afgháns, Sikhs, Hindustanis and Kashmiris. The Governor-General was preceded by a dozen or two of Bhisties, watering the road ; then Captain Hill; then the staff; and lastly, Lord Dalhousie himself, very gentlemanly, with a handsome thoughtful face. The officers and guard saluted; he uncovered to the colours; the old general by his side bowed and talked; and when we cross-questioned the orderly afterwards, as to which was the Lord Sáhib, he replied confidently, “ Oh, the one with the great feather ! ” The body-guard, in a very handsome uniform, followed, and then some very picturesque Sikh and Afghán horsemen, shawled and richly dressed, and several camels with zamburaks (swivel guns), Bábus and Munshís: elephants, hackeries, &c., closed the procession.

It had a beautiful effect afterwards, winding across the great plain towards the Governor-General's camp. Friday, there was a levee and dinner party to all the officers in the station.

December 25th.—C. being much better, called on Mr. Elliott, the Secretary to Government, who told him that old Hyát, the Káfilabashi, had been recommended

for a pension of 100 rupees a month so long ago as July, but no answer has yet arrived.

Tuesday, 26th.—There was a review. I went with the Beans: it was bitterly cold. Mr. Elliott called after breakfast, and told C. the Governor-General wished to see him. He returned much pleased with his reception, and much struck with the great talent and tact displayed by the Governor-General, during an interview of two hours. Lord Dalhousie seemed to seize instinctively upon every point worth considering.

December 27th.—Met Mr. John Lawrence on the course. He has a pleasant, frank manner: he told us of the shameful behaviour of Major ——, at Budí Pind, lately. The Gúrú, the rebel priest, arrived there with 100 horsemen, who were in such a state of exhaustion that the choukedars of the place rushed out and captured four of them. Major —— had four companies and two 9-pounders, yet instead of attacking them, he rode off eight kos to get cavalry to help him, and, of course, when he came back, found that they all had crossed the ford and escaped. The Governor-General left the next morning for Makhu, a place between this and Ferozpùr.

An old blind Afghán, having heard that my husband had been ill, came to inquire for him, and did so with the courtier-like politeness of the Persians, which will not allow them to suppose that the person they address can have been ill, by saying, “I heard that my lord’s enemy was sick, and I came to know if it were true!”

I was much amused at a remark of Hasan Khan’s on our manner of eating. He had been watching us, and then said, “You eat quite differently from us: we fix

our attention upon one dish and eat mightily of it; but you pick, pick,—a little of this and a little of that; you do not eat like MEN.”

December 30th.—The last news from Multan filled us all with indignation. The Bombay troops arrived on the 19th, and the whole force was to have changed their camp and begun operations on the 22nd; but this first move has been deferred till the 25th.

Sunday, 31st December, 1848.—We took tea as usual with the Rudolchs, before going to evening service. It is always a pleasure to be with the Rudolchs, for they are people whose hearts are set on things above, and who speak out of the abundance of a heart filled with grace. Mrs. R. lent me a monthly missionary paper, called “*Die Biene auf dem Missionsfelde*,” edited by Pastor Gossner, for the benefit of the Missionary Society, which he founded and which he chiefly supports.

In the ten years since he began it he has sent out eighty Missionaries, most of them married. He has also established a hospital at Berlin, containing about seventy persons. Mr. Rudolph said that Pastor Gossner is a man full of prayer and activity; he thinks the form of Church Government of no importance, and considers it a matter of indifference which church a man belongs to. The main point certainly is, that sinners should belong to Christ; but when converted, much of their advancement in holiness, and usefulness among their fellow-men, depends on the scriptural character of the church to which they belong. Mrs. R. pointed out to me that admirable paper, entitled “*Reformation*,” towards the end of Mc. Cheynes Life, with which she was so much struck, that she intends

to translate it and send it her sisters. This was communion Sabbath, but some of the converts have behaved so ill, that Mr. Rudolph, in the absence of the Session, thought it better to defer the Lord's Supper.

1st January, 1849.—Letters from Multán, of the 27th, put all the poor ladies in a state of great anxiety. The camp was to move on the 25th, and the attack to commence on the 27th. We have since heard up to the 29th. The suburbs were gained on the 27th at small expense of life, in comparison to the greatness of the advantage. The Bombay troops, whose feigned attack was turned into a real one, suffered the most. The first parallel was to be from the brick-kiln to the Hazúri Bagh. The brick-kiln was taken, and a battery of twelve or thirteen guns erected on it. They intended to breach the town in the morning of the 30th, and we hope to hear of its being taken to day. The suburbs were very strong, and would have cost us dear, had they been rightly defended. They afford excellent cover, and the batteries have since been playing on the unfortunate town.

Dr. Dempster mentions, that there are many sad scenes of misery among the inhabitants of the suburbs, many of whom are severely wounded, and all without food. They are flocking to our camp. On the 29th the town was on fire in two places, but as most of the houses are of mud, they will not burn.

New year's day we dined early in order to join a tea party at the Bean's, a sort of picnic and child's party. C. treated them to a Káputli Nách, *i. e.* puppet dance, and it was pleasant to see how charmed the little ones were. The assault on Multán was expected to take place on new year's day; it how-

ever did not take place till the 2nd. The Bombay troops entered at a breach near the Koneh Burj, the Bombay fusiliers (a European regiment, commonly called the "Toughs") led the way most gallantly. The Bombay rifles, (a native regiment,) and the native infantry got frightened, and would not follow the Europeans. There were two corners to turn before the breach became visible. The fusiliers had got to the breach before the native infantry came round the first corner; and when they came to the second they all halted, got confused, and finally panic-struck, sat down native fashion, and fired their muskets into the air, to our eminent peril, as we were actually in front of them. It was in vain, that Brigadier Cheape and their officers gallantly went to the front, they would not advance. It was then that Lieutenant Garforth was hit. The whole fire of the south face of the town told in that one spot. The fusiliers opened a terrible fire when they got to the breach, which was very steep, and stockaded inside. Had the enemy behaved with courage, we never could have got an entrance. The fusiliers and a company of sappers under Oliphant, I think, first ascended, and the sappers were seen firing along with the fusileers long before the two regiments of Bengal native infantry could be brought up. There are five witnesses to the same fact. Yet, already people say, it was a beautiful sight to see the native infantry go into the breach, emulating the Europeans. Just as the Bombay native infantry had screwed up their courage, and had without any opposition got to the top of the breach, Markham's brigade, consisting of H. M.'s 32nd, 49th, and 72nd native infantry came up. They had been sent to storm the breach at the Dehli Gate

which had been made by the Bombay artillery ; while that at the Koneh Burj, or ‘ Bloody Tower,’ had been made by the Bengal guns.

The breach in the Dehli Gate was not known, and not believed to be practicable, and it was expected that our heaviest loss would be at that place. The breach at the Koneh Burj was the principal attack, and success was anticipated in that quarter, but the Dehli Gate one was attempted, though believed too difficult, in order to divert the enemy’s attention from one spot. The attack on the Dehli Gate failed, but the troops were immediatly sent round to the Koneh Burj breach. The Bombay native infantry went along the south face of the town, and the fusiliers and Markham’s brigade proceeded towards the Dehli Gate. The enemy fled in great confusion. We met with no more opposition. The town was ours, and the enemy evacuated it during the night.

On the 5th the Engineers and Sappers moved up to the Amkhás, where Mulráj used to hold his court. It is a brick building, like a little fort, with bastions, loop-holed walls, and every means of defence. Inside, it is ornamented very prettily. The interior is circular and what we should call verandahs are subdivided into numerous compartments. The mess is in the Amkhás itself, or Hall of Audience ; its width is fourteen or sixteen feet, and its length about thirty-nine. Five hundred Rohillas offered to surrender if their lives were spared, but the night they were to come a great noise and cries for mercy were heard in the fort, and it was reported that they tried to fight their way out and were prevented.

January 6th.—The attack on the north-east corner

of the fort was determined upon. The approaches were made very slowly, Brigadier Cheape looking upon the fall of the fort as certain, and therefore doing little the first three days! We hear that on the 9th Mulráj sent in his Vakíl to make terms. It is said that all that Mulráj wants is a fair trial, and if that is guaranteed he will at once give up his fort. It appears that when the Vakíl was brought before the General and Council he had no authority to treat! so he was led back again. No men have come over to us. Mulráj resumed a very hot fire. A battery on the Mandi Ava, a shot from which blew up the Jammá Masjíd in the fort, has been relinquished, although it was in a most commanding position, and others have been constructed on the right, which cannot succeed in silencing the enemy's fire. No solid advantage is apparent from the abandonment of those we have relinquished, or from the construction of the new ones. The town, which, if taken advantage of at first, would have afforded excellent positions for batteries, was immediately given up as a point of attack, although the explosion of the Jammá Masjíd, which contained a powder-magazine, had much injured the interior defences of that part of the fort.

Now at the eleventh hour (10th January) Brigadier Cheape has betaken himself to the city, but even if eventually productive of good, this move has been too long deferred, for the enemy have now all their guns concentrated in that direction. A few mortars and howitzers on the Mandi Ava would have kept that side clear.

“Multan, January 11th.—The Sikhs become bolder daily. They tried to set fire to the head of our flying sap

yesterday, and burnt three or four gabions. On the 11th, at night, they made an attack on the trenches and the Doulat Gate, but they were easily driven back. An incessant fire was kept upon that side of the fort, which was one sheet of fire."

On the 13th January one of our correspondents writes—"The sap has now reached the foot of the glacis, and is branching out by single sap to the right and left. A 24 and 18-pounder breaching battery for nine guns has opened to-day. Another battery of two 18-pounders close to it has been demolishing the defences of a Burj close to it (Burj is a tower), which used to give us much annoyance, and fifteen or sixteen large mortars and four 5-inch mortars are continually pitching shells into the fort. Two other batteries are under construction in the city. It is slow work, however." The writer adds—"I do believe, if the place had been properly invested immediately after we took the town, as Brigadier Cheape says he advised the General to do, the enemy might have given in ere this. There is an open space near the Hazuri Bagh, to the right of our sap, which is not at all guarded. The Lahore Gate is the same, and I hear that the night before last, when the attack took place on our sap, 900 men got out of the fort and went, some into the city and some into the country. After this all went on quietly and slowly, the sap was advanced to the crest of the glacis, and by the 21st two such breaches were made that J. wrote that you might drive a coach and four up and down them.

At daylight on the morning of the 22nd January, Mulraj and his garrison of about 3000 men surrendered unconditionally. They say that Mulraj is young, fair,

slight figure, and very pale, and looks anxious, as well he may; though of course nothing will be done to him. We heard of it on the 26th by the express; so we sent a circular to all the ladies whose husbands are at Multán, to tell them the good news. Mulráj was splendidly dressed in scarlet, and allowed to retain his sword. The besiegers fancied that the remaining garrison amounted to only 1000 men at the outside, and were, therefore, much astonished to find thrice that number. We ought, therefore, to be very thankful that the tedious siege of Multán was terminated without further bloodshed. Mulráj is to be given over to Major Edwardes, which is but just. The troops have been detained six months before this place. We hear that the buildings in the fort are quite beautiful.

Now for two other histories, the worst last. A certain insurgent, hight Ram Sing, has been giving trouble near Núrpúr, in the Jalander Doáb. He posted himself in a very strong position in the hills, and drove back our friend Captain W. with loss. The whole of General Wheeler's brigade was sent against him; but even they could not attack him until they were reinforced. An officer wrote, that never, even in Switzerland, had he seen anything more beautiful or varied than the scenery. The snow-capped majestic Himalayas, with wooded, verdant and barren hills at their foot, bounded the scene. Ram Sing was on the top of a hill that appears to be nearly isolated, but having spurs running out from it and joining the larger ranges of hills.

On the 15th the final arrangements were made for storming the enemy's position, extending over eight or nine miles of most fearful hills. The ascent was

to have been made in five columns. From the right rear of the enemy's position, by the guides and four companies 3rd Native Infantry; immediate rear, by four companies 4th Native Infantry; left rear, five companies 4th Native Infantry; in front right, remainder of 3rd Native Infantry, and 200 2nd Irregular Cavalry (Sáwars), dismounted; left front, two companies Hodgson's Sikh Corps, and sixty dismounted Sáwars of Davidson's Irregulars, under D.'s command. It rained during the 15th, up to two o'clock P.M. of the 16th; but as Colonel D., of the 4th Native Infantry, had received his instructions relative to the attack, they were obliged to commence operations on the morning of the 16th, but not so early as had been arranged, owing to the failure of a signal which was to put the front columns in motion. The guides were to ascend the highest peak on the enemy's right at dawn, and plant the 'Union' thereon. To get to the place where their ascent was to commence, they had to cross the Rávi into Guláb Sing's territory, and recross higher up, which they were unable to do till very late, as the previous rain had swollen the river considerably, and rendered the current too violent to stem.

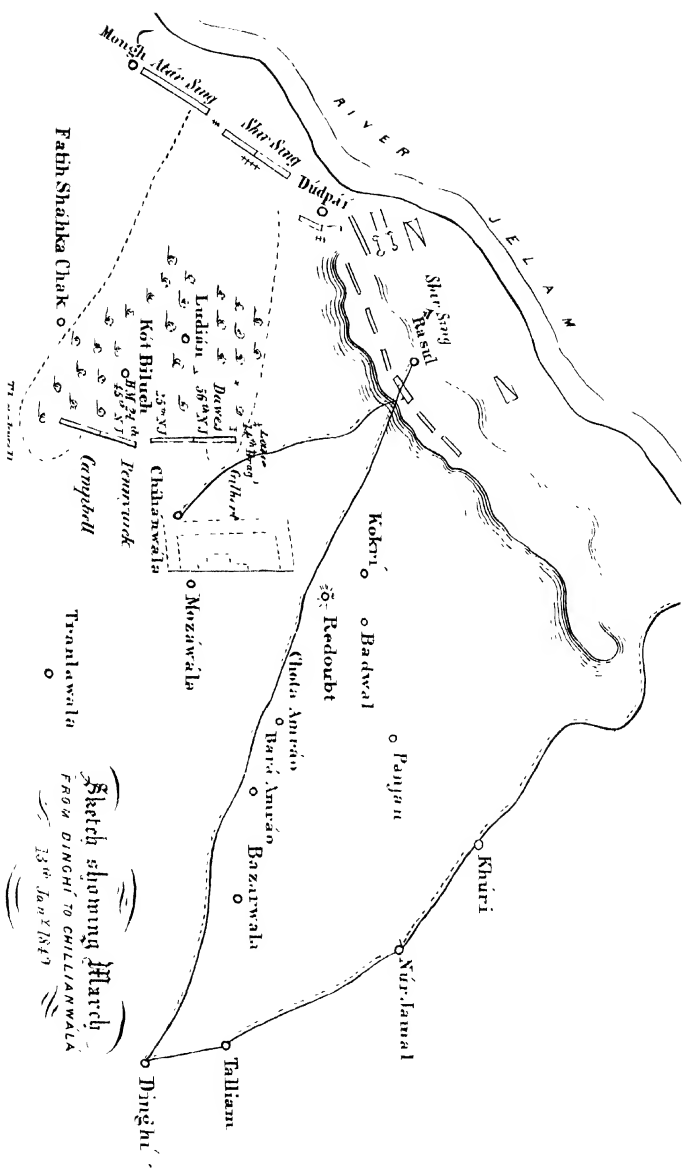
The front columns waited till 8 or 9 A.M., for the signal; but not perceiving it, they were ordered to move on. Both columns carried everything before them, and gained the enemy's chief positions, viz., the village of Dallá, and a strong stockaded hill on the left of their positions. The enemy was driven down towards Colonel D.'s proposed direction of attack, but the Colonel's columns were nowhere to be seen. Everything appeared in a state of tranquillity in his camp. In fact, he had not moved out; and there was no accounting for it, till after

the business was over, a letter arrived from him, saying that 'he supposed the General would not attack that day, from the inclemency of the weather.' So the 4th Native Infantry had no hand in the affair. The guides and companies of the 3rd Native Infantry had no fighting. The head-quarters 3rd Native Infantry, under Major Butler, and the Sikh Companies, under Davidson, had all the work. The Sikh Companies behaved remarkably well, and were full of the conduct of their leader, saying, 'The Sikhs will fight as well as other people, when they are properly led.' Captain Burroughs heard them say, 'The Sahib Lôg think we won't fight; they shall see how we can fight for those whose salt we eat. . . . Poor Cornet Christie, of the 7th Light Cavalry, was shot through the heart in this affair. He was a volunteer, his corps being on duty in the camp; but during the ascent, seeing two or three Sikh marksmen annoying our men, he dashed forward with three dismounted suwars. Himself and one suwar were killed." The 4th regiment must have heard the firing of the other columns; so that they showed remarkable indifference to military glory.

CHAPTER VIII.

Removal of Camp.—Battle of Chillanwala.—Retreat of 14th Dragoons.—Dawes and Lane.—Lord Gough.—Bivouac.—Dreadful Loss.—Sikh Horsemen.—Further Accounts.—Fall of Attok.—Killed and Wounded.—Night on the Battle Field.—Awful Plight.—Alarm of the Camp.—Prayer Meetings in the Camp.—Caste among Christians.—“Three’s About.”—Chattar Sing’s Opinion of us.—Mulraj.—Battle of Gujrat.—Shir Sing.—Rout of the Sikhs.—The 14th Dragoons.—Colonel Pope. Afghans and Hindustani.—Chillianwala.—Attack on Amriala.—Burning Village.—Orders to give no Quarter.—Camp at Firozpur.—Position of the Army.—Recovery of Prisoners.—Rohtas.—The 30th Native Infantry.—Sikhs Surrender.—Sultan Muhammad.—Attack on Lieutenant Bowie.—Treatment of Mrs. Lawrence.—Mrs. Lawrence rejoins her Husband.—Terms Offered.—Wail for the Dead.—Funeral.—Superstition.

HEARING of Sir H. Lawrence’s arrival in the Governor-General’s camp at Mukku on the Firozpur road, C. went out to see him on the 11th, but found he had left. He himself, however, was kept in camp till the 19th. While there, he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of the 13th. The Commander-in-Chief had moved his camp (after a halt of nearly five weeks)—one does not see exactly why—from Hillah to Dinghi. At Dinghi he determined to fight the Sikhs, and marched on the morning of the 13th of January, 1849, from Dinghi to Chota Umráo, intending to turn the left flank of the Sikhs, whose forces stretched from



Rassul to Mung, and drive them off the Jelam to the southward. They came in sight of the enemy at Chota Amráo about eight o'clock A.M., and halted for an hour and a half. They went on halting at intervals until the Chief turned off towards Chillianwala to attack a Sikh outpost. It was a small eminence with a breast-work thrown up around it, and five or six guns. Having silenced their guns, the position was carried by the light companies of 2nd Europeans, 70th and 30th Native Infantry, and every man who could not get away bayoneted. Our force then drew up in quarter distance columns, and quartermasters were sent for to mark out the ground, and it being about two o'clock when the army reached Chillianwala, Lord Gough wished at first to defer the action till next day; but he and his staff being seen by a son of Shere Sing, who commanded a battery in their front, he fired three shots at them, which acted like the sound of the trumpet to the old war-horse. The batteries were ordered to open, and while they were firing the army deployed into line. After firing about twenty minutes Lord Gough ordered the line to advance through a thick jungle, and against a force which overlapped them on both flanks. The Sikh batteries were not in entrenchments but placed between patches of thorn jungle so thick that the men could not see ten, and sometimes not three yards before them. The line advanced to take these batteries at a run, with skirmishers in front. When they got near, the skirmishers ran in, and they poured in file-firing as fast as they could, cheering as they ran. Campbell's division (the left of the army) were ordered to charge at 300 yards, in front of Shere Sing's guns; they were consequently exhausted and

breathless just as they neared them; they were forbidden to fire, and told to "do everything with the bayonet." They were met with grape and round shot from the batteries in front and on their left, and a galling fire from the infantry: they broke, and were pursued by the Sikh Horse, almost up to their original position, and part of the Sikh right wing fell on their rear and left flank. H. M.'s 24th suffered frightful loss. Gilbert's division at first appeared more successful, as the enemy broke and fled, leaving them in possession of the ground; but while halting for a few minutes they beheld a cloud of cavalry on their right flank, two or three brigades of regular infantry, and nine guns in their rear. The Sikhs had enveloped the division, and the two brigades were separated. The enemy fell upon the 14th Dragoons and Christie's Troop of Horse Artillery, which were then in the right rear. Captain Christie was preparing to fire at them when the 14th went about, rushed through his guns, upsetting one and dashing at full gallop through the field hospital, where one of the surgeons was at that moment amputating a limb, knocking over Dulis, camels, and wounded, and never stopping till they got to the rear, leaving Christie's troop to be cut to pieces.

At this moment the Sikhs saw Dawes's battery, and would probably have taken it had not the 2nd Europeans and 70th Native Infantry charged at them rear rank in front, until they reached the battery, where they knelt, firing. The fire was fearfully hot, but providentially the enemy were on a ridge of ground slightly elevated, so that all their artillery fired over our men. They remained facing each other about two minutes, then Dawes limbered up, and they dashed at

the enemy, broke their line, and spiked their guns. They also recaptured the third colour of the 56th Native Infantry, which they won at Gwalior, and which had been taken from them with their regimental colour an hour before. They halted on the top of the ridge, and Captain Dawes opened his battery on the Sikhs both with grape and round shot, the only gun Christie's troop had not lost coming to his aid. On their retreating, four others of Christie's guns were recovered. We only lost the howitzer.

The 2nd European and 70th Native Infantry returned to the position they had occupied in the morning, dragging with them one of Colonel Huish's guns and two tumbrils, the horses of which had been killed. Major McCausland reported to General Gilbert that his regiment (the 70th Native Infantry) were ready to draw off the guns they had taken and recaptured, but he said cavalry had been detailed for the duty. However, to the great annoyance of the brigade, the guns were left behind.

Dawes's battery was the great means of saving the division. As he unlimbered to the front of Mountain's brigade, six of his gunners and five of his horses went down, and he himself was hit on the ankle. He silenced a Sikh battery (of double his strength and gallantly served) in about twenty minutes.

Colonel Lane, with his battery, three troops of 6th Light Cavalry, and three of H. M.'s 9th Lancers, preserved the division—and consequently the army—from ruin, by checking the masses of Sikh Horse, who poured down on our right after the panic and flight of the Cavalry Brigade, consisting of H. M.'s 14th Dragoons, part of the 9th Lancers, and 6th Cavalry. For this

most important service, Colonel Lane was not even thanked ! The Sikh Ghorcharras (horsemen) behaved most gallantly. The Sikhs, however, withdrew, no one seems exactly to know why, leaving upwards of forty of their guns in our power ; yet instead of bivouacking on the field, as was his first intention, Lord Gough was persuaded to withdraw his troops, thus abandoning his wounded ! Some talked of the danger of a night attack—of another Ferozeshahar—no water, and so forth. The consequence was, that the Sikhs (who had fired a salute in honour of their victory) came back, and carried off most of their own guns, and four of Christie's. The latter remained on the ground until four A.M. of the 14th, with the native gun Lascars sitting on the trails. They only quitted their post when driven away by the Sikh horsemen, who brought bullocks and carried off the guns. At best, it can only be considered a drawn battle. It was only the prestige of our name which prevented the Sikhs from pushing their advantage.

Lord Gough's first error was abandoning the plan of turning the Sikh flank at Rassul ; his second, allowing himself to be provoked to fight without knowing the ground ; his third, (his old one) of not allowing the artillery to do their work, but hurling masses of infantry on the Sikh guns ; his fourth, charging when completely outflanked by the enemy, and through a thick jungle ; his fifth, doing nothing either to retrieve his errors or to decide the day ; his sixth, abandoning the wounded and the guns. The chief causes of the repulse and dreadful loss were, first, the men being made to charge at so great a distance from the enemy ; and second, the insane prohibition to fire.

Brigadier Pennycuik was in Lord Gough's tent a

few days previous, when the latter was praising the conduct of H. M.'s 10th foot, who went into the embrasures of the fortifications at Sobráon without firing a shot, and forgetting the immense difference between a fortification and an open space, he determined to emulate the conduct of the 10th under totally different circumstances. It is said, that he even forbade his men to prime their muskets, consequently they could not have fired if they would. In fact, they might as well have been armed with boarding-pikes. The army passed the night the best way they could; it was bitterly cold. Our friend writes. "What we suffered most from was *thirst*, and not a drop of water could we get. I offered a gold mohur (about £1 8s.) for a bottle of beer, but such a thing was not to be got. However, about nine o'clock a portion of our mess came up, and I got 'a little pint bottle of beer.' Our traps arrived about noon. From shouting and cheering all day I got so hoarse that I have not yet quite recovered my voice. How we escaped as we did I know not, except by the providence of God, for the fire was very heavy, but, humanly speaking, I attribute it to our having run into them so fast that they could not depress their guns in time, like getting under a man's guard in boxing."

The 56th Native Infantry were terribly cut up. When they were broken, four of their officers, with their Queen's colour, and about thirty file, formed in rear of the 70th Native Infantry, together with some of almost every regiment in the field—H. M.'s 24th and 29th, the 15th, 30th, and 56th Native Infantry, mixed up in our rear. At one time the 30th Native Infantry were firing into the 70th, but they found out their mis-

take, and ceased. Altogether, never has so severe a fight, with so much loss and *no results*, been fought in India. Had the army encamped on the ground they had won, they could have parked every gun they had spiked, and rendered the Sikhs powerless, from want of artillery ; as it is, they have no doubt by this time drilled out all the spikes.

The Sikhs took three of Huish's guns, and one of Christie's, and a colour from each of the following regiments: H. M.'s 24th, 25th, 30th, and 56th (besides the one recovered by the 70th) and 6th Cavalry. The latter was taken, owing to the Jemader, who bore it, having secured it to his body by way of precaution. He was killed, and the Havildar Major, who attempted to unfasten it from the dead body of the standard-bearer, was obliged to defend himself against the Sikh horseman who attacked him. It was their Sitabaldi standard.

Ekins, the Assistant-Adjutant-General, was cut to pieces in trying to rally the 14th Dragoons. He and twenty-six others, thirteen being of H. M.'s 24th, were buried the next evening, together with a number of men. In one grave were laid the two Penny-cuicks, father and son, and in another the two Harrises ! and this fearful loss of life—the returns amount to 2400 odd killed and wounded—was caused solely because the Commander-in-Chief was too impatient, and did not let his artillery do their work, but sent the poor Infantry at guns.

Upwards of 200 Europeans have already been buried on the field by Mr. Whiting, our Chaplain, who went out gun in hand and protected by two squadrons of cavalry for the purpose. The Sikh horsemen every half hour

ride up close to our pickets. I forgot to mention that the cavalry who took us in flank, are those that go by the name of "Avitabile's Dragoons," and splendid swordsmen they are, as our poor fellows can testify.

The enemy's camp is in front of ours, about two miles off. They must be three times stronger than we are, and their position on a long, low range of hills. Col. Pope described the camp as being situated in a perfect swamp; the Sikhs can see everything that is going on, and they attack our pickets constantly. One or two regiments of cavalry are sent out daily to procure forage, which they bring from Wazirábád, Ramnagar, and places even yet more distant.

C. wrote to me as follows:—January 18th, 1849.—“Our great guns were doing their duty well, and the execution among the Sikhs was such as to insure their destruction. In this way the French, under Napoleon, by means of their artillery (the best in the world then) first disorganized the opposing force, and then with a certainty of success and small loss, launched their masses on the already discomfited enemy. Lord Gough, however, barely allowed the heavy cannon to fire fifty rounds, and ordered the advance of his whole line, the Sikhs strongly posted in the wooded heights overlapping our flanks in the proportion of six miles to three. Lord Gough made no attempt to throw back his flanks *en potence*, so as to remedy this, but rushed on. Gilbert's division,* fighting hard, went steadily on, carrying everything before them, of course with some loss. The others behaved, for the most part, like men, but were fearfully mown down by the Sikh guns, and several regiments being surrounded, owing to the initiatory

* Composed of the 2d Europeans, 70th and 31st Native Infantry.

blunder, had to fight front and rear. The 30th Native Infantry went on boldly, but getting clubbed, fired at random and killed some of their own officers. Part of the 9th Lancers and the 14th Dragoons, being, they say, surrounded, disgracefully fled before 400 Sikh horsemen, abandoning a European troop of Horse Artillery, the gunners being cut down and our guns taken. In trying to rally these panic-stricken troopers, Ekins was killed." Young Captain Fane, the Governor-General's Aide-de-Camp, a son of Lord Westmoreland's, started at once for camp, to do duty with the 24th, which had but nine officers left at parade the morning after the action. This young man is so much beloved that every one expressed heartfelt sorrow at his departure. Sir Henry Lawrence and Lord Gifford arrived in the Governor-General's camp a day or two after C. had left it.

A friend in camp wrote to us, 21st January.—“ Last night Sir H. Lawrence and Lord Gifford came into camp and have given us very clear accounts of the affair of the 13th. The only conclusion I can arrive at is, that the Sikhs, in every sense of the word, licked us, and if their cavalry had only gone on, must have routed us and taken the Commander-in-Chief and Staff prisoners. Our people were quite prepared for it, nor do they seem to know why it was not done. But providentially the fellows stopped, seeming bewildered by the success of their charge, and without provocation fled in confusion. There was, at one time, a body of 3,000 Ghurcharras (horsemen) on the open plain to our right flank, unsupported in any way, who came and went without a single horse or man being sent at them. The Commander-in-Chief makes out a very fair appear-

ance in his despatch, but I doubt its taking anybody in, at least on this side of the world." I could not understand what had made the old chief fight at all after waiting so long for the fall of Multan, but it appears that Major Mackeson, hearing that Chattar Sing was advancing to join his son, officially recommended that an action should be fought before his arrival.

We heard to-day of the fall of Attok. Lieutenant Herbert and the Nizám dropped over the wall and attempted to escape down the river on "massaks" (skins for carrying water), but fell into the hands of the enemy. Abbott (the same who was at Khiva), without any authority, "wrote sometime back to Dost Muhammad, asking him to help us, and promising a reward. At that time the fall of the city of Multan had not taken place, and the Amier returned a most peremptory answer, reproaching us for our iniquities towards him, and claiming Pesháwar, Hazareh, and much more territory, on the guarantee of which he promised to arrange our quarrel with the Sikhs! He is said since to have proclaimed a religious war, and men say Attok has succumbed to him, not to Chattar Sing. So much for our not having relieved that place, which could easily have been done a month ago."

I must give you another extract from a letter from Dr. C. He says:

"For two days and three nights my occupations were so incessant that I neither slept nor had my clothes off, nor sat down to a meal. I wonder if it struck any one else that it was the anniversary of the last massacre of our troops at Kabul. I assure you the

fight of the 13th was as nearly proving another massacre of a British army as possible."

We heard that the surgeons were all obliged to mount and fly. Dr. M'Rae, a very strong huge man, is said to have flung a patient on his horse, and bore him off before him.

The loss in killed and wounded is unparalleled, save by Ferozeshahar and Sobráon. The Queen's 24th foot, for instance, lost 507. Next day there lay in their mess tent 13 of the officers of that single corps, dead. They went into action with 34 officers; they have now only 9 fit for duty. The 30th native infantry lost one-third of their entire strength; the Queen's 29th lost 234. Officers killed 24, wounded 65, total 89; men killed 573, wounded 1600, total 2173:—total *hors de combat* 2262. Many of the wounded are since dead, and many, many more must still perish, for the wounds in general were of a fearful description, received in close conflict.

"The night that followed this dreadful day was the most miserable of my life. The troops all huddled together without order, and the tents and baggage nowhere to be seen. Some of us sat for the early part of the night upon some guns, and when it began to rain, which it did heavily towards midnight, we sought the shelter of an adjacent village, where in a mud hut of diminutive dimensions, we found a most motely assemblage congregated in the dark, and where we passed the night in a crouching position with my back to the wall, for there was not room to lie at length on the mud floor. On my left, and seen by the occasional blaze of a whin fire outside, lay a Sepahi, with his loaded musket between us, which I

every moment expected would go off as he turned himself in his sleep, and shoot some one, as similar accidents were heard going on outside all night long; on my right sat young Olpherts of the artillery, Aide-de-Camp to General Tennant, and beyond him, the General himself; next sat a boy with his head on the doorstep; Captain Durand of the Engineers, with a number of the Commander-in-Chief's Staff, were huddled together in the further corner; Colonel Curtis and some Sepahis occupied the centre.

“In this position we spent the night; the longest I ever experienced. No one spoke, every one was occupied with his own reflections, longing for the light of the morrow, and listening to every sound that broke the stillness of the night. Had the Sikhs been an enterprising enemy (which they are not), and had come down upon us that night, our troops could have offered no resistance, and must have fallen an easy prey. It pleased God, however, to shield us in our hour of helplessness by His gracious providence, and day began to break without even an alarm having occurred. Large fires were then lit in the little courtyard in which our hut was situated, which threw a strange and picturesque light on the foliage and figures that surrounded them. Amongst the latter I recognized the Adjutant-General, Judge - Advocate - General, Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Penny, &c.; not one of them appeared to know what had become of the Commander-in-Chief for some time. At length we heard of his having passed the night in another village about a mile off. I had had no food since six. A.M. on the previous day, save a crust of bread Colonel —— had given me.

“As soon as the Commander-in-Chief could be com-

municated with, the trumpets sounded the assembly, the troops stood to their arms, and the line was re-formed just where it stood before they went into action. I was overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude to the Almighty when I once more saw our brave fellows thus extricated out of inconceivable confusion by the cheerful light of day.

“Here we are, in such a mess as the army of India has never been in since the days of Clive. A desperate and wily enemy has drawn us into a jungle which gives him every advantage. Our Sepáhis were shot down by hundreds from behind bushes; our guns surprised by horsemen before their approach could be seen; our cavalry unable to charge from the mass of trees and bushes, not a blade of grass to be had, and Bhusa selling at twelve rupees (*i. e.* twenty-four shillings) a Tattu (pony) load.”

Since the action, Elihí Baksh, the Sikh commandant of artillery, has deserted and come over to us, with twenty-five gunners. Two lancers, who were taken prisoners, were very well treated, and sent back with letters from Sher Singh. The George Lawrences, who have been kept in separate forts, have been allowed to be together; and Lieutenant Bowie has been sent in, since the fall of Multán, to treat. Chattar Singh has joined his son; so that perhaps this offer to treat is only a *ruse de guerre*. It seems that another action is almost inevitable, as we could not be satisfied with anything short of unconditional surrender on their part; and it is not probable that, with their preponderating force, they will consent to such a thing. The Multán force is marching up: the first detachment, under Brigadier Markham, left on the 27th; the main

body, under General Whish, were to march on Monday, the 29th; and the Bombay troops on Wednesday, the 31st.

The bodies of poor Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. Agnew have been disinterred. They were found wrapped in silk (I believe some Afgháns buried them), and the heads severed from the bodies; but it was impossible to say if this were the effect of decomposition or violence. They were buried with all military honours, and carried up the principal breach in triumph, by the gallant Bombay Fusiliers, poor Mr. Anderson's own regiment. No doubt it was with swelling hearts they did so. They buried them near the Idgáh, and there they rest.

February 12th, 1849.—Ever since I wrote, the Commander-in-Chief's camp seems to have been kept in a perpetual state of alarm. Their cavalry and artillery are harassed by having daily to escort camels at graze, and to bring in forage from distances of twenty and twenty-four miles. They have several times been kept saddled the whole night; in fact, they are in constant expectation of an attack, and many fears were entertained for the result. I say *were*, because the Multán force, which is now marching up (forced marches), will probably join the Commander-in-Chief's force by the 15th; and as the Sikhs have not attacked them yet, we begin to think they do not mean to do so, which is exceedingly stupid of them. They shifted their camp the other day to Rassúl, a place on the left of their former position. It was supposed that they intended to attack. Our force was under arms the whole night—the cattle, baggage, &c. placed in the centre. It was reported that the Sikhs

had got into our rear; but whether they have or not we cannot tell.

The main body now occupy the extremity of the low range of salt hills above Rassúl, with a fortification and some works connecting their elevated points with the river. Our camp continues in the swampy plain about four miles south from them. Captain C. writes that "Dawes speaks in a humbled Christian strain of his late success. Every one, from the Commander-in-Chief to the Serjeant-Major, all ascribe their preservation to him, and try hard to turn his head. His battery was quite surrounded, but he says the Lord answered his prayer to be kept calm."

Lieutenant —, who has just invalided, told us that he had attended the prayer-meetings of the 9th Lancers, which were joined by a good many from the 24th Foot; so that there were about forty men present, besides officers. He used also to go to Lieutenant C.'s (of the 5th Cavalry) tent every evening, where the latter collected eight or ten Europeans, and read to them "Overton's Cottage Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," each of which ends with a hymn and prayer, and which were very much liked by the men.

There has been much trouble in the native church here, owing to the depraved conduct of two of the nominal converts. They were solemnly excommunicated yesterday, February 11th, and a fast is to be appointed previous to the next communion. Mr. Winslow, at Madras, some time ago, had to excommunicate upwards of thirty catechists, for keeping caste; and the whole of them relapsed into heathenism. I did not know, until the other day, that caste was most rigidly observed among a large portion of the

Church of England converts at Madras. It seems that the venerable Schwartz set the example of this most pernicious compliance with idolatrous customs, not foreseeing its ruinous consequences. The present bishop has instituted an inquiry into it, and, I hope, will suppress it. Imagine so-called Christians of high caste refusing to associate, even at the Lord's table, with those of low caste—scrupulously avoiding the pollution of having any communion with their brethren.

Hasan Khán gave a Khána the other day to Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, to which I took three other ladies. We paid a visit to the Zenáná, and then took our dinner with the gentlemen. It was picturesque and characteristic to see one of Hasan Khán's men holding a lighted torch, and two others breaking off in the midst of waiting on us, to say their prayers at one end of the room, while Hasan Khán himself placed the plates, cups, &c. on the table.

Mr. Rudolph showed me an application from one of the binders on the Mission premises, for an orphan girl to wife. The man is a communicant. He wrote a very good letter in Hindustani, but headed it most drolly in English, as if it had been a treatise: "Concerning Marriage."

Mr. Erskine, in speaking of the immense advantages of India over Europe, as a "*carrière ouverte aux talents*," and as affording men scope for all their faculties, at an age when at home they could be but mere subordinates—"mere pens," gave as an instance, that when the Sikhs crossed the Satlej, in the last campaign, the Government were so taken by surprise, that all they could do, was to desire the different Deputy

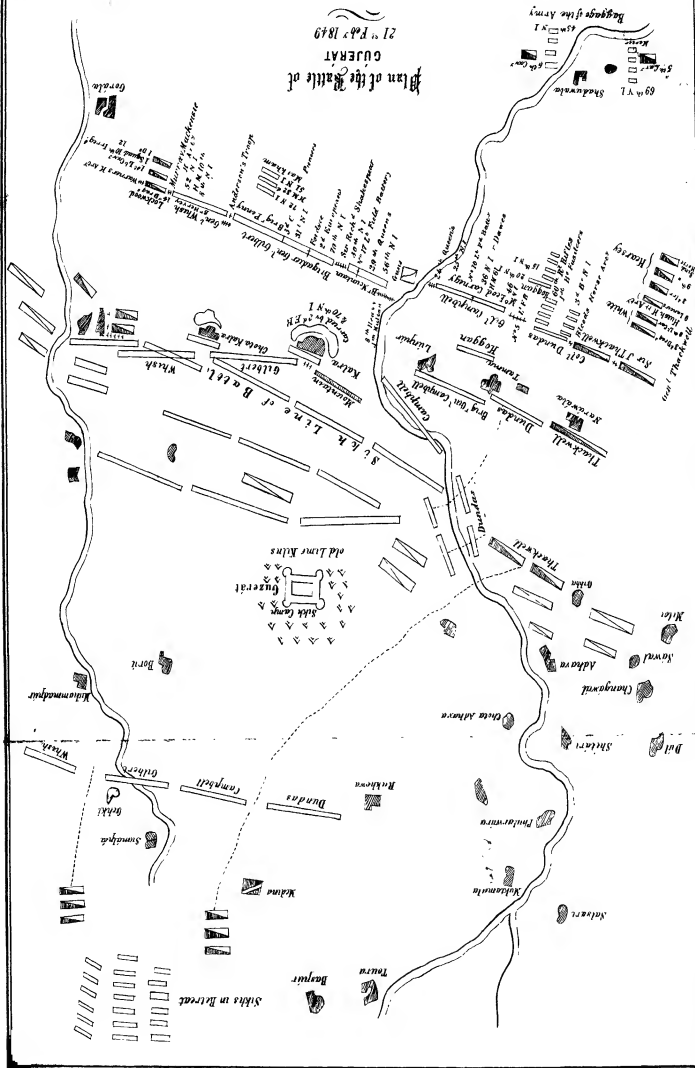
Commissioners to make the best arrangements in their power; thus, by this act, putting the whole defence of their respective enormous districts into their hands. Each had, in fact, the responsibility of a prime minister.

Mr. Erskine raised the male population *en masse*, and trained them as well as time permitted. He is a most practical, energetic and public-spirited officer, and would make an excellent military man.

Lord Gifford came to see us the other day, on his way to meet Lady Dalhousie at Seháranpur, and told us many interesting things about Ramnagar and Chilianwala, in both of which he was present, and acted as Lord Gough’s aide in the last. He said Brigadier Pope could not possibly be to blame for the behaviour of the 14th Dragoons, as he was wounded and out of the field long before. Only one squadron of the 9th Lancers fled. Somebody (no one knows who, some say a private) called out “The Sikhs are in our rear—threes about.” The dragoons obeyed the order, at first in a regular manner; but the broken nature of the ground caused the flanks to press on the centre—a sudden panic came over them, and they fled in confusion through the field-hospital, upsetting dulis, wounded, camels, and everything that came in their way.

The whole camp has been frequently alarmed by the Sikhs, but these last have now left their strong position at Rassul, and for some days no one knew where they were gone; they might have crossed the Jelam, and they might have crossed the Chenab. For a day or two it was positively asserted that they had done the first, and such were the fears that they would do

Plan of the Battle of Gujarat 21st Feb 1849



the second, that there was a perfect panic at Lahore, which had the good effect of causing the citadel to be put in a state of defence for the first time. We now learn that they have marched upon Gujrat. General Whish and the Multan force have arrived at Ramnagar.

The Commander-in-Chief has fallen back and the two forces have united. They are by to-day's letters of the 20th, within five miles of Gujrat and the Sikhs; and an action is expected on the 21st. Sir H. Lawrence has issued a Proclamation, offering mercy to those who are offering us battle. He promises that those Sirdars who are Jaghirdárs (*i. e.* have land) shall not be "deprived of their comforts." I suspect most Sikhs would claim an ample allowance of Bhang under this head. Do you know that the Sikhs are so given to strong liquors, that they will drink off half a bottle of brandy without its having the smallest effect upon them. The spirits they use are so powerful, that brandy and gin are said to be like wine in comparison. Chattar Sing has sent Major Lawrence into the Governor-General's camp, but not apparently to offer terms, as he says he despises our Commander-in-Chief, our army, and our race; and that our cavalry, European and Native, are not worth their salt.

A decisive battle was expected on the 21st;—May God give us the Victory!

23rd February.—We had such a dust-storm all last night and this morning that we breakfasted by lamp-light, and put on night-caps, to keep our hair clean. The garden that was very pretty two days ago, with larkspurs, poppies, Indian pinks, mignonette, &c. &c., a mass of brilliant colour, has scarcely a flower left.

Soil and seeds are both blown away, and everything is as dirty as it can be. When I first rose, the view of the garden was, as if one were looking through a yellow Claude glass. It then became redder, and then dark brown. There is something very solemn in a dust-storm—the sun seems turned into blood.

I heard from J. on his march up the other day. He says: "It seemed like the fateful ending of an ancient tragedy, that on the morning we marched from Multán with Mulráj between our ranks as a prisoner, our way should have been between the Eedgah and the spot where the murdered men had been first buried. The pit was open, for the bodies had been taken out to receive Christian burial two or three days before, and there were still traces of how it had been occupied. With this on the left-hand, and the ruined Eedgah on the right, the road ran with scarce a yard of spare room. Truly the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for them that are oppressed."

This morning I hear from Captain C. that Mulráj has been received at Lahore with great state, a fine suwári (procession on horseback) of Durbár politicals, the Brigadier, &c., went to meet him, and he rode in on an elephant with a political officer, and is now comfortably lodged in the palace square. It is said, that he has a paper signed by Mr. Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson, exonerating him from any share in the attack upon them, and that he has other papers from the Durbár, desiring him to hold out against the British. Be this as it may, he ought to be tried, and not treated as a prince before acquittal.

We were much amused at a story Miss W. told us of a kuli of her brother's, who on being promoted to be a

choukedár (watchman) at four rupees a month, took a second wife. His first, who was a Kulin, was a remarkably handsome, hardworking woman; the other was a grasscut. He explained to his master, that he had taken a second wife to his honour, as it greatly redounded to Mr. W.'s credit, that his choukedar should have two wives. However they disagreed so much, that in a short time he was glad to give the second twenty rupees to induce her to leave him.

Several desertions have taken place. In order, therefore, to make the whole corps keep a good look out, C. has ordered parades twice a day, extra roll calls at noon and midnight, and doubled the regimental guards and patrols, so that they will all be so hard worked, that they will be glad to catch any man who may try to bring the same trouble upon them another time. Every one to whom C. gives a guard speaks in in the highest terms of our men.

February 24th.—Mrs. C. and I drove down to the Post, and heard that we had won a great victory on the 21st. I received a letter from Captain C. announcing the fact, and stating that our loss is about 500 killed and wounded; that of the Sikhs is about 1,200 to 1,500. On Sunday morning early, Mrs. F. came with a letter from her husband which he had got inserted with the Commander-in-Chief's despatch, telling of his own and Mr. C.'s safety. The action appears to have been entirely one of artillery, whom, wonderful to say, Lord Gough allowed to do their work. The last brigade from Multán, under Colonel Dundas, joined the Commander-in-Chief by forced marches on the evening of the 19th. J. says of the Rifles, "the
"Men are in capital condition, they made fifty miles

the last two days, but it was no great draw upon them." We had about 27,000 men, and upwards of 100 pieces of artillery. The action appears to have been almost entirely on the right of our line; that is to say, the infantry of General Campbell's division did not fire a shot. Even yet we have very few details. The action began between seven and eight. The artillery fired for about three hours: our right flank was nearly turned by the Sikh horsemen, but Murray Mackenzie's guns drove them off.

The Sind Horse were the only body of cavalry who had any opportunity of distinguishing themselves. They charged the Afghán horsemen under Afzul Khán, a son of Dost Mahomed, and completely overthrew them. Their leader is said to have been killed. Ten minutes after the Infantry delivered their first fire, they charged, and the Sikhs fled. A friend writes, "Lord Gough thinks that he had the whole of Shír Sing's force oppose to him; but another idea is, that he commenced his retreat during last night. This is my opinion too. I know I saw a large column of dust early this morning (the 21st), in the direction that they made off in afterwards." Of course a column of dust must have been caused by a column of either men or horse. All accounts agree that Shír Sing was not in the field, nor within two miles of it, and it is certain that he would not depart unaccompanied. Nothing but infatuation can account for the conduct of the Sikhs in leaving their strong position at Rassul. Our force marched through Shír Sing's camp, burnt the tents (foolishly enough) and ammunition, and took forty-two guns. They encamped that night about a mile and a half to the northward of it.

The Patan Cavalry were driven in a south-westerly direction, and will, it is said, have to come up to the Pass near Rassul to escape northwards. General Gilbert is gone to intercept them.

Nothing can be more uncertain than the post from the army. J. writes, "Sir Walter Gilbert's force, of which we are a part, is encamped on the left bank of the Jelam, a few miles above the Pass of Rassulpúr, which we threaded yesterday. You will be sorry to hear that we just reached in time to be too late. The enemy had crossed, and are opposite to us. They are said to be 10,000 strong, and to have fifteen guns in position commanding the ford." When the Sikhs left Rassul, a body of them with twelve guns under Attar Sing crossed the Jelam, and our troops being on the spot, will, it is hoped, prevent any of the fugitives from reforming themselves on this nucleus. Sir W. Gilbert's brigade will probably have to wait until joined by General Campbell and Colonel Huthwaite's Horse Artillery.

We heard to-day, March 3rd, that a third division is also going. J. adds, "This is a nice country: the people say that rain falls all the year round, and everything is green, and the wind is chill, and the sky covered with mist. I hope that we may have a few days' rest, for the sake of those who are not so strong as I am, and on account of our camels; they are suffering very much, and their number is already inconveniently reduced."

The rout of the Sikhs on the 21st was so complete that they threw away their arms, ammunition, and everything, and fled in their Dhotis (their simplest garment,—a cloth that they wrap round them, which

serves the purpose of trousers). Many guns have been picked up by the cavalry in the villages: the Sikhs dragged them on as long as they were able. They have also taken several standards in this way.

By-the-by, there has been a great deal of falsehood asserted about the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, and its Commandant, Brigadier Pope, at Chilianwálá. In order to shield the 14th Dragoons, some threw blame on the Brigadier; and Lord Gough stated in his despatch that "some order or misapprehension of an order" had caused their flight. A letter I have just seen in the paper denies that they were ordered to charge at all.

Now, the truth as testified by Colonel Pope, Colonel Bradford, and Colonel Lane—three officers of unquestionable gallantry and conduct—is as follows: Two squadrons of H. M.'s 9th Lancers, one wing of the 1st Cavalry, and one wing of the 6th, were detached, to protect Colonel Lane's Horse Artillery on the extreme right. They behaved perfectly well, and Colonel Lane, by his heavy fire, prevented the Sikhs from completely routing that flank. Yet his name is not mentioned in the despatch, and the whole of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade is spoken of as if it had behaved ill, when more than half (for the 14th Dragoons were only temporarily attached to it) were detached, and did their duty well. Dr. — justly says that the Jelam must have been called the "fabulous Hystaspes" in ancient times, with a prospective view to the mendacious despatches that were to emanate from its banks. The trumpet sounded for a charge; Colonel Pope called on the Brigade to "Come on," and they answered with a deafening cheer. He was almost immediately

severely wounded on the head by a sabre cut, and the rush of blood rendered it necessary for him to be carried to the field hospital. He left his men engaged: it is said that they did not charge at a gallop, but at a trot; perhaps the ground prevented their doing otherwise, for it was full of jungle. But Colonel Bradford's testimony, as well as Colonel Pope's, proves that they did engage the enemy. Suddenly they went to the right-about. Colonel Bradford says, no order was given; but two things are clear,—they did run away, and never stopped till they were in the rear of the field hospital, upsetting the wounded, the Dolis, and camels; and secondly, Colonel Pope had no more to do with it than I had, for he was in the field hospital at the time, and did not know what had occurred until the next day. The Colonel of the 14th told his men they “had behaved in a dastardly manner, and the less they said about it the better!” Some of the Lancers did run too, but they are said not to have been in the same intense panic as the Dragoons.

Colonel Pope forwarded Colonel Lane's and Colonel Bradford's letters to the Commander-in-Chief, and begged that he might be exonerated from having given any order which could by any possibility have been misconstrued into an order to retreat. The Commander-in-Chief coldly replied through the Adjutant-General that he “accepted his denial,” without adding one word of sympathy or regret at having publicly cast a slur on the honour of an old soldier whose gallantry is unimpeachable! Poor Colonel Pope has been with us for some days. He is very weak and ill.

Saturday, March 10th, 1849.—Since Friday week, the poor old Colonel, has been so ill with inflammation

of the lungs, that he was almost given over, and C. has been obliged to sit up with him, the greater part of every night, as his nieces are quite worn out with waiting on him all day, and the native doctor, though most attentive, cannot make him take food and wine, which are ordered for him. It is clear to me, that the Hindustanis, are an inferior race, both to the European and to their Northern neighbours. I have never seen a native obtain power over a European: if they do, it is in rare instances; they may, and often have very great influence with them, as a favorite servant often has, but hardly ever that authority, which a European, even of inferior station, would exercise. How despotic a European nurse often is, over either patient or child. Here, this is scarcely ever the case, the nurses and bearers are the slaves of the children. The position of the British in India, often reminds me of that of the old Romans. There is such a wide distinction between the conquering and subject race. When no officers are present, the Sergeant Major, exercises the Regiment, though the Subadars and Jemadars are considered as gentlemen, are entitled to a chair, when they come to the house and are presented to the Government-General and Commander-in-Chief, with the European officers. Europeans of every class, come under the denomination of "Sahiblog;" but an Afghán distinguishes at once between a gentleman and a common man. Perhaps I can hardly make it clear to you, but no one could know an Afghán, without feeling, that they are of the same race as ourselves. Their energy, obstinacy, strong will, and fiery natures; mark them as of a different genus from the gentle, patient, apathetic, Hindustaní; and I conclude, that the superiority in energy of the Hindustaní

Musalman over the Hindú, arises from his mixed descent from the conquerors of Hindustán, the Moghals, and Patáns. The Sikhs and Panjabís, have much more energy, and are a much finer and stronger people physically, as well as intellectually, than the Hindustaní. This they have proved in the present campaign. I have never seen a Hindustaní rush about, so that it refreshes me, to see the vehement energy, with which Hasan Khán darts across the room, and pounces on a chair, to save my husband the trouble of handing it to him. The Sikhs are generally very ignorant, and very intelligent, twice as quick of understanding as any uneducated native of the North of Europe I ever saw.

Sir Richmond Shakespear spent the day here, on the 7th instant. A round shot carried off the tip of his left forefinger, and took all the skin off the right side of his face; he fainted, but soon recovered, had wet bandages applied to his cheek, and rode back to his duty. Two or three days after, however, it swelled up to a frightful size. A more miraculous escape never occurred, for many a man has been killed by the wind of a ball. He told us that, a Lieutenant, who has been travelling with him, got a ball in his forehead, which came out at the back of his head, near the ear. He is quite well again! Sir Richmond Shakespear said, that one great mistake at Chillianwalla, was, not opening all the batteries, field as well as heavy, on the enemy at once. One very stout officer, who cannot ride, met with sundry mishaps. He was mounted on a tall grey horse, and when the Dragoons fled, he got entangled with them, and could not stop his horse, until far in the rear. He returned quite out of breath, and being on foot, a short time after, a slight panic took place among some

of the Foot, and he was again enveloped and carried down the hill. Poor man, he returned still more bereft of breath than before. After the action, Brigadier Godby, rode up to Captain Dawes, and said " Captain Dawes, I am happy to have this public opportunity of thanking you, for saving my Brigade." Just after, Sir Walter Gilbert came up, and roared out, " Dawes! thank you for saving my Division!" and whenever the subject is mentioned, and compliments paid him, good Captain Dawes blushes and is abashed. Young Mr. Dempster was so ill, that his mother was quite at ease about him, thinking he could not possibly be present during the action. However he got leave from the doctor, was carried to his gun, which he commanded throughout the day, by driving a fowrah,—a curious kind of spade, with the blade at right angles with the handle—into the ground, and sitting upon the blade of it.

I have been gathering information about the late battle. It appears that after the Artillery had been blazing away for more than an hour and a half, it was deemed necessary to take possession of the village (Amrialala), which was the key to the Skih position, and three companies were considered enough to do so, by the General. The 70th Regiment was just opposite the village, and two companies, the Grenadiers and No. 1, and the Light Company of 2nd. Europeans; (the whole under Captain Boyd), were ordered to ' carry the village.' As soon as the Sikhs saw the movement, they began as hot a fire, of round and grape, from the batteries on the flanks of the village as any man could desire.

The party advanced under cover of the fire of Maister's guns, but within eighty yards of the village,

they discovered that a sheet of water covered the whole front ; and that, even were it practicable to cross it, the wall was twelve or fifteen feet high, and no inlet on that side. The place was evidently full of infantry. They were saluted by a very sharp fire of musketry from the loopholes in the walls, and also from the roofs of the houses. The men lay down, while Captain Maister unlimbered, and gave the Sikhs a few rounds.

The attacking party then dashed forward, the Europeans taking the right and the Sepahis the left, and fortunately were joined by the remainder of their respective regiments as they approached the walls, and then ensued a frightful scene, for the Sikhs fought with desperation. The butchery was fearful, no quarter given and none asked for ; the greater number got away, but about 500 were shot or bayoneted ! The village was taken in a quarter of an hour, and at the same time the whole of the enemies line broke and fled.

Then our entire line advanced, with the exception of three Companies, who were ordered to finish the work in the village. The Sings had got into the huts, and fired from the loopholes ; but they were soon turned out, by smashing the doors and pouring a volley in, or, where that could not be done, by pulling up the mud roofs and firing down. This they returned upon them as much as they could.

Captain Scott who commanded the party left in the village, finding resistance had ceased, desired his men to offer quarter. They tied those who threw down their arms in pairs, and took them into camp as prisoners. There were nearly 150 of them, yet Major —— is said to have blamed Captain Scott for bringing them in, and told him, not a man should have been spared. The

Adjutant-General ordered the village to be burnt, which was done, and a young friend told us that, the sights he witnessed in going, for the last time, through the village, to find out if any persons remained in it, haunted his dreams long afterwards. In the principal house in the place eighty lay dead. Many an unfortunate wounded man was burnt.

As I should suppose both Major —— and Colonel —— were naturally humane, it makes the way in which they are said to have acted in this affair very remarkable, and shows how easily men may do harsh and cruel things when their blood is heated. C. says they may have been obliged to issue these orders, but I have not heard any reason alleged for their doing so.

If Major —— were right in blaming the troops for giving quarter where no good end could be gained by further bloodshed, on his principles, not a man should have been saved out of the whole force; for if General Gilbert was justified in receiving the submission of Shere Sing and his 16,000 men, certainly Captain Scott was right in offering quarter to these men. It appears, that a code of military law, such as Vattels, for international affairs, is greatly required; for officers generally act on impulses and crotchets of their own, without any fixed rules. It was as bad in the Adjutant-General to have the village burnt when it no longer offered any resistance. It was, in fact, burning the wounded. The village was no ways particularly guilty; it had offered resistance, and was right in so doing. There was no plea of 'example.' Multán was spared because it was large and rich: was this village burnt because it was small and poor? If a town resist after terms have been offered, it may be good

policy, and eventually save much slaughter by preventing other towns from doing the like, to grant no quarter to the fighting-men. This was Cromwell's plan, and a wise and merciful plan—though severe in appearance—it proved to be; but he never burnt a village which had not been summoned, and which was maintained as part of the enemy's position on the battle-field, at a time, too, when the enemy having fled in complete disorder there was no possibility of their re-occupying it. A man who has not clear views of right and wrong, based on sound principles, is sure to make frightful blunders.

On Thursday, 15th, C. started for the Governor-General's camp at Firozpur, Mr. E having strongly urged him to come. I am glad he should go, as he greatly needs rest and sleep, as he has been sitting up at least half the night with Colonel Pope. Dr. Anderson pronounces it no longer necessary. I heard from him yesterday (Sunday, 18th); he inclosed the following account of the battle of Gujrat.

"Our victory at Gujrat was complete. We took their camp and baggage, and fifty-three out of the fifty-nine guns, it is stated that they had in the action. Regulars and irregulars were driven in the greatest confusion from the field, and the pursuit was continued by the cavalry and horse artillery, some fourteen or fifteen miles beyond Gujrat. The main stream of the fugitives fled by the Bhimber road towards Jelum; they were turned off the direct road by our cavalry, and a very considerable portion of their infantry, during the night, abandoned the retreating army, and started, like sensible and prudent people, for their homes.

"The battle of Gujrat will, I think, prove the true

Waterloo of India, and, with common prudence on our part, hereafter will ensure peace and tranquillity for years to come in this quarter. Gujrát stands in a plain richly cultivated; the enemy could not have chosen a position more favourable for us; their camp was pitched all round and close to the town; their position of battle was on the south side, and at some distance from the town; the right of their army was immediately behind, and covered by a deep nullah, or bed of a river, dry at this season; and their centre and left in rear of three villages called Umriala, the Greater and Lesser Kalkros; these were strongly occupied as posts by infantry, the main body of which was formed behind these villages, with their artillery in the intervals between them; their cavalry was formed on the flanks of their infantry. This position was distinctly to be seen from the top of a house in the village of Sadiwálla, near which our army was encamped the previous day.

The bank of the nullah afforded a formidable cover and protection to their right wing, but their centre and left were only partially covered by entrenchments, and these defences were very imperfect and insignificant in character. Our lengthened stay and inactivity at Chilianwa, after the action (the reasons for which the enemy did not rightly understand), and our not having molested them in their removal from their position at Rassul to Purán, which they effected in three divisions, moving in succession from their right, at an interval of a day between each, and really in a most masterly manner, and their having moved through the pass to Purán, and finally to Gujrát, without an attempt at interruption from us, had inspired the soldiery with such

confidence, that they did not deem it requisite to make those defences, or take those precautions, which had been their invariable practice to adopt on every previous occasion. Our move from Chillianwalla to Gujrát, was combined with the object of forming a junction with the Multán force, the last portion of which (the Bombay Division, under Brigadier-General Dundas) did not join until the night of the 19th, having marched nearly seventy miles in the three previous days. We made a short move on the 20th, merely to keep the enemy in uncertainty, and on the 21st the battle was fought. The right wing, with fifty-four guns, including twenty-two heavy guns (18-pounders and 8-inch Howitzers), was well formed on the left bank of the nullah, while the left wing, with thirty field-guns, was formed on the other side. General Campbell's orders were to maintain close communication with the heavy guns, which were on the left of the right wing (in the centre of the army in fact), he was to approach, but not to pass the part of the nullah which covered the right of the enemy's position, without further instructions from the Commander-in-chief.

It was known that there was no obstacles or impediment of a serious nature, in front of the centre and left of the enemy's position, beyond the village of the name of Kalkra, and neither in nor around these villages, had the enemy raised any artificial defences. The ground was perfectly open, a beautifully cultivated plain, with a few trees dotted here and there, and admirably adapted for the employment of all arms, particularly of our artillery, for the enemy were without cover or protection of any kind, for their artillery or the main body of infantry, which was formed behind

it. The object of the Commander-in-Chief was, to overwhelm their centre and left, before our left should attempt to carry the nullah, in which the troops of their right wing took shelter, after the fire of our artillery reached them. At Chillianwala, the battle had been fought by our infantry against the whole of their forces, in a very formidable position, without our having employed our artillery, either previous to the advance, or during the fight, to the extent we should have done; but the battle of Gujrat, was one almost entirely of artillery. We had eighty-four guns in the first line, which advanced firing, supported by the infantry, with all the regularity and order of a pre-arranged field day. The enemy's columns melted under the powerful and admirably directed fire of this magnificent and most formidable artillery. That of the enemy in the centre and left, gradually gave way, and their retreat from that quarter soon became a disorderly flight. Their right wing took shelter in the nullah, from which General Campbell dislodged them with the artillery of his division, and the whole infantry of our left wing, passed that formidable defence to the right of the enemy, without firing a shot and with very few casualties."

I have just heard from Captain Dawes. I rejoice to say he has got a Troop of Horse Artillery, which will give him 1,200 rupees a month, the best command a man can have except that of a regular regiment. The Artillery is by far the best arm in time of war. A man has as great opportunities of distinction when a Captain as Colonels have in the Infantry or Cavalry. All the Artillery rejoice at Captain Dawes's promotion, for he distinguished himself greatly at Gujrat as well as

Chillianwala. He says most justly, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and declare His power and might, and cease to boast in their own strength, as is too much the custom among us. Was it our strategy that led them to forsake for once their first maxim of war, and meet a British force in the open plain? or our foresight that kept them there until all our guns and forces were collected for their overthrow, and thus afforded us an opportunity of at once crushing their whole army? Who sent the abundance of rain which alone enabled us at Chillianwala to retain possession of the field we took with such severe loss? But neither I nor any one else can recount a tithe of the favours we have received. How complete in its effects the victory of the 21st; fifty-six guns were (at Wuzarabad) in park, twenty-six more in General Gilbert's camp."

Yesterday (Sunday 18th) a royal salute was fired in honour of Shere Sing and Chattar Sing having delivered themselves up with twenty-six guns, Mrs. Lawrence, and all the prisoners, when 16,000 men laid down their arms. Captain Dawes mentions that Mrs. Lawrence, with European servant and baby, prisoners, Lieutenants Bowic and Herbert, arrived at Wazurabad yesterday, 14th March, and a very pleasant sight it was to see the coach and four, drawn by mules, enter head-quarters camp, with the Commander-in-Chief on the left, and the Adjutant-General on the right. When Mrs. Lawrence came in, the Artillery and H.M.'s 61st, gave her three cheers, and "one cheer more for the blessed babby." Major Lawrence has gone on to Peshawar."

I heard from J. to-day (21st); he mentions that

Shere Sing brought in the Lawrences himself at Pachi Serai. Sir. W. Gilbert told him he did not want him without his men and guns, and that he had better go back again, which he did. J. says he is in love with the country—the climate now is delightful—day after day cloudy skies and gentle showers—all round are green cornfields, and north and east there are most magnificent ranges of mountains, the last and grandest of them being covered with snow. He describes Rohtás thus:—"Fancy a fortress girding a mountain, one side two miles long, with walls of solid masonry thirty feet thick! If the Jinns did not build it giants must—and the work was daintily done, too—even the places for firing down through from the battlements are finished with nicely carved corbels, but, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing about it is, the way that part of it has been ruined by an earthquake, (or by adverse Jinns), in one place a whole bastion has gone bodily down into a ravine without being broken up." This famous fortress was built by Shír Shah, the Afghán, perhaps the greatest General of the East, who drove Hamáyun into exile. He ruled from the Jelam to the mouth of the Ganges, and his civil Government was both benevolent and wise.

Sir Richmond Shakespear did a thing which amused me much, and yet it showed great thoughtfulness. Lady Shakespear had been kept in suspense by not receiving his letter for thirty-six hours after she heard of the battle of Chillianwala, so to prevent this he wrote to her before the battle of Gujrat. "We have had a hard fight, but have thrashed the Sikhs completely," directed it, put in his pocket ready for the post with a written request that if he were killed it

should be torn up. He sent this off soon after he was wounded. It shows the confidence that we always entertain of winning the day.

Sir R. Shakespeare also told us that one of the Queen's regiments captured an elephant at Gujerat. On the morning after the battle the men had been so long without food that biscuit, or something of that sort was served out to them, until they could get a meal. They thought the poor elephant must be hungry too, so each man gave him a bit.

The 30th Native Infantry, though not mentioned in the despatch, behaved most gallantly, they rushed on unchecked at Chillianwala to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, and spiked ten of them. They lost a great number killed and wounded. There was only one officer out of the seventeen who went into action untouched, and the next day the Colonel, the Adjutant, and two Subalterns were all that were fit for duty.

The officers gave up their mess tent to their wounded men, helped to bring them in on Charpais, &c., and nursed them themselves. To make up for the omission, the Commander-in-Chief wrote a public letter, expressing his "grateful acknowledgments to the regiment," which was read on parade.

C. returned on Saturday morning, having ridden in the whole way from Ferozpúr (eighty miles), in order to be with me on his birthday. I am happy to say that he was so little knocked up, that the next morning he said he could ride back again with ease. He saw Captain F. at Ferozpúr, who told him that he was just about to engage a Sikh horseman sword in hand, when he turned his head and saw that the 14th Dragoons had fled. "Well," said C., "what did you do then?"

"Oh," replied he, "I shot the fellow as fast as possible, and galloped after them." They cried out to him "Is it threes about, sir? Is it threes about?" "No!" thundered he, "Halt!" but nothing would stop them.

J. writes from Attok, March 19.—"We found a large number of Sikhs awaiting us at Ráwal Pindi, to lay down their arms. It was quite affecting to see the old grey-beared Khálsás giving up their swords; they generally salámed them as they put them on the ground. One of them abused Shir Sing bitterly for not making a better stand; another was heard to say, "Now, indeed, Ranjit Sing is dead." Altogether, between 20,000 and 30,000 are said to have surrendered, the stacks of arms are a wonder to look at, and we got besides, about forty cannon altogether: at Multán and since, our army has taken upwards of 100 guns in this campaign."

April 5th.—My dear little doggie died. He had long been ill and was so emaciated that it was pitiful to touch him. He did not appear to suffer pain latterly, and loved, as usual, to be always close to us. He always would come with me in the carriage, and when too weak to jump in, would walk up to the step and wag his tail till he was lifted in. We both miss him more than we can tell. I never saw so intelligent and sweet a doggie, so devotedly attached to us to the exclusion of all others. He was very good to other people, but did not love them as he did us. I never can believe that any one of God's creatures into whom He has breathed the breath of life, and who has affections and intelligence as clearly as man, ceases to exist when the body dies. We have every reason to believe

the contrary, which the Heathen had to believe the immortality of the soul. Natural religion teaches the immortality and progressive nature of animals as well as men. Bishop Butler is of this opinion.

April 20th.—To our great satisfaction Mrs. George Lawrence arrived yesterday. She left in the evening for Simla, she and her two babes are looking very well. She gave me some account of her adventures. When Major Lawrence sent her into Lahore in October (her little boy was a month old the day she started), Sultán Muhammad had promised her 300 horsemen, to whom Major L. was to add 300 foot, but the Sirdár sent only seventy Sawárs. They had a most fatiguing march, endeavouring to get a good start before Chattar Sing should hear of her departure. For three months previous she had never been able to leave her apartments, which were in the upper story of the house, Major Lawrence fearing that she might meet with some fright from the lawless Sikh soldiery. She could not even go into the garden, for it was filled from morning to night with Sikhs.

Chattar Sing had heard of her journey, and sent a regiment and two guns to intercept her. Her escort might still have carried her to Lahore by some by-path had they been determined to do so, but there is no doubt that Sultán Muhammad wished to keep her in his own hands, thinking it would give him a powerful claim on our Government. His eldest son, Khojah Baksh, who commanded her escort, told her it was impossible to proceed. Mrs. Lawrence told me afterwards a circumstance which proved that Khojah Baksh had no intention of taking her to Lahore when he started,—he had no other clothes with him than those he wore ; now

a man of his rank would never appear in Lahore in dirty travelling garments.

She wrote to Captain Nicholson, who was in the neighbourhood, but he never received her letter, neither did she get one which Major Lawrence sent, desiring her to go to Attok.

Her party were obliged to move from place to place, both to escape from the Sikhs, and to find food; at last Khojah Baksh took her to Kohat, about forty kos (say eighty miles), where his own family was. Both he and his father came to her, swore solemnly that they considered her as their guest, and gave her their signet rings as pledges, saying, "So long as you keep these no one can prevent your doing anything you choose."

When she expressed some anxiety afterwards, they asked her:

"Do you think we are dogs, that we should do such a thing?" "If a pig," said Khojah Baksh's women, "took refuge with us, we should be bound to protect it!"

Mrs. Lawrence only kept the rings two or three days. In the meantime Major Lawrence wrote to her to stay where she was, as he could not answer for what might happen at Peshawur. Accordingly one day Lieutenant Bowie went to take a bath in the city, when a note arrived from Major L. desiring him to return instantly. He threw on his clothes and galloped back. Oh reaching the top of the hill which overlooked the plain between the city and the Lawrence's house, he saw it covered with the Sikh troops. He rode on at first unmolested but soon a cavalry regiment detached themselves and chased him. There was a deep ditch on each side of the road into which many of their horses fell, about

six leapt it; one man hurled a spear at him, and in so doing threw himself off his horse, another rode by him pistol in hand, but was unable to take a steady aim; the regiment stationed at Major L.'s house turned out, and though they remained passive, yet their presence checked the assailants. Mr. Bowie got in and the gates were closed. Major L. had previously heard that fresh emissaries had come in from Chattar Sing, whom the troops now declared their intention of joining, and sent to demand their arrears of pay, carriage for their baggage and all the guns! Major L. of course refused, until the old Governor, Guláb Sing Povindhá, who remained staunch, entreated him to give them their arrears of pay, in order to get rid of them. This was done, and they sent to inquire of Elahí Baksh, the Commandant of Artillery if he intended to fire on them as they passed his lines. He replied, that he would not, unless they offered to touch the guns, when he would. They departed, but soon came the news that the Hindustaní Paltan, composed of Panjábi Mus-salmáns were going after them; the Commandant came and said he could not prevent them, they had been so long brethren that they must follow the Sikh troops. They attempted to take the guns, the artillery joined them. Major L. sent out his new Patan levies of about 3,000 men, instead of fighting they began to quarrel among themselves and wanted to plunder the house. No order was any longer obeyed, the guns were turned against the house, and the shot came crushing through the verandahs.

The old Governor entreated Major L. to fly—there was nothing else left to do—for the Sikhs afterwards acknowledged that they meant to kill him. He collected all

his servants, and with Lieutenant Bowie and about thirty Afgháns of his guard mounted and rode to Kohát. It was about eight in the evening and pitch dark; three days after he had arrived at Kohát, Chattar Sing sent for him. Before leaving, Sultán Muhammad had sworn most solemnly that, if he took refuge in Kohát he should be safe, and had promised to send them either to Multán or to Bhawalpore. A steamer arrived at that very time, but Sultán Muhammad would not let them go, flattering himself that by keeping them he might prevail on our Government to give him Pesháwar! A more idiotic act no man ever did. Now he was helpless, and could not prevent Major L. from being claimed by Chattar Sing.

After his departure, and during the absence of Sultán Muhammad and his son, the Afgháns became very insolent, broke open Mrs. L.'s boxes and wanted to search her, personally, for jewels, marching about her rooms with their swords drawn. She sent to Khojah Baksh's women, who insisted that nothing should be touched till the Sirdár's return. Luckily she had not taken a trinket with her to Pesháwar, and had even left all her best dresses at Lahore. She used to sleep in her clothes with her servants lying on the top of her boxes at the doors.

One night she heard her name called repeatedly; she went out, and found Mr. Thompson, the Apothecary, who brought a letter from Major L., saying that Chattar Sing had sent for her, and desiring her to come or not as she liked; but adding, that it would be much better for our Government to have only one party to deal with. She immediately resolved to go, and sent for Khojah Baksh, who came

the next morning. She met him in the garden, told him she had had her baggage packed and wanted carriage. He refused to let her go, but she said she would, and that if he objected, she would send for the large Sikh guard, who were on the other side of the hill, having only sent a small guard over to the fort where Mrs. L. was. Then he made difficulties about carriage, and would not get her any mules or an elephant, and refused to let a neighbouring village supply her with camels. She got ready, however, placed her children on her own elephant, and the European woman in the Palki, and mounted her horse. When Khoja Baksh came he looked very sulky, and asked why she was going to ride. She said, because she was going to Pesháwar to rejoin her husband. He objected to the length of the way, but at last accompanied her. His women wept bitterly when they came to take leave of her, said their name was blackened for ever, and that they never would be able to hold up their heads again. She rode twenty-five miles that day when Khoja Baksh left her. They stayed about two or three days at Pesháwar, and then marched southwards. The Sikhs treated her with every respect, but she was lodged in a fort on the Jelum, while Major L. and Mr. Bowie were each kept by different Chiefs at some distance. Each Sirdar wished to have some hold on our Government. Mr. Bowie was treated with great insolence, and his jailor is the only one of the Sirdars who has not surrendered, and on whose capture a price is now put. Chattar Sing, for fear of losing both his prisoners by a *coup de main*, which he expected would be attempted for their rescue, kept Major and Mrs. L. apart (though he allowed them to

correspond), and for three months she was never allowed to go out, except into a small court about twenty feet square, where she could walk up and down between the sentries, five of whom were placed over her. Luckily she had a few books and her writing materials.

They contrived to send a few lines every now and then to Sir F. Currie and Major Mackeson, by writing, on a tiny scrap of paper, rolling it up in wax-cloth and then delivering it through one of their servants, to a Kassid, from a neighbouring village, who received ten or twelve rupees for the risk he ran in conveying it.

The Sikhs constantly told Mrs. Lawrence they were not afraid of the British, for they would not use their heavy guns, and they considered themselves fully their match with muskets. She wrote repeatedly to Major Mackeson, telling him this, and begging him to persuade the military authorities to use their long guns, as they were the only weapons the Sikhs feared. This was, before Chilliánwala, the firing of which she heard most distinctly. She says that, after Gujrát, Chattar Sing and his son pressed Major Lawrence to treat with them. He said that, as a prisoner he had no authority, and reminded them of the terms the Governor-General had offered them *before* the battle, viz., life and subsistence, adding, that now, they must surrender unconditionally, though he thought their lives would be spared.

Just at this time he received a letter from Major Mackeson saying, that he did not think he fully understood the terms which should be offered to the Chief, which were life, subsistence, indemnity to their fol-

lowers, and, in fact, a great deal more than they ventured to ask for.

Major Lawrence kept back the rest, and induced them to submit, on life and subsistence being guaranteed them; explaining the latter to mean bare subsistence ("sukhí rotí" dry bread), but the Sikh Chiefs now declare that Major Mackeson, promised them their ághirs (fiefs)!

Lord Dalhousie wrote a very handsome letter of congratulation to Mrs. Lawrence (how different from Lord Ellenborough, who did not even send an Aide-de-camp to inquire for any one of the captive ladies who joined his camp destitute of everything!) but he would not hear of her returning to Peshawar. Indeed she could not have gone, as Dost Muhammad burnt their house on leaving.

Her children thrived perfectly during their captivity, and of course beguiled many a weary hour, her spirits and courage never failed. Sultán Muhammad is now in Afghánistan, but it is not likely his brother and sworn foe, Dost Muhammad, will suffer him to remain there. When his faithlessness and treachery was first reported, none of the Afgháns here would believe it; they all said no Musalmán could do so, and some added, that bad as he was, he was not such a fool.

April 28th.—Wednesday morning, we rode to Hasan Khán's, my ayah having brought me word the night before that his youngest child, an infant of about two or three weeks old, was ill. Hasan Khán rushed up to me as usual to help me off my horse, and asked me to go within. I heard sounds that, at first, I mistook for singing, but on drawing near I found all the women seated on the ground, round the lifeless body

of the poor little babe, and raising the wail for the dead. I sat down on the ground by the poor mother—three or four strangers were present. She seemed to address her child in a sort of low, plaintive chant, mingled with sobs, in which the other women joined, bursting out now and then into a loud cry of grief, which brought tears into my eyes. It was most touching, even though no one present, probably, felt any great distress, except the poor mother, yet Leila had wept until her features were quite swollen.

I wish I could give you an exact idea of the wail, their strong harmonious voices divested it of anything harsh or unpleasant, but it was so wild and melancholy as to touch one's very soul. When they ceased and covered the poor little babe's face, Hasan Khan came into the outer court and prepared a little charpai whereon to lay it. I told them that the little one was now in heaven with God, and, therefore, it was well with it.

Leila repeated what I said in Persian. Maazulla Khan, one of our Subadars, a fine-looking Mulla, and some of the attendants, now entered the court. Hasan Khan carried away the little body, lifting it tenderly in his arms, and all the women rose up to look through the half closed door, and see all they could of what was going on. C. came in as a spectator. Maazulla turned up his crimson and gold sleeves and washed the little corpse, and then laying it on a high bed in the middle of the court, swathed it in new white cloth. The men left, and the women then came forward to look at it once again. I took leave and rode to the Mission Compound, while C. followed the little body to the grave.

A day or two after Ali Reza Khan came to see us, and waited while we had morning worship, during

which, to my great surprise, he knelt down with us. I thought it was from politeness, but C. said it was more from a vague feeling of superstition, thinking there was some benefit to be got by joining in any kind of prayer—the same sort of feeling that prompted his own guide, Shabudín, (on his second return to Jel-labad) to go up to a naked Hindu faqir half mad, and ask his blessing, to which the devotee responded by cracking his knuckles over his head, stroking it and muttering some sort of benediction. By-the-by this was the manner in which my old ayah took leave of me.

You will hardly believe that our Sergeant-Major's wife (an Irish Papist) gave a rupee to a Musalman faqir to pray for her child when it was sick!

I have since heard of a curious instance on the Bombay side, where a rich Babú annually makes the Tábut (the tower carried about during the Múharram) in compliance with a vow made by his great-grandfather, who having sought the help of his Hindú deities in vain, at last obtained his desire, on appealing to Hasan and Huseyn, and consequently vowed that his family should, for four generations, keep up this observance in their honour.

April 29th.—The L.'s left, to our great regret. Last Sunday we heard of the death of poor Colonel Pope.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey to Simla.—Morinda—Kassauli.—Harripore.—Jhappans.—Longwood.—Music.—Robert Hall.—Painted Window.—Freemasonry.—Plundering Prisoners.—Prisoners at Multán.—A Major and a Guru.—Commissariat.—Parable of the Cow.—Lord Gough.—Máhásu.—Forest.—Portrait.—Votive Offerings.—Planks.—A Chaprási.—View [of the Hills.—Lieutenant Herbert at Attok.—The Duke.—No Durbárs.—The Lawrences.—A Plan.—Facts anent Ferozshahar.—Míáni.—Fall of the Year.—Jungle on Fire.—Simla Twenty-Three Years Ago.—Hirá.—Rudeness of “Indian Ladies.”—Mr. Rudolph.—Sir Charles Napier.—Hill Schools.—The Chief.—Reyneckder Fuchs.—Eagle.—A Vigorous General Order.—Defence of Attok.—Gratitude of Sikhs.—Moonlight Scene.—Storm coming on.—Annexation.—Apes.

MY husband had arranged to go to Simla, with Mr. Cracroft, when on Sunday morning I was rather unwell, and he proposed that I should go too, and that he would ride. On Monday, this was settled, and on Wednesday, May 2nd, we started. We were to escort Msr. M. to Simla. It was quite pleasant to me to find myself in my comfortable Pálki once more, after having been stationary for the first time in my life (that I can remember) for upwards of two years and two months in one place. It was a beautiful evening with a cool wind, and as we crossed the great sandy plain, it seemed to me that a Pálki was just like a desert boat. Being carried along in this noiseless manner is

most favourable to thought and fancy; and mine flew back to home, and forward to the future: whenever I am in a Pálki, I think of the dear friends I have over the "salt sea faem." I was much tired, and soon fell asleep, until I was awoke by being set down with a great jerk, with my head lower than my feet, whereby a poor little unfledged parrot that I am bringing up was tossed out of his basket upon me. Neither he nor I were hurt; and I then found that we were lodged in a puddle under a low mud gateway, while our bearers proceeded to make a fire in the small chambers which are generally found on each side of these gates, and to dry their clothes. I gave them some annas to buy firing, to dry themselves thoroughly; but they were so slow about it, that as day was breaking, and the storm over, we were obliged to proceed. C. soon rode up much be-muddied, and at the next stage there were no bearers. The worthless postmaster at Loodiana had neglected to lay our Dâk (that is, to bespeak the requisite number of bearers) at the proper time. He has also been defrauding these poor men, as he has those on the Firozpûr road; and they complained that they had not been paid for eleven trips. As a sufficient number of Kahárs (bearers) could not be found—we required thirty-five—we were obliged to take Kulis for our Pitarrahs. You must know that Kahárs, who carry Palkis, carry Pitarrahs, or other burdens, as a milkman does his pails, one slung to each end of a bamboo; but Kulis only carry one at a time on their heads. These delays prevented our reaching the Bungalow at Morinda (40 miles) until twelve o'clock; yet owing to the recent rain, the heat was by no means oppressive.

There is a magnificent grove of ancient mango-trees at Morinda, which were inexpressibly refreshing to our eyes ; for we have not seen a grove of trees for more than two years,—the last was on our journey up the country. We had brought cold mutton, chicken, and duck with us, also cake, chocolate, eggs, and jam,—all of them very acceptable. After breakfasting and bathing, another great storm came on ; and during the delay, C. read a chapter and prayed, which was a great refreshment. As we had been so long on our way to Morinda (only forty miles), we started as soon as the storm would allow us, to perform the remaining half of our journey. C. and Mr. C——t rode and went in a Palki by turns this night. The country has already assumed quite a different appearance. We passed many fine Banian, Pipál, and other trees, some of which appeared like a species of oak, and others somewhat like Chestnut trees. You cannot imagine how refreshing and delightful to us it was to see trees again, especially of such size and beauty, after the long fast we have had from them. Mr. C. lighted the lamp of my Palki, and I read Prescott's "Mexico" till I fell asleep. It rained a good deal in the night ; and the next morning I awoke, and found a line of dark, and as I then thought, low hills, in front, showing we were close to Kalka. I had the greatest inclination to get out and walk, but I was swiftly carried up the hill amid a crowd of camels, horses, sáises, palkis, and people, to the door of Matthews's Hotel. There we breakfasted.

Jhappáns were brought for Mrs. M. and me, and my husband and Mr. C. mounted their horses. I had a headache, but the fresh air growing cooler at each step, did it good. A Jhappán is a kind of arm chair with

a canopy and curtains; the canopy, &c. can be taken off. A short pole is slung by a leather strap between the side poles, both in front and behind: it is carried by four men in single file, each of whom bears one end of a short pole on his shoulder. For a journey one has eight men; but at Simla, where every one keeps a Jhappán and Jhappánis, they have five men, and a mate who steadies the Jhappán, holds an umbrella, and enacts the Grand Seigneur in comparison to the others.

In winding up the hill we saw some beautiful flowers, —one especially, a small tree, covered with clusters of the richest scarlet blossoms. I found it was a species of Keysu or Dak: there were also abundance of large pomegranate trees in full flower, and white roses in profusion. The shape of the hills is not very beautiful, nor very varied. They have bony ridges at the top, and flat sides, and are rather wanting in massive grandeur of form. They stood out so sharply from the bright, blue sky, that they gave me the idea of paste-board or fictitious hills; but they were hills, and that of itself was sufficient to make them delightful in our eyes, wearied with more than two years of sandy plains.

Near Kasáuli, a note was brought me from Miss W., asking us to go there; but C. first took me to a rocky promontory, from whence there was an extensive and beautiful view of the heap of barren mountains around us. From Mrs. Pope's house there was the most beautiful view I have yet seen, extending as far as Simla, the barrenness of the hills being relieved by the beautiful variety of light and shade caused by a storm in the distance.

I soon followed to the Dák Bungalow, but could gain no tidings of the party; but the mate said they had gone on before. A Ghurka Sepahi, all in white (looking just like a little boy in body and trousers before his frock is put on), came to my assistance, and walked by me for some distance, until some kulis told him that Captain M. was still at Kasauli, whereupon I wrote a note and sent back to say where I was; and the Ghurka began a most energetic remonstrance with the Jhappánis, in which I distinguished the word "mara," (beat) in various moods and tenses. The rest of the party soon arrived. The mistake had arisen from their having gone to the hotel instead of the bungalow.

The scenery became wilder and more beautiful after we left Kasauli. We passed a mad faqir kneeling in the middle of the road, and throwing pebbles over his shoulder down the precipice. We came to a range of hills, which had something so Hindu in their character, that it made me reflect on the homogeneity which prevails between every country, its respective inhabitants, and their language. These were wild, barren hills; but with a kind of formal regularity and massiveness about them which reminded one, and were, perhaps, originally suggestive of, Hindu architecture. At almost any part of our journey, a mountaineer of any other country, say a Highlander, a Swiss peasant, or a Tyrolese, would have been felt quite out of keeping with the scene, and this as much from the form as from the colouring of the landscape. When near Sabáthu I mounted Báber, and rode him six or seven kos, until the descent became so steep that I got off and walked. We passed Sabáthu, ensconced among the hills above

us, and when the moon rose, it clothed the barren mountains with light and beauty. I returned to the Jhappan and saw a magnificent meteor, like a ball of fire, the size of a full moon, slowly gliding down the sky, till it was lost behind the hill we were ascending. Below Harípur we crossed a stream, from which rose perpendicularly the grandest precipice I ever saw. It was in deep shadow, with the moon shining bright above.

We found only one room vacant in the Dák Bungalow. Captain Baldwin came to welcome us. We stuck a candle in a bottle and opened our stores, which added to curry, &c., formed a very respectable meal; but I fell asleep before tea, and Mr. Cracroft while we were eating. Mrs. Macdonald had bedding, on which she slept on the floor. I had only a pair of sheets and two pillows, and slept on the only charpái in my habit. Captain Baldwin gave Mr. Cracroft a share of the floor in his room; and C. tried, unsuccessfully, to sleep in the Jhappan. Our room smelt like a hen-roost, so we kept both doors open.

We rode to Syrí, the road being much of the same character as the preceding evening, wild and barren. These hills are remarkable for having no vallies, they are a jumble of mountains; one is, as it were, all the time in the very heart of the hills, you *descend* to a mountain top. You wind in and out, sometimes on ridges just broad enough for the road, with magnificent precipices and views on either side. Almost every ledge is cultivated; the huts are perched like seabirds' nests wherever there is a sufficiency of level ground to hold one. We were on the sunny-side of the hill, and it became so hot, and I was so tired with "riding on

horseback up hills perpendicular," where I had to hold on by Bábar's mane to keep me from slipping off over his tail, fasting too, that I was glad to get into the jhappán and close the curtains.

At Syrí we had breakfast, with plenty of wild raspberries of a bright orange colour. It was so cold that I was obliged to wrap myself up. About two o'clock proceeded on our way; but it was then very hot, and the glare painful. At some distance we met Colonel B.'s jhappán, which he had kindly sent for me. The hills became more wooded, and the scenery more and more beautiful. I was delighted with the gigantic scarlet tree rhododendron, which they say is not known in England: it far surpasses any I have ever seen. The mountains were now partially clothed with firs; and the view of one mountain-ridge rising behind another, with not a plain or valley to be seen, was very grand. The snowy range was quite hidden by the hills we were ascending. Mrs. M. went on to Jatóg, the military station, where the Ghurká Regiment is quartered. As we entered Simla, the beautiful shady walks reminded me somewhat of Schwalbach. We proceeded along the winding Mall, meeting crowds of people, and finer bonnets than I had seen for many a day. The jhappánis amused me much, as they are dressed uniformly according to their master and mistress's taste. Most of them are in plaid tunics and trousers edged with red, looking like magnified little boys; but others are in long robes, generally black down to their feet, with deep red borders, and red caps; so that the first man having a wand in his hand, they look like a company of magicians. There were children in cots, and children on ponies, no wheeled carriages of any kind

being allowed here, and ladies of all ages in jhappans and on horse-back. We met Lady Dalhousie riding with two mounted orderlies of the body guard after her.

Colonel B.'s house is at the other extremity of Simla, about three miles from the entrance, and beautifully situated. We were most kindly received; and found everything most comfortable: curtains to the windows, papered walls, red furniture, and a thousand other things, especially a good fire, which reminded us of England. It was so cold, that I dined in my shawl. We saw hailstones the size of marbles, the remnants of the storm three days ago; and Colonel B. showed us a large lump of ice into which the hail had formed itself, still lying on his lawn. It is unusually cold for the season, May being generally the hottest month at Simla.

The next day was Sunday, and my husband accompanied our host to church, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Vaughan. Monday we got up at five, and rode to see Captain and Mrs. Dawes. Their house is a long way off, in a sequestered and beautiful little nook. We rode back for prayers and breakfast. Since then we have had visitors in abundance. The Hope Grants came directly, and seemed as glad to see us as we were to see them.

On Tuesday morning Colonel B. took us a delightful ride round Jacko, one of the highest hills here. On Tuesday evening I went to see Mrs. G. Lawrence, who took possession of me, and we went in our Jhappans to the Mall, a very gay and lively scene. Everybody seems to know everyone else. It was crowded with Jhappans, riders, and a few walkers. Colonel B. is a

delightful host, a Christian, and a gentleman; very warm-hearted, and full of quiet humour.

On Wednesday, 9th, I paid more visits, and we went to take tea at Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Taylor's, Mrs. Hope Grant's parents. Mrs. Grant took me to her dressing-room, where we talked comfortably of many things, over the English-looking fire. She is a dear little woman, and it is quite a refreshment to meet her. Major Grant showed us an album, full of sketches by his brother Frank, Landseer, Sir James Stuart of Allanbank, and others, and music by himself. Major Grant is a first-rate violoncello player; his playing was like a grave pathetic song from a human voice. He and Mr. C. delighted us by turns: it was a real treat.

On Thursday, 10th, I went to call on Lady Dalhousie. I found that C. could have left my name just as well, as she receives no visitors. In the morning we went to call on Lady Gough, who receives visitors on Wednesdays and Saturdays. They had very politely invited us both to dinner before I called. The aide-de-camp handed me in. I found Lady Gough a very nice old lady, with a great deal of tact, given by kindness of heart. We talked of the P.'s; and she told me of poor Anna's death, within a year of her marriage. Went in the evening to tea at the Eckfords, to meet the Hope Grants, and hear some more good music.

Sunday, 13th.—Colonel Birch had such a bad cold, that we had worship at home; and C. read one of Robert Hall's sermons on John: "fulfilled his course. It was very good as far as it went, but it said little or nothing of that work of the Holy Spirit in the heart,

which alone can enable us to fulfil our course ; neither did it mention the only right motive for action—the love of Christ. It appears to me that Robert Hall was a Christian of remarkable talent, more than of remarkable piety or spirituality. I was very much pleased with “Blunt’s Expositions of Genesis;” there is so much Christian experience and tenderness in them, that they cannot fail to be useful.

Monday, 14th.—Rode early to the church, to make a sketch of a painted window for the Bishop of Calcutta. This window has been presented by Mrs. John Gubbins to the new church. Part of the Building Committee object to it, on the score chiefly that the natives will consider it as an object of worship ; some also object on the ground that such representations attract the attention of the congregation, and are irreverent in themselves. In this, our Redeemer is represented under the figure of a lamb, bearing a standard, just as you see on the Roman Catholic banners ; and beneath, four angels and the four evangelists, under the symbols of the winged man, calf, lion, and eagle. The old window was far worse, as it contains a representation of the three persons of the blessed Trinity—a thing that I did not think would have been suffered in any Protestant church. Colonel B. has written an excellent letter, in the name of the Building Committee, to the Bishop, who has already decided once against the expediency of these figures in the midst of a heathen population ; but the Bishop himself is inconsistent on this point, as in his new cathedral in Calcutta, there is a picture of our crucified Lord on the window, larger than life !

Colonel B. is a Mason of high degree. He says

Masonry includes nothing but what Christianity already teaches, and is accompanied by much mummary. There are many lodges in Arabia; and most of the masters of Arab ships trading to Calcutta are Freemasons. A Mason cannot fight nor go to law with a brother Mason. It is supposed that it was introduced among the Arabs during the crusades. The origin of it is stated to have been among the workmen of Hiram, King of Tyre, who were so numerous, that ten or twelve of them, by presenting themselves repeatedly on the same day, received the wages of three or four times their number. To prevent this, they formed an association among themselves, with secret signs. A man in America was killed for revealing the secret. At the Royal Arch Lodge, Calcutta, of which Colonel B. was master, it was a rule that each new member should receive a Bible, with an exhortation to read and study it.

The following facts I have picked up lately from different people, all on authority which may be relied on. I shall head them like the Percy Anecdotes:—

Lord Gough.—Sir Charles Napier is daily expected in Calcutta. If his commission appoints him Commander-in-Chief on the expiration of Lord Gough's term of service, Lord Gough intends to invite him up to Simla, give him a grand dinner, and resign the command to him. I thought there was something so generous in this little plan that it was worthy of record. If Sir C. Napier is appointed to supersede Lord Gough, nothing remains to be done by the latter. We met the old chief on Sunday evening in one of the walks. I was quite charmed with his soldierly figure, benevolent countenance, and venerable white hair and moustache.

Major —.—This person went up to Major Philip A * * * * after Chilliánwala, and asked him for his pistol. Having got it he deliberately shot a wounded and defenceless Sikh soldier. After Gujrát a young officer came up in charge of a party of about seventy prisoners with a guard of only twelve Sepáhis. While the young officer was washing his face, having been scorched by gunpowder, the above mentioned Major came up, quietly took the kammals (blankets) of the prisoners, loaded his horse with them, and rode off with his booty to his own tent. He then returned and carried off another horse load, leaving the prisoners to the piercing night winds.

An officer of high rank was convicted of plundering at Multán. It was so notorious that Brigadier Dundas reported him for it.

Another Major, commanding a Cavalry Regiment, lived in a certain Guru (Sikh priest's) house near Jalandhar. He lived rent free, had the Guru's excellent house, garden, bullocks, and horses, in fact every thing. He paid for it by lending all his influence to support the said Gurus, solemnly walking with him in an idolatrous procession, while, contrary to the express regulations of the service, six Trumpeters of the regiment opened the march, and as some of them were doubtless Musalmáns, they must have been much disgusted at being so employed.

Colonel Birch told us a story of Lord Hardinge and the Chief Commissariat Gomástá (agent). Lord H. found that the sum charged for the repair of his camp equipage, including all the tents of the different secretaries, &c., &c., amounted to the enormous sum of 15,000 rupees. He sent for the Gomáshtá, who came in a great fright. He is a very wealthy man, and advances the money

needful for Government supplies, repaying himself with enormous interest. He went to an officer who asked him what he meant to do. He answered, "I don't know—I have nothing to say." There was once a cow, whose owner got a cowherd, and allotted him so much money to feed the cow with. The cow got thin, so her master got a second cowherd. She then grew worse, so he got a third, and the cow died. The Company is the cow. When they wanted the tents repaired they sent for an inferior Gomásthá—he made his profit—they sent for me to superintend him—I made mine—they sent a sergcant to superintend me—he made his." The officer (I think very wrongly) advised him, when sent for by Colonel Benson, to say nothing, but merely to present the paper signed by three officers, that the repairs were well done, and at the proper price. He did so, and the Company paid the 15,000 rupees!

Wednesday, May 16th.—We dined at Lord Gough's, now no longer Commander-in-Chief, for last night the Gazette arrived announcing Sir C. Napier's arrival on the 7th, the very day appointed, as Lord Dalhousie remarked, for returning public thanks for those victories which had rendered his arrival unnecessary, and without waiting to communicate with Lord Gough, had immediately assumed the command. Now, the Duke of Wellington having written to Lord Gough that Sir C. Napier would take the command whenever it suited him to resign it, the old Chief felt most keenly this supercession, which, however, was warranted by the terms of the Commission, and softened by a handsome letter which subsequently arrived from his successor.

I have not seen so good a host and hostess as Lord and Lady Gough since I left home. They both, aided

by Mrs. Grant, their nice unaffected daughter, exert themselves to make it pleasant to their guests. There were about thirty-two at dinner;—everything was handsome without being at all extravagant. As I knew almost all the ladies it was very pleasant, and there was sweet music from the Hope Grants, Mr. Cracroft and Mrs. Melvill.

Lord Gough remarked how merciful providence had been to us, for, if the victory of Chillianwala had been more complete, the Sikhs would never have ventured down so rashly into the open plain, thus exposing themselves to the total ruin they met at Gujráť. “It was all God’s doing,” said he devoutly.

The old chief added, “See how merciful He has been to me personally, in enabling me to win that battle before my successor arrived!

Lord Gough is a fine height, slender for his age, with most venerable snow white hair and moustache, a fresh ruddy complexion, long nose, and most benevolent aspect and smile. The next morning (Thursday 17th) I started early on horseback for Mahásu, a pine forest, about seven miles off. C. accompanied me part of the way, until it became very hot, when he put me into the jhappán and returned, as he wished to show his respect to the old Chief, by attending his levee. The scenery was very grand and wild, as the path wound among these gigantic mountains (more than double the height of Ben Nevis). Near Mahásu the pine forest begins, and there I found the Hope Grants waiting for me. Mrs. Grant’s parents and sister soon joined us. Mrs. G. and L. were very tired, having been up so late last night; so we lay down on cushions under a magnificent tree, with a “khud,” as they call a precipice, of

many hundred feet before us, and another covered with trees behind us. There we lay and talked of Captain Christie of the 5th, of his young wife, "now in the better land;" of Carlyle, and of multifarious other subjects. About eleven o'clock we became hungry, and Major Grant, fearing our breakfast might not come up in time, went on to Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes (who have taken one of the two Bungalows here) to prepare them for our arrival. Just after, our beds, pitarrahs, servants and bundles, began to arrive. Went on to the Edwardes's. After breakfast we lay down, and then sat under an awning, enjoying one of the most magnificent views in the world. Over the chimney-piece was a picture (I am certain by Richmond) of a most beautiful woman, dressed in black, with such glorious eyes and hair, and yet a scornful expression. It was quite a treat to find such a work of art in so remote a spot, nearly 9000 feet above the level of the sea. We went on about two o'clock, the forest, although it has been greatly spoilt by clearing away the trees, yet becoming more beautiful every step. At Simla, which is in the Company's territory, not a tree can be cut down without the permission of Mr. Edwardes, as Governor-General's agent; but here, where the land belongs to some of the petty hill rajas, there is no such protection. The people burn the trees at the roots, as an easy way of making them fall and of manufacturing charcoal at the same time. We halted at a lovely shady spot and rested there, in hopes C. and Mr. Cracroft would overtake us. Such pines I never saw, those in Europe, are slender dwarfish things in comparison, these are as gigantic as the hills they grow on. We rode on to Fāgu, where there is a

Bungalow; I found our beds, &c., arrived, and my door curiously fastened by a string, tied to the leg of a bedstead in the verandah. When C. came, we walked with some of our party to a kind of promontory, from whence the view was magnificent on either hand. It was only disfigured by strips of rag hanging on the bushes, in honour of a detestable idol of black stone. When we asked the people how they could worship a stone in this manner, one man replied, that if the Chokedar were ordered to do so, it should all be rooted up! We found quantities of a beautiful white sweet scented creeper, which we had seen hanging in festoons in the forest, wild thyme and many pretty wild flowers; but the sun had now set, and the scene was no longer so glorious as when we arrived in the afternoon, with a deep Neapolitan sky above our heads, and the richest purple shadows on the mountains, contrasting with the fresh green of the leaves dancing in the sunlight, through which we caught vistas of the snowy range beyond. I am a little disappointed in the snowy range; it is so distant (200 miles off) that it is not half so beautiful as the view of the Alps from the ramparts of Berne, where they are near enough to show the varied hues in which they are bathed by the setting sun. The Taylors, who are going on to Koteghur, have three tents with them. We dined in one room of the Bungalow, and enjoyed a good fire; but though so high (9000 feet), it was only pleasantly cool. On our walk back to the Bungalow, we saw a line of fire on one of the distant hills, where they were burning the brushwood to prepare the land for crops. We all slept soundly and rose by dawn, took a mouthful of tea, and then bade adieu to our friends, as the heat of the

sun, almost immediately after it rises, obliged us all to hurry on our respective ways. We reached Simla about half past nine, and met a hearty welcome as usual, from our kind host. Found our home letters waiting for us, which was a great satisfaction. On the road we met numbers of men carrying three to four planks each (generally slung across the shoulders, and resting on the small of the back) which they were bringing down to Simla for sale; they get four annas (sixpence) for each plank.

Colonel B. strikes us both as one of the most fair and candid minds we have ever met; he seems to give fully as much weight to the argument of an opponent as to his own. A very rare quality this, and one in which I hope we shall profit.

I can certify you of the following facts on undoubted authority, though I have already stated many of them they are worth repeating:—The Commander-in-Chief foresaw the probability of a general insurrection in the Panjáb so early as August, and earnestly advised argumentation of the army.

Secondly, Sir F. Currie asked for one brigade to take Multán, the Chief trebled the force he demanded, and never would have let even this go had he not been deceived as to Lieutenant Edwardes's power to aid General Whish. C. thinks Edwardes's force might have been made most useful auxiliaries, had General Whish known how to avail himself of their services.

It was Sir F. Currie who caused General Cureton to be pushed across the Satlej early in October, and the Commander-in-Chief complained of the Resident frittering away detachments. The Government were hampered by revenue considerations, but the Governor-

General seems to have supported the Commander-in-Chief in a manly and energetic manner.

After Ramnaggar the Governor-General forbid crossing the Chenáb, unless to attack Shir Sing with a prospect of complete success, without his previous consent.

Every one agrees that the Governor-General was most indignant at the conduct of the 14th Dragoons and 9th Lancers. The Commander-in-Chief justly exonerated the greater part of the 9th, as they were with Colonel Lane, and expressed his regret at having left so good an officer as Colonel Lane out of the despatch. The Governor-General vehemently urged an investigation, so as to make known who were the real culprits and clear those who were innocent.

He constantly urged the use of the heavy artillery, and repeatedly said that nothing but crushing the Sikh force would be of any avail. After Colonel Pope's character was completely cleared the Governor-General yielded to the Commander-in-Chief's earnest wish to forego an inquiry, as he justly remarked, that now no inquiry, even if successful in fixing blame on an inferior officer, could justify the troops.

Lord Gough presented two guns to the Governor-General the other day as a gift from the army of the Panjab. I believe these guns are the first wheeled carriages which have ever been up at Simla. None are allowed, but Lord Dalhousie is going to widen the road, and I understand they will be permitted.

Sunday, May 20th.—After C., Colonel Birch, and Mr. Cracroft returned from morning service, we read part of Daniel vii. and xx. Rev., and Miles's Sermon on the first Resurrection. Afterwards we took

a long walk, and sat down on a rocky promontory and spoke of the time when "the Lord shall come,—the earth shall quake; the hills their fixed seat forsake," and even these gigantic mountains shall melt in His presence.

Monday, May 21st.—We all rode to Annandale along a most beautiful road just made, winding through the woods till it reaches the valley. I did not feel well, so got into the Jhappán which was following us. We found Hasán Khán, who has pitched his tent in this lovely spot, under the gigantic pines. He and his men greeted us with joy, and accompanied us through the narrow valley, showing us the new tea plantations, a Governmental experiment, and only left us after we had climbed the hills on the opposite side to some distance. I have not had a more delightful expedition. We saw the cheerful fire by Hasán Khán's tent far beneath us. He and his people seemed greatly to enjoy being once more among the hills.

The Hindustanis are very apathetic to scenery. I have never known one stop to admire anything. My husband cross-questioned a Chaprási (from Delhi I think) to find if he had any appreciation of the beauties which surrounded him. Not in the least. He said the pain in his legs in running up and down hill with messages was not to be expressed, and that if it were not for the wants of his stomach he would not stay here a day.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—We got up at half-past four. I was mounted on an enormous chestnut horse, of Colonel Birch's, that had never been ridden by a lady, but who being a high caste Arab, was by no means disturbed by the habit. We had a very pleasant ride round Jacko,

though at first I felt as if I were tossed in a blanket, so unaccustomed was I to ride the great horse; but I soon got habituated to his lofty paces, and we agreed very well.

We returned about half-past six and sat in the verandah looking at some drawings till time to dress. Dined with Colonel and Mrs. Mountain, and after dinner were regaled by most exquisite music, as Mr. Cracroft played the violin and Mr. Courtnay sang. He has a magnificent voice, and sings with the greatest expression. Two pieces pleased me especially, *Lamartine's* poem of "*Le Lac*," and "*Veux tu mon nom?*" which he sang with the most passionate earnestness. We did not get home till near one; the distance is so great.

Saturday, May 26th.—Dined at Lord Gough's. We had again the refreshment of Mr. Cracroft's playing and Mr. Courtenay's singing. Both were accompanied exceedingly well by Miss Metcalfe, a niece of Mrs. Lawrence. It is very pleasant to see the courteous air of old-fashioned gallantry with which Lord Gough speaks to his wife.

Major Mackeson called in the morning. He is a man of such truth and integrity, and so thoroughly manly, that I always see him with pleasure. He told us of Lieut. Herbert's gallant behaviour at Attok. When they could hold out no longer the Nizám-u Doulah, Eiúd-u-Dín Khán, an Afghán Chief, who has always stuck to us most faithfully, and the Shahzadeh Jammur, resolved to escape to the Khaiber, by letting themselves down from the wall, and crossing the river on massaks (goat-skins, in which water is carried). Mr. Herbert was to have accompanied them, but there

was a sick European Sergeant (Salter by name), who was too ill to make the attempt. The Afghán Chief endeavoured to persuade him to give himself up to the Sikhs, but he refused to do so, thinking that his inferior rank would not protect him from their vengeance. In spite of the man's selfishness Mr. Herbert gallantly resolved to share his fate. The Chief escaped, and he and the Sergeant fell into the hands of the Sikhs, who were so enraged at his having deranged all their combinations by holding out so long, that they refused to give him a tent, half starved him, and threatened to put him in irons.

When Prince Jammur and Eiud-u-Dín Khán came into the camp (which they did long before Mr. Herbert's release), and related this behaviour, which they could not at all understand, Major Mackeson said he felt proud of his countryman.

Sir H. Lawrence came to see us directly on his arrival here. He complains bitterly of the plundering that has been going on by officers as well as men, in the Panjáb. He is a most warm-hearted man.

Heard a characteristic anecdote of the Great Duke. When Sir H. Hardinge arrived with despatches, just before the Duke left England, previous to the battle of Waterloo, he desired him to be shown up at once. Sir H. Hardinge entered the Duke's bedroom, and found him in a tub, with no other garment than a small towel. He heard the news and then said, "Now you may go; I'm cleaning myself for dinner."

Mr. Elliot, the Secretary to Government for Foreign Affairs, is a man of extraordinary learning and industry, writes works on ancient Muhammadan literature in the midst of his daily labours.

There are to be no Darbárs this year, which I regret, for it is said to be a most picturesque sight when the different Hill Chiefs come in to attend them, and encamp close to Simla. I believe the Chiefs are as much disappointed as I am.

The other day, at Lahore, a Rajah was married. According to custom Sir H. Lawrence sent him a present, on the part of the Government, of 1,000 rupees, whereupon he received a rebuke for his lavish expenditure. They make a man Governor of the Panjáb, and cannot trust him to spend 1,000 rupees. We cannot govern India like England. If we are to be Kings of the East we must act like Eastern Kings, and there is nothing natives (especially proud and lavish Sikh or Afghán Chiefs) consider as more indicative of nobility than the open hand.

Monday, May 28th.—Went to Mrs. George Lawrence's to meet Sir H. and Lady Lawrence, who are on their way to Koteghur. Very much pleased with the latter, whom I had never seen before. She described their life at Lahore as like keeping a *table d'hôte* without being paid for it. She hardly ever sees her husband quietly. I do not think any amount of pay, or rank, can compensate for the loss of domestic life, especially to two people who seem so much attached to each other.

There is one thing very beautiful in all the Lawrences—their attachment to each other, and their devotion to their mother during her life, and her memory now she is dead. Major G. Lawrence is older than Sir Henry, yet there is not a particle of jealousy at his younger brother's advancement, even though he himself is immediately under him. Their wives and Mrs. John

Lawrence love each other like sisters. My husband and Colonel L. had a long and very interesting conversation. They agreed on most points; among others, Sir H. Lawrence, who has had ample opportunities of judging, confirmed the opinion C. formed before Multan fell—that Mulraj was accessory after the fact, but not before. C. told him the plan he had formed for getting hold of Dost Muhammad, which was as follows:—to take advantage of the jealousy and hatred excited by the Barakzais, and of the attachment felt by many of the chiefs in Afghánistan to Shah Shuja, to send Prince Shahpur, with Hasan Khán, a few other fit men, and 20,000 or 30,000 rupees, into the country to the rear of Dost Muhammad and his force. There he could appeal to the friendship of the chiefs of the Afrídis and Orakzais, both personal friends of the late Shah; he could contrast the tyranny of Dost Muhammad with his royal father's mild rule; take advantage of the rivalry of the Eastern Ghiljyes with the Barakzyes, to offer them the lands of their enemies, if they succeeded in overthrowing them; he should have made their chief, Azím Khán, his Vazir, and Muhammad Shah Khán (Dost Muhammad's deadly enemy) his Naib Vazir, or Deputy. The boldness of the attempt would have paralyzed Dost Muhammad, who is not very staunch in fighting; and the British should have offered four or five lakhs to the Khaiber chiefs, if they succeeded in seizing Dost Muhammad and his family, and destroying his army. We should thus have wiped off the stain which our inglorious retreat (by Lord Ellenborough's orders) did not remove from our arms; for these people look to facts and not to causes. The storming of Istalif, and the burning of

the Char Chouk, did not outweigh the massacre of our army, the retreat of Pollock's force, and the peaceful return of Dost Muhammad: they would have seen British influence in the destruction of our ancient foe, and we should have had a friendly sovereign and a friendly people on the other side of our new frontier, the Indus; for peace with Afghánistan is now a matter of far greater importance to us than it has ever yet been.

Sir H. Lawrence was much struck with the plan, which was evidently new to him, but said that, if properly carried out, it would, in all probability, have completely answered.

There are so many false reports on all kinds of subjects, that, whenever I can get a really authentic version of any fact, I generally record it for your benefit. For instance, some say that Lord Gough wished to retire to Ferozpur after the battle of Ferozshahar, and that Sir H. Hardinge refused, and said, the army should remain on his responsibility; others say, that, Sir H. Hardinge wished to retire, and Lord Gough refused. Neither is true. After the battle several staff-officers were standing together, when Colonel —— came up. Our ammunition was all but expended, and our horses had hardly a leg left to stand upon; and divers officers thought a retreat (that would infallibly have ruined us) necessary. Colonel —— with despair in his face, cried "India is lost! India is lost! Oh, if the Governor-General would but take the advice of half a dozen men of experience, and make terms." A friend of ours, who has a particularly mild temper, was so roused at this, that he replied, "The only terms possible would be, taking ship for England."

Among those who voted for a retreat was Major * *. Accompanied by Colonel * *, he went to Sir Hugh Gough, and said, "Sir, I think it my duty earnestly to recommend our retreating to Firozpur." Sir Hugh replied, "Never! I'd rather die on the spot. I'll fight them to-morrow; and bate them!" Colonel ** then reiterated the same advice; and Lord Gough always declares (which is no doubt true) that he said that the Governor-General had sent him with that message. Sir Hugh was so irritated, that he made his way to where the Governor-General was standing, and asked him if he wished to retreat. "Never!" was the answer; "here have numbers of men, even general officers, been plaguing me to retreat, and I've told them I would rather leave my body in the field! We'll conquer or die where we are. You know that was my answer, B——?" he added, as the latter came up; and Colonel —— was obliged to confess that it was the case. Sir H. Gough forbore to expose him. The Governor-General took one responsibility on himself; but it was that of refusing to let the Commander-in-Chief attack the enemy that day, before the arrival of Sir John Littler from Firozpur.

I have another truth to tell you, about the battle of Miání. H.M.'s Foot fought, and then ran. The second in command of the 9th Cavalry, Captain Wemyss, not seeing his commandant said to his immediate junior, Captain Tucker, "Let us ask Colonel Pattle's leave to charge." The latter agreed. Colonel P., who commanded the whole of the cavalry, assented. Captain Wemyss gave the word—the charge was executed—the enemy checked—H. M.'s —th regained courage—returned to the charge, and the victory was won.

The commandant, had by some means got entangled among his own men, and was carried along by them *nolens volens*: he was made lieutenant-colonel and C.B.; Captain Tucker, was made a brevet-major and C.B.; and Captain Wemyss, who planned and executed the charge, was allowed to remain just what he was! Even with the best intentions perfect justice is scarcely ever attainable in this world.

We had a violent storm on Friday night, and it has been cloudy ever since, so we expect the Chota Barsát, or Little rains, which generally precede the rainy season. Everything here wears the appearance of autumn. It is, in fact, the "fall" of the year; for the trees are dry, and the leaves strew the ground. Last Sunday there was a beautiful sight from Mrs. Lawrence's windows. The jungle on the opposite mountain had been set on fire in many places, and the flames spread and ran up the ridge of the hill, burning fiercely, and looking most picturesque. The Hill people do this, although it is forbidden, as it makes the land fit for tillage. It burnt for two days and nights. Leopards, hyænas, and great baboons with white beards, all occasionally come up out of the jungle, close to Mrs. L.'s house.

Mrs. Lawrence told me that she was at Simla, as a young girl, twenty-three years ago, when it had lately been annexed to the Company's territories. There were only four houses here, and the Governor-General's Agent discouraged people from coming up. I have a sweet little parrot named Hira (Diamond), whom I have made so tame, that he flies to me whenever I call him, even in bed, and sits on my shoulder, or in my lap all day.

June 14th.—We dined at the Governor-General's. Lady Dalhousie is very tall and extremely fair; she was very becomingly dressed in crimson silk, trimmed with magnificent black lace. I found her courteous and friendly in her manner, and if she is ever otherwise, there is this great excuse for any coldness on her part,—that the "Indian ladies" generally know so little how to behave, that she has several times met with the greatest rudeness from them. When she first arrived, Lord Hardinge gave a ball in her honour in order to introduce her to the ladies in Calcutta. Instead of the company rising to receive her, as common politeness dictated, every one kept their seats; not one came forward to receive or welcome her, and consequently she very naturally declined having them presented to her. Again, at a ball here, a sofa had been retained for her. She arrived late; every seat was occupied. Colonel Grant led her up to the sofa, which was occupied by three "Simla women," who never moved: after looking them full in the face, he said with a loud voice, "I think, Lady Dalhousie, we must look for a seat elsewhere." Again they paraded the whole length of the room, not a lady having the politeness to rise; until at last she found a seat by Mrs. Mountain. No wonder if she is not very cordial with such barbarous people.

The rains have set in, and we got wet through on Wednesday evening, 22nd. Mr. Courtenay called: he is very pleasant. Told us an anecdote of M. Rudolph, the Russian Ambassador at Venice, whom a friend of his found in bed one day at three o'clock in the afternoon:—"Comment, Monsieur, êtes-vous malade?" was the inquiry. "Du tout, Monsieur," was the old

Ambassador's answer ; " *mais c'est aujourd'hui ma fête, et ma femme me ménage une surprise,*" and so he stayed in bed to be out of the way. They had no children, and the dear old lady had done this regularly for forty years.

Sir Charles Napier is come, and we met him out riding. He expresses his great regret at having been in any way mixed up in the slight shown to a man he so much respects as Lord Gough, but says his instructions were peremptory. He says his fault shall not be leniency. I know an instance in which an officer of high standing disagreed with him on a certain point, and wholly failed in bringing over to his views; but on further consideration, the Commander-in-Chief wrote a most frank note, manfully saying, "I was wrong, and you were right." How few men possess this gentlemanlike candour !

Saturday, June 23rd.—The rains have now fairly set in, and the hills are ten times more beautiful than they were from the rich colouring and varied light and shade. We went to lunch with the Henry Lawrences at Mrs. G. Lawrence's, and afterwards accompanied them to see Mr. Edwardes's Native School. Mr. Edwardes is the commissioner of the Protected Hill States, and founded this and many others in the districts only a year ago. Mr. Thomason, Mr. Erskine, &c, were there. At this school there is an English, a Persian, and a Hindu class. Their progress is most creditable. They read easy English sentences, and understood what they read; their Persian and Hindui writing, and their progress in arithmetic, were all good. In the district schools nothing is attempted beyond

reading and writing Hindui and arithmetic, but this is a great deal if one consider the complete ignorance of the people. In one district, at the foot of the snowy range, called, I think, Pannur, the people, who are the wildest and most savage of all the hill tribes, vehemently opposed the introduction of a school, fearing, as they said, the wrath of their gods. It was with great difficulty that a Paudit could be found who would go among them. Mr. Edwardes at last succeeded, and the pupils have made greater progress than in any other of the district schools; the parents now complain that their sons look down upon them for being so ignorant. Mr. Edwardes, the different Hill Rajas and Ranas, are as yet the only subscribers. The Heir Apparent of one of the Hill States was present with his interpreter, who was educated at the Benáres College. The young Rajah, who is a ward of our Government, is an exceedingly idle boy, and was well lectured by Sir H. Lawrence, who added some kind words of advice to him as we came away. The pupils were of all classes and all ages, some bearded men, some little creatures not higher than the elbow.

Thursday, June 28th.—Captain and Mrs. Alexander Cunningham called. He is a son of Allan Cunningham, an engineer and great antiquarian, and very clever. My husband went to leave a card on the new Commander-in-Chief. He was asked in and most kindly received by Sir Charles, who said he knew all about him, and had watched his career in Afghánistan—and expressed his regret that the press of business prevented his calling upon me.—Altogether he kept C. talking for at least an hour and a half, and shook

hands with him warmly at parting. C. says he has a young fresh voice and manner like a man of five and twenty.

After dinner C. left, and Colonel Birch took me to Mrs. G. Lawrence's.

Friday, June 29th.—Remembered dear Jane B.'s birthday. In the evening I was very much amused with the old poem of Reynart der Fuchs, with admirable illustrations by Kaulbach. There are, however, occasional coarsenesses (as is often the case with German drawings) which are not required by the poem. I have been lately looking at Southey's translation of "Palmerin of England," one of the two romances which are saved in the destruction of Don Quixote's library, but I found it impossible to read it. There is no discrimination of character in it, and there is such confusion and sameness in the story and adventures that I remembered nothing of it but a vague idea of five and twenty knights, more or less, wandering about the world fighting with everybody, two or three of whom are always victorious except when they are matched in mortal combat with their own fathers or brothers. They are all in love with peerless ladies, and all in due time marry, and have sons who go through the same tedious course in every particular. It is in some things a kind of fade likeness of the "Arabian Nights," but wanting their truth and vividness in the natural, and their wondrousness in the supernatural. But "Reynart the Fox" is full of the life, vigour, and humour of the German mind from whence it sprang. I could hardly put the book down.

I forgot to record a most lovely ride we had on Wednesday. C. and I went to pay visits, which we did at

the peril of our necks, for the by-paths leading to the houses, always very steep and bad, have been rendered much worse by the rain. Luckily everyone was out, so we rode on by Chota Simla to ask for Colonel Mountain. The wildness and beauty of the view could hardly be surpassed. Coming back we met Mr. Courtenay, who took us up to his house to show me a sweet little Kashmír goat, such a silky, affectionate little thing—quite tame. He also brought out Julie's picture, Julie being a darling dog of the "Seiden Spitz" race, whom he left behind. Nothing can be more lovely than the fine intervals between the rains.

Saturday, June 30th.—I rode out and paid visits, followed by Mrs. Lawrence's Afghán on horseback.

Sunday Evening.—We were taking a little stroll when we perceived the woods filled with monkeys. Frightened at our approach, they scrambled and tumbled down the trees into the "khud" below by dozens. A little hyena came into the verandah the other night, but instead of catching it, the servants chased it away. Did I tell you of the fine eagle I found sitting on the path one morning. The bold bird allowed me to ride within a few paces of it, and then slowly and majestically rose and sailed away. One sees many beautiful and strange things in nature here. We are forty miles from the foot of the hills, yet the whole air is darkened sometimes for two or three days together by dust from the plains, which hides the mountains like a thick fog. On the evenings of rainy days there are *bona fide* fogs as thick as they could be in Scotland. We noticed clouds the other night hanging more than half way down the mountain beneath, yet illumined with the golden rays of the sun that had apparently set, for

there was no other trace of his presence. The hills at Simla are covered with rhododendron trees of immense height and on many the beautiful crimson blossoms still remain. Not being able to sleep, I rose about half-past four on Monday, and took a ride. It was a most lovely morning. Had a beautiful ride round Jacko in the evening. Ever since Sir Charles's arrival I make a point of reading the general orders. The proceedings of a Court-martial at Wazirábad were recently sent to the Commander-in-Chief for approval. He wrote "Confirmed—I cannot say approved, for I never read such inefficient proceedings in my life,—Court, officiating Judge-Advocate, and evidence, all inefficient!"

Wednesday, July 4th.—Mr. Herbert and Mr. Bowie dined with us, the former rode with me, in the evening. He told me, that Attok, was so completely commanded from the river, that he wrote to Major Lawrence, that if he were besieged, he could not hold out four days. Thanks, however, to the bad soldiership of the Sikhs, (whom he considers as cowards), he was besieged, ineffectually for fifty-four days, without a practicable breach being effected. His garrison was composed entirely of Afgháns, and he spoke very highly of their personal bravery, and of the Nizám-u-Doutah, without whom, he said, he never could have kept them together. He said, all the Afgháns spoke of my husband, all knew him, and all liked him. One Khaiber chief, in particular, used often to talk of him. When Dost Muhammad openly joined the Sikhs, the Afgháns said: "It was a war of religion, and they must join his standard." Mr. Herbert had no money to pay them, for the Baniáhs of the place, refused to advance him any, and thus he had no hold on his troops. C. thinks,

he ought to have forced the Baniáhs, to supply him with what he wanted.

This would have enabled him, to hold out, and would have saved them from the utter ruin which befell them, on the capture of the place. So the Afgháns departed. About twenty Khaiberís, who had acted as a sort of body-guard, took leave of him with tears in their eyes, pressing forward to shake his hand, and made a diversion, while he attempted to escape. The European sergeant, who was with him, was reduced to a state of childish weakness, both of mind and body;—on his account Mr. Herbert could not accompany the Nizám, and the other chiefs, who crossed the river on massaks. He could easily have swam but for the same reason. There was a Sikh camp, on either side of the river; Mr. Herbert and the Sergeant passed one of them, going in the dry bed of the river, but were seized by a patrolling party. The Sikhs, treated Mr. Herbert very ill, and gave him no tent for the first six days: and used to threaten and abuse him, but the Afgháns, all came to comfort him, and assured him, that they would not suffer the Sikhs to touch him. These were not men of his own garrison, who had joined the Dost, but other Afgháns. He thinks, the lower orders in Afghánistan generally like us. He told me one pleasing trait of the Sikhs. It seems that, their officers are in the habit of beating the men: once at Peshawur, a Sikh Colonel was about to do so in Mr. Herbert's presence, the latter stopped him, and said:—"It never does any good to beat men, speak to them, that is enough." When he was a prisoner, some of these very men interfered, when their comrades were reviling him, saying, "you must not do so, he is a very good

Sahib, he would not suffer us to be beaten at Peshawur." Mr. Herbert said, the anxiety of the Nizam about his family, who were all at Peshawur, was most painful to witness. They got away into the Khaiber, where they remained in safety.

Thursday, July 5th.—Mrs. L. and I went to tea at Mrs. Colvin's, met the Hope Grants, and heard some good music. Mrs. Colvin's house is situated very high, with a very steep, bad path up to it, and a magnificent view of wooded mountains opposite. No pen can give any idea of the fairy-like beauty of these hills, in such a glorious moonlight as we had last night; so brilliant, that the olive green of the rhododendron, and the dark colour of the pines, was clearly distinguishable, and every object as distinct as by day, while the distant mountains were bathed in a flood of silver light; the road winding with a view, first on one hand, then on the other, and sometimes on both, and a sheer precipice of nearly 100 feet beneath. Simla, (which hangs as it were, on the side of the hill, one house being so completely beneath another, that you see men sitting, and mules feeding on the roofs of houses, on a level with the path); looked very pretty, with its lights and fires, something like the view of the Auld Toun of Edinburgh.

It was a beautiful sight to-day, to see a storm come on. The dense brown clouds of dust from the plain, rolled nearer and nearer, and then came such a torrent of refreshing rain, that we greatly enjoyed it. Nothing could be more cosy than Mrs. Lawrence and I were together. General Ventura called one day, and confessed to us, that he had great doubts of the wisdom of annexing the Panjáb, in which (though aware that it

must be distasteful to him to see the country, which he had been so instrumental, both in conquering and ruling, fall into the hands of the British); we could not help joining him. I did not then know, how strongly my husband had advocated annexation from the very first, for in matters, where secrecy is desired by another, he is so scrupulous, as to keep his opinions, even from me, his lawful wife! Sir H. Lawrence, was much opposed to annexation, certainly not from any personal motives, for his patronage is now greater than before.

The weather is most lovely, we have shower snow and then, the hills are clothed with the freshest green, and the rhododendrons have, most unusually, flowered a second time. Mrs. L. and I, were very much amused, early this morning, by watching numbers of huge apes, the size of human beings, with white hair all round their faces, and down their backs and chests, who were disporting themselves, and feeding on the green leaves, on the sides of the precipice, close to the house. Many of them, had one or two little ones, the most amusing, indefatigable, little creatures imaginable, who were incessantly running up small trees, jumping down again, and performing all sorts of antics, till one felt quite wearied with their perpetual activity. When the mother wished to fly, she chucked the little one under her arm, where clinging round her body with all its arms, it remained in safety, while she made leaps, of from thirty to forty feet, and ran at a most astonishing rate down the khad, catching at any tree or twig that offered itself to any one of her four arms. There were two old grave apes of enormous size, sitting together on the branch of a tree, and deliberately catching the fleas in each other's

shaggy coats. The patient sat perfectly still, while his brother ape, divided and thoroughly searched his beard and hair, lifted up one arm, and then the other, and turned him round as he thought fit ; and then the patient undertook to perform the same office, for his friend.

Vol. II. page 131, line 6.—Note. The Court of Directors has since purchased General Ventura's Jaghir for a considerable sum.

END OF VOL. II.

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